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McGUFFEY'S

# HIGH SCHOOL READER

Revised Edition

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# PREFACE

THE rapid multiplication of public libraries and the wide distribution of cheap editions, have rendered books upon all subjects and of every degree of merit and demerit so readily accessible, that it has become necessary not only to teach children *how* to read, but also to give them such instruction as will enable them to decide wisely *what* to read.

The revised edition of McGuffey's High School Reader has been prepared with special reference to the formation of a healthy and discriminating literary taste.

The plan of the revision has been to present, in chronological succession, specimens of the best literary style of the several generations of British and American authors between Shakespeare's time and our own, thus affording an outline of the development of Modern English Literature.

Contemporary authors are arranged in separate groups, which increase in size as our own time is approached.

The characteristics of each group as a whole and its effect upon literature are first considered, then each of the authors composing the group is taken up in order, his life briefly sketched, his principal works named and his style described and illustrated by an extract from his writings.

Great care has been exercised in selecting extracts that are typical of the respective writers, and that are of sufficient length to afford a fair specimen of his peculiarities.

Such notes as will explain historical and mythological allusions, and in many instances brief suggestive or critical remarks on the selection as a whole have been inserted, for the purpose of cultivating the habit of reading carefully and with understanding.

Rhetorical analysis, though forming part of a distinct branch of study, may often be advantageously employed in comparing the styles of different authors or estimating the excellencies of individual compositions; and to aid in its application, a brief outline of this subject is incorporated in the Introductory chapter.

In the matter of the selection of authors, fully nine tenths of the names included in the list will commend themselves to all, while it is probable that no two teachers would perfectly agree regarding the most appropriate names to form the remaining tenth. It is believed, however, that the list adopted slights no field of letters, and affords a standard of excellence in each that will satisfactorily accomplish the object of this work.

The revision is submitted to the public in the hope that it may receive some share of the favor that has been accorded to the other books of the Eclectic Series.

CINCINNATI, *September*, 1889.

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## CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF AUTHORS.

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE..1564-1616
FRANCIS BACON.....1561-1626
BEN JONSON.....1573-1637

### SECOND GROUP.

JOHN MILTON.....1608-1674
JOHN BUNYAN.....1628-1688
JOHN DRYDEN.....1631-1700
THOMAS OTWAY.....1651-1685

### THIRD GROUP.

JOSEPH ADDISON.....1672-1719
RICHARD STEELE.....1672-1729
DANIEL DEFOE.....1661-1731
ALEXANDER POPE.....1688-1744
JONATHAN SWIFT.....1667-1745
SAMUEL RICHARDSON.....1689-1761
HENRY FIELDING.....1707-1754
THOMAS CHATTERTON....1752-1770
THOMAS GRAY..... 1716-1771
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.....1728-1774

EDWARD GIBBON.....1737-1794
ROBERT BURNS.....1759-1796
WILLIAM COWPER.....1731-1800

## FOURTH GROUP.

RICHARD B. SHERIDAN...1751-1816
JANE AUSTEN.....1775-1817
GEORGE GORDON BYRON.1788-1824
WILLIAM HAZLITT.....1778-1830
WALTER SCOTT.....1771-1832
SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE...1772-1834
CHARLES LAMB..... 1775-1834
JAMES HOGG.....1770-1835
THOMAS HOOD.....1798-1845
MARIA EDGEWORTH.....1767-1849
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.1770-1850
J. FENIMORE COOPER.....1789-1851
THOMAS MOORE.....1779-1852
DANIEL WEBSTER.....1782-1852
JOHN WILSON.....1785-1854

## FIFTH GROUP.

WASHINGTON IRVING.....1783-1859
J. SHERIDAN KNOWLES...1784-1862
THOMAS DEQUINCEY.....1785-1859
MARY R. MITFORD.....1786-1855
LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.....1791-1865
FREDERICK MARRYAT....1792-1848
WILLIAM C. BRYANT.....1794-1878
THOMAS CARLYLE.....1795-1881
WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT...1796-1859
THOMAS B. MACAULAY...1800-1859
MARY HOWITT.....1805-1888
GEORGE BANCROFT.....1800-
HARRIET MARTINEAU....1802-1876
HUGH MILLER.....1802-1856
RALPH WALDO EMERSON1803-1882
NATHAN'L HAWTHORNE.1804-1864
E. BULWER-LYTTON.....1805-1873
WM. GILMORE SIMMS.....1806-1870
CHARLES JAMES LEVER..1806-1872
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.1807-1882
JOHN G. WHITTIER.....1807-
EDGAR ALLAN POE.....1809-1849
ALFRED TENNYSON.....1809-
WM. M. THACKERAY.....1811-1863
JOHN W. DRAPER.....1811-1882
CHARLES DICKENS.....1812-1870
ROBERT BROWNING.....1812-
CHARLES READE.....1814-1884
CHARLOTTE BRONTË.....1816-1855
JAMES A. FROUDE.....1818-
CHARLES KINGSLEY.....1819-1875
JOHN RUSKIN.....1819-
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.1819-
GEORGE ELIOT.....1819-1880
HERBERT SPENCER.....1820-
JOHN TYNDALL.....1820-
M. O. W. OLIPHANT.....1818-
HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE.1821-1862
MATTHEW ARNOLD.....1822-1888
DONALD G. MITCHELL...1822-
THOMAS HUGHES.....1823-
EDWARD A. FREEMAN....1823-
MRS. MULOCK CRAIK.....1826-1887
JEAN INGELOW.....1828-
SAMUEL L. CLEMENS.....1835-
RICHARD A. PROCTOR....1837-1888

# INTRODUCTION

THE form in which an author expresses himself is often of vital importance to the thought that is uttered. In this respect many writers show the care they have taken, the elaboration of some really detracting from the merits of their work. In order to appreciate English literature fully, therefore, a study of form is a necessity. The elements of this study that are, perhaps, most important, are Prosody and Rhetorical Figures. Although they can be made very elementary in character, their almost complete neglect in grammar and high schools shows an indifference that is remarkable. The following brief outline of these two subjects will assist pupils very much in comprehending and appreciating the various selections that have been made.

## I. PROSODY.

Prosody is the art of versification. The method used in the study of English prosody is by noting the accented and unaccented syllables. Accented syllables are marked by a short horizontal line over them; unaccented, by a short curved line.

A *foot* is a metrical arrangement of two or three syllables. The following are the principal feet used in English verse:

Iambus . . . . . ⏑ —
Trochee. . . . . — ⏑
Anapest . . . . . ⏑ ⏑ —
Dactyl. . . . . — ⏑ ⏑
Amphibrach . . . . ⏑ — ⏑

The last is used very seldom, but entire poems have been written in this form of foot. This fact must be observed regarding it: it can always be resolved into other feet. The only test regarding the amphibrach is that of regularity. If the entire line consists of amphibraic feet, it will be an amphibraic line, for a regular verse is always preferable to a mixed one.

The greater portion of English poetry is written in iambic verse. The trochee is best used when a light, tripping effect is adapted to the verse. The anapest and the dactyl give a musical swing to the verse, but have a more artificial effect than the iambus.

A *verse* is a single line of poetry.

A *stanza* consists of two or more verses formed according to a definite scheme.

A *dimeter* is a verse containing *two* metrical feet.

A *trimeter* contains *three* feet.

A *tetrameter* contains *four* feet.

A *pentameter* contains *five* feet.

A *hexameter* contains *six* feet.

A *heptameter* contains *seven* feet.

Iambic tetrameter verse predominates in old English ballads, and is admirably used in Sir Walter Scott's metrical romances. It is so familiar a form that only a fine poet should attempt its use. *The Prisoner of Chillon*, by Lord Byron, is written in iambic tetrameters, without any injury to the poem.

Iambic pentameter verse without rhyme is called *blank verse*, or the *heroic measure*. All epic and dramatic, and many descriptive poems are written in this measure.

Hexameter and heptameter verses are not well adapted to English verse, as they sound artificial, and give a cumbersome effect to a poem. This is well illustrated in Longfellow's *Evangeline* and *The Courtship of Miles Standish*.

The following verses illustrate the different metrical feet:

(1) At night, | in se | cret there | they came.

(2) Blushing | like the | rose's | flower.

(3) Though the cas | tle of Rich | mond stand fair | on the hill.

(4) O! that the | rose-bud that | graces yon | islands,

(5) Were wreathed in | a garland | around him | to twine.

When a verse does not contain the same foot throughout, it is called a *mixed* verse. The fourth and fifth verses above are mixed tetrameters.

A mixed verse can often be made regular by an elision. In iambic verse the anapest is frequently introduced for the sake of variety, but this can almost always be changed into an iambus by the omission of an unaccented syllable. In the following:

And, shud | dering, still | may we | explore,

*shuddering* may be pronounced *shudd'ring* with perfect propriety.

Any verse may take an additional syllable. This must be unaccented if the verse is iambic, anapestic, or amphibraic; accented, if trochaic or dactylic.

If a poem is written in stanzas they should be constructed after the same scheme, unless it is the intention to use several schemes in the poem.

In scanning, exaggerate the accented syllables so as to get "the jingle" of the verse. When sure of the accented syllables, mark them. After this, mark the unaccented syllables, which will be a very easy matter. Then try if the verse can be divided into feet of two syllables each. If it can not, use feet of three syllables. By this means the scanning can be made a certainty. It is well to bear in mind that regular verses are always preferable to mixed ones. The rhymes should always be noted last.

The following selections illustrate the different forms of metrical feet:

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

Though thy slumber may be deep,
Yet thy spirit shall not sleep;
There are shades which will not vanish,
There are thoughts thou canst not banish.

Though many and bright are the stars that appear
In the flag by our country unfurled;
And the stripes that are swelling in majesty there,
Like rainbows adorning the world;
Their light is unsullied as those in the sky,
By a deed that our fathers have done,
And they 're leagued in as true and as holy a tie
In that motto of—"many in one."

Work for some good, be it ever so slowly!
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly!
Labor! all labor is noble and holy.

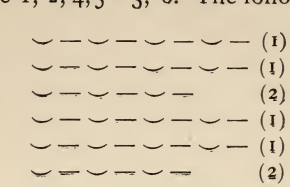
Sweet mother! you fear while no longer you guide me;
The Past will be lost in the Present's gay show.
But ah! whether joy or misfortune betide me,
I love you too dearly *your* love to forego.

Ah! how oft in the toil and strife,
The chances and changes which we call life,
By slight and neglect in time of need
We will kill the flower and will rear the weed;
Then we see it, and know too late,
We blame not ourselves, but curse our fate,
For no solace have we on which to lean,
When we know what we long for, might have been.

There are some forms of stanzas that should be learned because they are so frequently used. These are the Six-Line Chaucerian, Spenserian, and Burns stanzas.

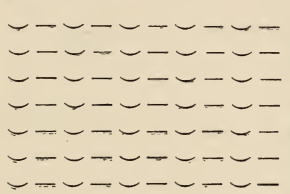
The Six-Line stanza, which was first used in English by Chaucer, has the first, second, fourth, and fifth verses in

iambic tetrameter, and the third and sixth in iambic trimeter. The rhymes are 1, 2, 4, 5—3, 6. The following is the scheme:



The Chaucerian stanza was invented by Chaucer. It contains seven iambic pentameter lines, the rhymes being 1, 3—2, 4, 5—6, 7.

The following is the scheme:



The Spenserian stanza, which was invented by Spenser, is a modification of the Chaucerian stanza. It consists of nine lines, the first eight being iambic pentameter, the ninth an iambic hexameter. The rhymes are 1, 3,—2, 4, 5, 7,—6, 8, 9. The following is the scheme:

The Burns stanza is used by Burns in some of his most beautiful poems. It contains six lines, the first, second,

third, and fifth being iambic tetrameter, the fourth and sixth iambic dimeter. The rhymes are: 1, 2, 3, 5—4, 6. The following is the scheme:

⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — (1)
⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — (1)
⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — (1)
⏑ — ⏑ — (2)
⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — (1)
⏑ — ⏑ — (2)

The Sonnet is a complete poem in fourteen iambic pentameter lines. It contains four stanzas, although they are not always indicated in printing. The first two stanzas contain four lines each, the last two three lines each. The rhymes of the first two stanzas are rarely changed, the extreme lines of each stanza forming one rhyme, and the mean lines another. They are marked thus: 1, 4, 5, 8—2, 3, 6, 7. The rhymes of the third and fourth stanzas are often changed. The most familiar form is as follows: 9, 12—10, 13—11, 14. That is, the first line of the third, rhymes with the first line of the fourth, stanza; the second with the second; and the third with the third.

Shakespeare's sonnets have the rhymes of the first twelve lines alternate, and the thirteenth and fourteenth lines a rhyming couplet.

## II. Rhetorical Figures.

Rhetorical figures are changes from the literal or familiar modes of expression for the sake of beauty or emphasis.

There are, therefore, two distinct classes:

(1) *Figures of Imagination*, which appeal directly to the imagination, and in which the judgment occupies a subordinate position.

(2) *Figures of Emphasis*, which appeal directly to the judgment, and in which the imagination occupies a subordinate position.

All the beauty we find in the expression of thought is due to Figures of Imagination.

The principal Figures of Imagination are: (1) *Metonymy*, including both the noun and adjective; (2) *Synecdoche;* (3) *Metaphor*, including the noun, adjective, and verb; (4) *Simile*, including the *Allusion;* (5) *Personification;* (6) *Time;* (7) *Apostrophe*, including its opposite, *Sermocination;* (8) *Vision;* (9) *Allegory*, including the *Fable* and the *Parable;* (10) *Hyperbole;* (11) *Irony.*

The principal Figures of Emphasis are: (1) *Exclamation;* (2) *Repetition;* (3) *Interrogation;* (4) *Negation;* (5) *Antithesis;* (6) *Climax.*

### 1. *Figures of Imagination.*

All Figures of Imagination present at least two distinct conceptions or notions to the imagination at the same instant; Figures of Emphasis, only one notion.

In the line:

Oft did the harvest to their *sickle* yield,

the different notions are: *sickle*, *sickles*, *arms*, *persons* or *bodies:*

In the line:

Some mute, inglorious *Milton* here may rest,

the different notions are: *Milton*, *epic poet*, *an occupant of the grave possessing undeveloped poetic genius as great as Milton's native genius.*

More than two notions are not very frequently implied. Many *Allusions*, however, are also figures of *Synecdoche*, as in the second line quoted above.

The relationship between the two notions is either that of *connection* or *resemblance.* In *Metonymy*, *Synecdoche*, *Time*, *Apostrophe and Sermocination*, *Vision*, and *Irony* the relationship is that of *connection;* in *Metaphor*, *Simile and Allusion*, *Personification*, *Allegory*, *Parable and Fable*, and *Hyperbole*, the relationship is that of *resemblance.*

One notion may be *substituted* for the other, or *compared* with it, or *presented simply* to the imagination. In *Metonymy*, one notion is substituted for another that is *merely closely connected* with it.

Although the relation of the two notions is always that of *cause* and *effect*, yet it is sometimes not readily seen because of the different forms in which the figure presents itself.

The following are the most familiar forms of Metonymy: (1) Cause for effect. (2) Effect for cause. (3) Container for thing contained. (4) Instrument for agent. (5) Time for what existed or happened in it. (6) Possessor for thing possessed. (7) Sign for thing signified. (8) An appositive put for its noun.

In *Synecdoche*, one notion denoting a *part* is substituted for another denoting the *whole*.

The converse of Synecdoche, or the *whole* for the *part*, which many still include in the definition, can always be analyzed as *Metonymy*.

The relation of the part for the whole, on account of the various forms in which it appears, is not always easily seen. The following forms, therefore, should be carefully noted: (1) Part for the whole. (2) Species for genus. (3) Individual for species. (4) Quality for the individual. (5) Attribute for the individual. (6) Material for thing made. (7) Singular for plural. (8) Determinate number for indeterminate. (9) Less for greater.

In *Metaphor*, one notion is substituted for another that closely resembles it.

There are two distinct forms of *Metaphor*. In one form both notions are expressed, as in the following:

The *king's name* is a *tower of strength*.

In the other and better form only one notion is expressed, as in the following:

O how full of *briars* is this working-day world!

In *Simile*, one notion is compared with another that closely resembles it. The two notions are nearly always expressed. When one notion is omitted it is easily supplied, as in the following:

Cruel as *death* and hungry as the *grave*.

Here *he* or *it* is the other notion.

In the *Simile* the term of comparison, generally *like* or *as*, is always expressed.

In *Allusion*, one notion of mythological, historical, scriptural, or purely literary meaning is compared with another that closely resembles it.

The *Allusion* differs from the *Simile* in two respects: only *one* notion is expressed, and the term of comparison is *always omitted.*

In *Personification*, one notion denoting an abstract quality, an inferior animal, or an inanimate object, is substituted for another denoting a personality.

In *Time*, one notion, which is the *Present* tense, is substituted for the *Past* or *Future.*

In *Apostrophe*, the speaker or writer is one notion; the personality he addresses, the other. *Sermocination* is the *converse* of Apostrophe.

In *Vision*, one notion is the speaker or writer; the other, what he represents himself as seeing.

In *Allegory*, one notion is the *general* truth that is implied; the other, the figurative form in which it is expressed. When personification is used, it is of abstract qualities. The *Fable* usually expresses a *moral* truth simply, the personification being of inferior animals or inanimate objects. The *Parable* is designed for the utterance of a *religious* truth, no personification being used.

In *Hyperbole*, one notion is the literal meaning; the other, its exaggerated form.

In *Irony*, one notion is the thought *intended;* the other, that which is *expressed.*

Both *Hyperbole* and *Irony* may be also classed with Figures of Emphasis, as they always contribute to the strength of a thought.

Figures of *Metonymy*, *Synecdoche*, *Metaphor*, *Simile*, and *Allusion* require formal analysis in order to insure certainty. The following method will be found satisfactory:

(1) *The two notions.*

(2) *Relationship of the two notions*—either *connection* or *resemblance*—and proof of this relationship.

(3) *Character of this relationship:*

(1) If *connection*, whether it is *merely close*, or a *part* substituted for the *whole.*

(2) If *resemblance*, whether there is *substitution* or *comparison;* and, if *comparison*, whether the term of comparison is *expressed* or *omitted.*

(4) *Name of figure: Metonymy*, substitution with merely close connection, cause and effect implied; *Synecdoche*, substitution of a part for the whole; *Metaphor*, substitution with close resemblance; *Simile*, comparison with close resemblance and term of comparison expressed; *Allusion*, comparison with close resemblance and term of comparison omitted.

(5) Form of figure:—if Metonymy or Synecdoche.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The *curfew tolls* the *knell* of *parting* day.

(1) One notion is *curfew*, the bell that was formerly rung throughout England every evening at 8 o'clock; the other, the *person who rings it.*

(2) The relationship is connection, because a bell requires some one to ring it.

(3) The character of this relationship is merely close connection, because one notion can be taken away without affecting the unity of the other.

(4) The figure is, therefore, metonymy, and the form is:

(5) The instrument for the agent.

One notion is *tolls;* the other, *tolled.* The present tense is used for the past. The figure is, therefore, *Time.*

*Knell* is a figure of Metonymy, the form being the sign for the thing signified.

(1) One notion is *parting* or *departing;* the other, *dying.*

(2) The relationship is resemblance, because a departure which is temporary is like the permanent departure which results from death.

(3) The character of this relationship is substitution with close resemblance.

(4) The figure is, therefore, a Metaphor, or Metaphorical epithet.

The *breezy* call of *incense-breathing morn.*

*Breezy* is a metaphorical epithet.

*Incense-breathing* is a metaphorical epithet.

One notion is *morn;* and the other, *aurora,* the personality given to it. The figure is, therefore, *Personification.*

Oft did the harvest to their *sickle* yield.

(1) One notion is *sickle;* the other, *sickles.*

(2) The relationship is connection, because one sickle is connected with a number of sickles.

(3) The character of the relationship is a part for the whole, because one sickle can not be taken from a number of sickles without affecting the whole.

(4) The figure is, therefore, synecdoche, and the form is:

(5) The singular for the plural.

Back to its *mansion* call the fleeting breath.

(1) One notion is *mansion;* the other, *body.*

(2) The relationship is resemblance, because the body is the residence or mansion of the soul.

(3) The character of the relationship is close resemblance.

(4) The figure is, therefore, a metaphor.

*Hands* that the *rod of empire* might have swayed.

*Hands* is a figure of synecdoche, the form being a part for the whole.

*Rod of empire* is a figure of Metonymy, the form being an appositive put for its noun.

Some *Cromwell*, guiltless of his country's *blood*.

*Cromwell* is a figure of Synecdoche, the form being the individual for the species.

(1) One notion is *Cromwell;* the other, *a villager who may have possessed the same native military and administrative talents that Cromwell did.*

(2) The character of the relationship is comparison with close resemblance.

(3) The figure is, therefore, a historical allusion, because Cromwell is a historical character, and the term of comparison is omitted.

Be *thou* as *chaste as ice*, as *pure as snow*, thou shalt not escape calumny.

(1) One notion is *thou;* the other, *chaste as ice.*

(2) The relationship is resemblance, because chastity is like frozen water, which is free from contaminating substances.

(3) The character of the relationship is comparison with close resemblance.

(4) The figure is, therefore, a Simile, because the term of comparison is expressed.

England, with all thy faults, I love thee still—my country!

The two notions are Cowper, the speaker, and England, the personality addressed. The figure is, therefore, *Apostrophe.*

Methought, I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep!"

The two notions are the speaker and the voice that addresses him. The figure is, therefore, *Sermocination.*

I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in, glittering like the morning star, full of life and splendor and joy.

One notion is the writer; the other, France, the country that he figuratively sees. The figure is, therefore, *Vision.*

> By fairy hands their knell is rung;
> By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
> There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
> To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
> And Freedom shall a while repair,
> To dwell a weeping hermit there.

One notion is the general truth: *The brave are always rewarded;* the other, its figurative expression. The abstract qualities personified are *honor* and *freedom.* The figure is, therefore, *Allegory.*

> For Brutus is an honorable man;
> So are they all, all honorable men.

One notion is the thought intended—*dishonorable* men; the other, its literal meaning. The figure is, therefore, *Irony.*

> Her angel's face,
> As the great eye of heaven shined bright,
> And made a sunshine in the shady place.

One notion is the beautiful face of Una; the other, its exaggerated expression. The figure is, therefore, *Hyperbole.*

### 2. *Figures of Emphasis.*

An *Exclamation* is used when the writer or speaker wishes to give utterance to strong emotion. The following is an illustration:

> To thy knees, and crawl
> For pardon; or, I tell thee, thou shalt live
> For such remorse, that, did I hate thee, I
> Would bid thee strike, that I might be avenged!

In *Repetition*, the same word or words are repeated one or more times; as,

> Show you the door
> My dear, dear sir; talk as I please, with whom
> I please, in my own house, dear sir, until
> His Majesty shall condescend to find
> A stouter gentleman than you, dear sir,
> To take me out.

*Interrogation* is used when a question is asked that requires no answer; as,

> Poor sufferer!—think'st thou that yon gates of woe
> Unbar to love? Alas! if love once enter,
> 'T is for the last farewell.

In *Negation* a thought is expressed in a negative form instead of a positive one; as,

> Art thou not
> The Cardinal King?—the Lord of life and death—
> Beneath whose light, as deeps beneath the moon,
> The solemn tides of Empire ebb and flow?—
> Art thou not Richelieu?

*Antithesis* requires that thoughts of opposite meaning shall be placed in juxtaposition; as,

> The Statesman writes the doom,
> But the Priest sends the blessing. I forgive them,
> But I destroy; forgiveness is mine own,
> Destruction is the State's! For private life,
> Scripture the guide—for public, Machiavel.

A *Climax* is a graduated series of thoughts, each following thought being stronger than the preceding one; as,

> To live
> On means not yours—be brave in silks and laces,
> Gallant in steeds—splendid in banquets;—all
> Not *yours*—ungiven—uninherited—unpaid for;—
> *This* is to be a trickster.

# HIGH SCHOOL READER.

## 1. FIRST GROUP—THE ELIZABETHAN AGE.

This period of English literature is so called because the literary work which ranks as the greatest in the English language, began during the latter half of the sixteenth century, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The impulse given by this remarkable movement continued throughout the reign of Elizabeth's successor, James I., after which a curious change took place, owing to the political ascendency of what may be called the Puritan element in England.

John Richard Green, the historian, says of this period:

"At the moment which we have reached, the sphere of human interest was widened as it has never been widened before or since, by the revelation of a new heaven and a new earth.

"We see the influence of this new and wider knowledge of the world, not only in the life and richness which it gave to the imagination of the time, but in the immense interest which from this moment attached itself to man. The fascination exercised by the study of human character showed itself in the essays of Bacon, and yet more in the wonderful popularity of the drama.

"And to these larger and world-wide sources of poetic power was added, in England, the impulse which sprang from national triumph, from the victory over the Armada,[1] the deliverance from Spain. With its new sense of security,

its new sense of national energy and national power, the whole aspect of England suddenly changed. As yet the interest of Elizabeth's reign had been political and material; the stage had been crowded with statesmen and warriors, with Cecils and Walsinghams and Drakes.[2] Literature had hardly found a place in the glories of the time. But from the moment when the Armada drifted back broken to Ferrol,[3] the figures of warriors and statesmen were dwarfed by the grander figures of poets and philosophers. Amidst the throng in Elizabeth's ante-chamber the noblest form is that of the singer who lays the 'Faerie Queen'[4] at her feet, or of the young lawyer who muses amid the splendors of the presence over the problems of the 'Novum Organum.'[5] The triumph at Cadiz,[6] the conquest of Ireland,[7] pass unheeded as we watch Hooker building up his 'Ecclesiastical Polity'[8] among the sheep-folds, or the genius of Shakespeare rising year by year into supreme grandeur in a rude theater beside the Thames.

"The glory of the new literature broke on England with Edmund Spenser. The appearance of the 'Faerie Queen' in 1590 is the one critical event in the annals of English poetry; it settled, in fact, the question whether there was to be such a thing as English poetry or no. The older national verse which had blossomed and died in Cædmon[9] sprang suddenly into a grander life in Chaucer,[10] but it closed again in a yet more complete death. Across the Border,[11] indeed, the Scotch poets of the fifteenth century[12] preserved something of their master's vivacity and color, and in England itself the Italian poetry of the Renascence[13] had of late found echoes in Surrey and Sidney.[14] The new English drama, too, was beginning to display its wonderful powers, and the work of Marlowe[15] had already prepared the way for the work of Shakespeare. But bright as was the promise of coming song, no great imaginative poem had broken the silence of English literature for nearly two hundred years when Spenser landed in Bristol

with the 'Faerie Queen.' From that moment the stream of English poetry has flowed on without a break. There have been times, as in the years which immediately followed, when England has 'become a nest of singing birds'; there have been times when song was scant and poor; but there never has been a time when England was wholly without a singer.

"If the 'Faerie Queen' expressed the higher elements of the Elizabethan age, the whole of that age was expressed in the English drama. Few events in our history are so startling as the sudden rise of the Elizabethan drama. The first public theater was erected only in the middle of the Queen's reign. Before the close of it, eighteen theaters existed in London alone. Fifty dramatic poets appeared in the fifty years which precede the closing of the theaters by the Puritans; and great as is the number of their works which have perished, we still possess a hundred dramas, all written within this period, and of which at least a half are excellent. A glance at their authors shows us that the intellectual quickening of the age had now reached the mass of the people.

"No plays seem to have been more popular from the earliest hours of the new stage than dramatic representations of our history. No dramas have done so much for Shakespeare's enduring popularity with his countrymen as his historical plays. They have done more than all the works of English historians to nourish in the minds of Englishmen a love of and reverence for their country's past. When Chatham [16] was asked where he had read his English history he answered, 'In the plays of Shakespeare.' Nowhere could he have read it so well, for nowhere is the spirit of our history so nobly rendered. If the poet's work echoes sometimes our national prejudice and unfairness of temper, it is instinct throughout with English humor, with our English love of hard fighting, our English faith in goodness, and in the doom that waits upon triumphant evil, our English pity for the fallen.

"If the imaginative resources of the new England were seen in the creators of Hamlet and the Faerie Queen, its purely intellectual capacity, its vast command over the stores of human knowledge, the amazing sense of its own powers with which it dealt with them, were seen in the work of Francis Bacon. If he failed in revealing the method of experimental research, Bacon was the first to proclaim the existence of a Philosophy of Science, to insist on the unity of knowledge and inquiry throughout the physical world, to give dignity by the large and noble temper in which he treated them to the petty details of experiment in which science had to begin, to clear the way for it by setting scornfully aside the traditions of the past, to claim for it its true rank and value, and to point to the enormous results which its culture would bring in increasing the power and happiness of mankind."

NOTES.

1 The *Armada* was an immense fleet fitted out by Philip II. of Spain, for the conquest of England. It was dispersed in the Channel by the British fleet, in 1588. Spain never recovered from the effects of this disaster.

2 *William Cecil* and his son *Robert* were successively the prime ministers, and *Sir Francis Walsingham* was the secretary of foreign affairs, of Queen Elizabeth. *Sir Francis Drake*, the first Englishman to circumnavigate the globe, was a famous commander in the English navy.

3 *Ferrol.* A seaport on the northwestern coast of Spain.

4 *The Faerie Queen.* An allegorical epic poem, by Edmund Spenser.

5 *Novum Organum*—see Francis Bacon, page 36.

6 *Cadiz* was taken and plundered by the English in 1596.

7 *The conquest of Ireland* was effected near the close of Elizabeth's reign. It required fifteen years to complete it, and 200,000 lives.

8 *Ecclesiastical Polity*, by the learned clergyman, Richard Hooker, was published 1594. It includes not only the principles of church government, but also those of moral and political actions.

9 *Cædmon.* Cædmon's Paraphrase of parts of the Bible, in the seventh century, is one of the two earliest Anglo-Saxon poems.

10 *Geoffrey Chaucer* wrote his Canterbury Tales in the latter part of the fourteenth century.

11 *Across the Border.* Within the limits of Scotland.

12 *Scotch poets of the Fifteenth Century.* Alexander Scott, Sir Richard Maitland, Alexander Montgomery, Alexander Hume, and others.

13 *Italian poetry of the Renascence.* The poetry of Ariosto and Tasso.

14 *Henry Howard,* Earl of Surrey, was probably the first to introduce blank verse into English poetry. *Sir Philip Sidney* was, perhaps, the most talented courtier of his time. His *Arcadia* may be considered the first English novel.

15 *Christopher Marlowe* was an English dramatist whose genius was great enough to give him a place next to Shakespeare. He died in 1596.

16 *Chatham.* Wm. Pitt, Earl of Chatham, a distinguished English statesman of the time of the American Revolution.

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## 2. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE—(1564–1616).

In his knowledge of human nature, in quickness and comprehensiveness of mind, in richness of imagination, in versatility of style, in perfect knowledge of dramatic art, Shakespeare stands foremost among English writers. His thirty-seven plays, one hundred and fifty-four sonnets, and two romantic poems, *Venus and Adonis* and *Rape of Lucrece*, have already furnished suggestions and materials for enough volumes to fill a large library; and, as interest in his works is as great to-day as it ever was, the probabilities are that Shakespearian literature will have a constant growth. Great familiarity with many of the most eminent writers excites indifference, because all that they have told has been mastered. This is not so with Shakespeare. The greater the familiarity, the greater becomes the fascination.

Shakespeare was what is now called a self-made man. All his school education was acquired at the grammar school of his native town—Stratford-on-Avon. He was married at the age of eighteen; went to London at twenty-two; was at once

connected with Blackfriars theater, in which he rose rapidly and became part owner; acquired a fortune; and, in 1612, retired to his home at Stratford, where he died in 1616. But few facts are known concerning his life. One good reason is that biography was not then a department of English literature; another probable reason is that he did not associate much with his profligate contemporaries.

*Henry V.*, the play from which the following selection is taken, was first presented on the stage in 1599. It is one of the best of the eight remarkable historical plays that embody that period of English history loosely called the "Wars of the Roses." These eight plays are: *Richard II.; Henry IV.*, First and Second Parts; *Henry V.; Henry VI.*, First, Second, and Third Parts; and *Richard III.* A brief but correct outline of the character of Henry V. when a boy, can be found in Green's *History of the English People*, Vol. I., page 532 (American edition); and a description of the battle of Agincourt, which forms the principal part of the play, on pages 541, 542 of the same volume. Throughout the play, Shakespeare has closely followed history. At the time of the battle of Agincourt (1415) Henry V. was twenty-seven years old.

This selection from Act IV. Scene 1 includes a discussion of the same subject both in prose and verse.

## THE ESTIMATE OF A KING BY A KING.

[TIME: *Morning of the Battle.*]

*Court.*—BROTHER John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

*Bates.*—I think it be; but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

*Williams.*—We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it. Who goes there?

*King Henry* (*disguised*).—A friend.

*Williams.*—Under what captain serve you?

*King Henry.*—Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

*Williams.*—A good old commander and a most kind gentleman; I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?[1]

*King Henry.*—Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

*Bates.*—He hath not told his thoughts to the king.

*King Henry.*—No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am; the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shows[2] to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions; his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and, though his affections are higher mounted[3] than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing.[4] Therefore, when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are; yet, in reason, no man should possess him[5] with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

*Bates.*—He may show what outward courage he will; but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures,[6] so we were quit[7] here.

*King Henry.*—By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king: I think he would not wish himself anywhere but where he is.

*Bates.*—Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed,[8] and many poor men's lives saved.

*King Henry.*—I dare say you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this to feel other men's minds;[9] methinks I could not die anywhere so contented as in the king's company; his cause being just and his quarrel honorable.

*Williams.*—That's more than we know.

*Bates.*—Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects; if his

cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.[10]

*Williams.*—But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day and cry all "We died at such a place": some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afeard[11] there are few die well that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of anything, when blood is their argument?[12] Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.[13]

*King Henry.*—So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise[14] do sinfully miscarry[15] upon the sea, the imputation[16] of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him; or, if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers and die in many unreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation;[17] but this is not so; the king is not bound to answer the particular endings[18] of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers; some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury;[19] some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment,[20] though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God; war is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished for before-breach[21]

of the king's laws in now the king's quarrel; where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish; then, if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed,—wash every mote out of his conscience;[22] and, dying so, death is to him advantage; or, not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained; and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness and to teach others how they should prepare.

*King Henry* (*alone*).—Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful[23] wives,
Our children and our sins, lay on the king!
We must bear all. O hard condition,
Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath[24]
Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel
But his own wringing![25] What infinite heart's-ease
Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy!
And what have kings that privates have not, too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of God art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshipers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
What is thy soul of adoration?[26]
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy being feared,
Than they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poisoned flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation;[27]
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
I am a king that find thee, and I know
'T is not the balm,[28] the scepter, and the ball,
The sword, the mace,[29] the crown imperial,
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced[30] title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp[31]
That beats upon the high shore[32] of this world;
No, not all these, thrice gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who, with a body filled and vacant mind
Gets him to rest, crammed with distressful[33] bread;
Never sees horrid night, the child of Hell,
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set[34]
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus,[35] and all night
Sleeps in Elysium;[36] next day after dawn,
Doth rise and help Hyperion[37] to his horse,
And follows so the ever-running year,
With profitable labor to his grave;
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it; but in gross brains little wots
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

NOTES.

1 *Estate.* State or condition. 2 *Element shows.* Atmosphere appears. 3 *Hi, her mounted.* Literally, fly higher as a falcon flies for its prey. Here means, of a higher kind. 4 *Stoop with the like wing.* Literally, flies down upon its prey. Here means, objects in life are the same. 5 *Possess him.* Talk to him. 6 *At all adventures.* At all hazards. 7 *Quit.* Away from. 8 *Ransomed.* Taken prisoner and released on ransom. 9 *Feel other men's minds.* Find out what other men think. 10 *Our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.* A popular idea of loyalty. Even conscience must not interfere with the command of a king, for all responsibility, moral as well as legal, rests upon him. 11 *Rawly left.* Left unprovided for. *Afeard.* Afraid. 12 *Blood is their argument.* Bloodshed is what they die for. 13 *Proportion of subjection.* Bounds of loyalty. 14 *About merchandise.* To look after merchandise, as a super-cargo. 15 *Sinfully miscarry.* Die in his sins. 16 *Imputation.* Here means responsibility. 17 *Damnation.* Condemnation to eternal punishment. 18 *Endings.* Deaths. 19 *Broken seals of perjury.* Perjured promises of marriage. 20 *Native punishment.* Punishment in their own country. 21 *Before-breach.* Breaking before. 22 *Wash every mote out of his conscience.* Repent of every sin he has committed. 23 *Careful.* Anxious. 24 *Breath.* Unfavorable criticism. 25 *But his own wringing.* Only his own suffering. 26 *Thy soul of adoration.* The spirit that causes men to worship thee. 27 *Thinkest thou* that fulsome flattery can cure an illness? 28 *Balm.* Consecrated oil used in anointing a king at his coronation. 29 *Scepter*, etc. Symbols of royalty. 30 *Farced.* Stuffed out with pompous phrases. 31 *Tide of pomp.* Regular and useless display. 32 *Beats upon.* Belongs to. *High shore.* High positions. 33 *Distressful.* Obtained by toil. 34 *Rise to set.* Sunrise to sunset. 35 *Phœbus.* One of the Greek names for the god of the sun. 36 *Elysium.* The heaven of the Greeks. 37 *Hyperion.* Another name for the god of the sun.

The suggestions made by the above selection are:

(1) All men have tastes, desires, and necessities in common.

(2) The king and the peasant, therefore, differ only in position.

(3) The additional cares and responsibilities of a king make his chances for happiness fewer than those of the peasant.

(4) The awe inspired by kings is due chiefly to external appearances.

## 3. FRANCIS BACON — (1561–1626).

Francis Bacon was made a knight in 1603, Baron Verulam in 1618, and Viscount St. Alban in 1621. The highest office he held was that of Lord Chancellor, in 1618, which corresponded, in position, to that of Prime Minister now. Bacon's highest ambition was to hold office. It was not until after 1621, when he was deprived of office and banished from the court upon charges of bribery which he frankly acknowledged, that he fixed his attention almost entirely upon the philosophical work which showed what wonderful intellectual ability he had. Before this he was too busy a man to perform creditably the task he had set for himself. He was the deepest and broadest thinker of his time. If boys inherit genius from the mother, Bacon's great scholarship and thinking power can be easily explained; for his mother was "exquisitely skilled in the Latin and Greek tongues."

Bacon's style of writing is concise, and has very little ornament. His language is generally plain, and it is not often obscure. This form of style is not adapted to any other than philosophical composition. Excepting the fifty-eight *Essays* and the *History of the Reign of Henry VII.*, which last book was written in five months, all of Bacon's literary work is in fragmentary form. He laid out the plan of an immense work to be called the *Great Instauration*, no one part of which was completed. The second division of this he called the *Novum Organum*. This part is the most interesting of all, because he bestowed most pains upon it, and because it shows his method in the development of scientific knowledge. It is only within the last thirty years that Bacon's ideas have been properly understood by men of science. In the Second Book of the *Novum Organum*, in spite of the large amount of crude material he had to work with, Bacon proved heat to be a mode of motion. It was not until about 1860, when John

Tyndall delivered his lectures on "Heat as a Mode of Motion," that this theory was fully accepted.

The *Novum Organum* was probably begun in 1608, and was published in 1620. The First Book, which is introductory, and from which this selection is taken, is complete; but a large part of the Second was never written. It was written in Latin because intended for readers who were good scholars.

This selection includes the fifth topic under *Causes of Errors in Knowledge due to Ancient Philosophers.*

## FOOLISH REVERENCE FOR ANTIQUITY.

Men have been kept back as by a kind of enchantment from progress in the sciences by reverence for antiquity, by the authority of men accounted great in philosophy, and then by general consent.

As for antiquity, the opinion touching it which men entertain is quite a negligent one, and scarcely consonant with the word itself. For the old age of the world is to be accounted the true antiquity; and this is the attribute of our own times, not of that earlier age of the world in which the ancients lived; and which, though in respect of us it was the elder, yet in respect of the world it was the younger. And truly as we look for greater knowledge of human things and a riper judgment in the old man than in the young, because of his experience and of the number and variety of the things which he has seen and heard and thought of; so in like manner from our age, if it but knew its own strength and chose to essay and exert it, much more might fairly be expected than from the ancient times, inasmuch as it is a more advanced age of the world, and stored and stocked with infinite experiments and observations.

Nor is it only the admiration of antiquity, authority, and consent that has forced the industry of man to rest satisfied with the discoveries already made; but also an admiration for

the works themselves, of which the human race has long been in possession. For when a man looks at the variety and the beauty of the provision which the mechanical arts have brought together for men's use, he will certainly be more inclined to admire the wealth of man than to feel his wants; not considering that the original observations and operations of nature, which are the life and moving principle of all that variety, are not many nor deeply fetched,[1] and that the rest is but patience and the subtle and ruled motion of the hand and instruments; as the making of clocks, for instance, is certainly a subtle and exact work; their wheels seem to imitate the celestial orbs, and their alternating and orderly motion, the pulse of animals; and yet all this depends on one or two axioms of nature.

Again, if you observe the refinement of the liberal arts, or even that which relates to the mechanical preparation of natural substances; and take notice of such things as the discovery in astronomy of the motions of the heavens, of harmony in music, of the letters of the alphabet (to this day not in use among the Chinese) in grammar; or again in things mechanical, the discovery of the works of Bacchus[2] and Ceres[3]—that is, of the arts of preparing wine and beer, and of making bread; the discovery once more of the delicacies of the table, of distillations, and the like; and if you likewise bear in mind the long periods which it has taken to bring these things to their present degree of perfection (for they are all ancient except distillation), and again (as has been said of clocks) how little they owe to observations and axioms of nature, and how easily and obviously, and as it were by casual suggestion they may have been discovered; you will easily cease from wondering, and on the contrary will pity the condition of mankind, seeing that in a course of so many ages there has been so great a dearth and barrenness of arts and inventions. And yet these very discoveries which we have just mentioned, are older than philosophy and intellectual arts. So that, if the

truth must be spoken, when the rational and dogmatical sciences[4] began, the discovery of useful works came to an end.

And again, if a man turn from the workshop to the library, and wonder at the immense variety of books he sees there, let him but examine and diligently inspect their matter and contents, and his wonder will assuredly be turned the other way; for, after observing their endless repetitions, and how men are ever saying and doing what has been said and done before, he will pass from admiration of the variety to astonishment at the poverty and scantiness of the subjects which till now have occupied and possessed the minds of men.

And if, again, he descend to the consideration of those arts which are deemed curious rather than safe, and look more closely into the works of the alchemists or the magicians, he will be in doubt, perhaps, whether he ought rather to laugh over them or to weep. For the alchemist[5] nurses eternal hope, and when the thing fails, lays the blame upon some error of his own; fearing either that he has not sufficiently understood the words of his art or of his authors (whereupon he turns to tradition and auricular whispers), or else that in his manipulations he has made some slip of a scruple in weight or a moment in time (whereupon he repeats his trials to infinity); and when, meanwhile, among the chances of experiment he lights upon some conclusions, either in aspect new or for utility not contemptible, he takes these for earnest of what is to come, and feeds his mind upon them, and magnifies them to the most, and supplies the rest in hope. Not but that alchemists have made a good many discoveries, and presented men with useful inventions. But their case may be well compared to the fable of the old man, who bequeathed to his sons gold buried in a vineyard, pretending not to know the exact spot; whereupon the sons applied themselves diligently to the digging of the vineyard, and, though no gold was found there, yet the vintage by that digging was made more plentiful.

NOTES.

1 *Deeply fetched.* Obtained with great difficulty.

2 *Bacchus.* Sometimes called "god of the many names," was at first god of vegetation; in later times, the god of wine.

3 *Ceres.* The goddess who watched over plants designed for food.

4 *Sciences.* Such as the ancients knew,—Metaphysics, Logic, Mathematics, Alchemy, and Astrology, excluding Natural History.

5 One whose objects were to find three liquids called elixirs, named the *red*, *white*, and elixir of *life*. The red elixir was supposed to have the power of changing any base metal into gold.

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## 4. BEN JONSON — (1573 – 1637).

Ben Jonson is a remarkable illustration of what may be called a self-made man. He did not go to school much when a boy, yet, by the time he was twenty-three, he was one of the finest classical scholars in England. It is strange that, although a man of real genius, his works are now never read except by the literary student. He wrote nineteen plays and about thirty masks and interludes, but none of them contain passages of sustained merit. There are magnificent flashes of genius here and there, but they are only flashes. There is not much for the memory to dwell upon, hence his writings are not easily or affectionately remembered.

Although quite a successful author during his life, he died poor; and although a man of noble impulses, his strong individuality made him enemies that followed him to the grave.

The following selection is from the comedy entitled *The New Inn.* This play is not one of Jonson's best, but it contains much that is interesting to the general reader. The opinions expressed in the selection are very different from those entertained by the majority of men in Jonson's time.

## VALOR.

[ACT IV. SCENE III.]

*Host.*—HERBERT LOVEL, thou shalt swear upon the Testament of Love, to make answer to this question propounded to thee by the court: What true valor is, and therein to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help thee Love, and thy bright sword at need.[1]

*Lovel.*—So help me Love, and my sword at need,
It is the greatest virtue and the safety
Of all mankind; the object of it is danger.
A certain mean 'twixt fear and confidence;
No inconsiderate rashness or vain appetite
Of false encountering formidable things,
But a true science of distinguishing
What's good or evil. It springs out of reason,
And tends to perfect honesty; the scope
Is always honor and the public good;
It is no valor for a private cause.

*Lord Beaufort.*—No! not for reputation?

*Lovel.*—That's man's idol,
Set up, 'gainst God, the maker of all laws,
Who hath commanded us we should not kill,
And yet we say we must for reputation.
What honest man can either fear his own,
Or else will hurt another's reputation?
Fear to do base, unworthy things is valor;
If they be done to us, to suffer them
Is valor, too. The office of a man
That's truly valiant, is considerable
Three ways: the first is in respect of matter,
Which still is danger; in respect of form,
Wherein he must preserve his dignity;
And in the end, which must be ever lawful.

*Lord Latimer.*—But men, when they are heated and in passion, can not consider.

*Lovel.*—Then it is not valor.
I never thought an angry person valiant;
Virtue is never aided by a vice.
What need is there of anger and of tumult,
When reason can do the same things, or more?

*Lord Beaufort.*—O yes, 'tis profitable and of use;
It makes us fierce, and fit to undertake.

*Lovel.*—Why, so will drink make us both bold and rash,
Or phrensy, if you will; do these make valiant?
They are poor helps, and virtue needs them not.
No man is valianter by being angry
But he that could not valiant be without;
So that it comes not in the aid of virtue,
But in the stead of it.

*Lord Latimer.*—He holds the right.

*Lovel.*—And 'tis an odious kind of remedy,
To owe our health to a disease.

*Lord Beaufort.*—But the ignorant valor,
That knows not why it undertakes, but doth it
To escape the infamy merely,—

*Lovel.*—Is worst of all.
That valor lies in the eyes of the lookers on,
And is called valor with a witness.

*Lord Beaufort.*—Right.

*Lovel.*—The things true valor's exercised about
Are poverty, restraint, captivity,
Banishment, loss of children, long disease;
The least is death. Here valor is beheld
Properly seen; about these it is present;
Not trivial things which but require our confidence.
And yet to those we must object ourselves
Only for honesty; if any other
Respects be mixed, we quite put out her light.

And as all knowledge, when it is removed,
Or separate from justice, is called craft,
Rather than wisdom, so a mind affecting
Or undertaking dangers for ambition,
Or any self-pretext not for the public,
Deserves the name of daring, not of valor.
And overdaring is as great a vice
As overfearing.

*Lord Latimer.*—Yes, and often greater.

*Lovel.*—But as it is not the mere punishment,
But cause that makes a martyr, so it is not
Fighting or dying, but the manner of it,
Renders a man himself. A valiant man
Ought not to undergo, or tempt a danger,
But worthily and by selected ways;
He undertakes with reason, not by chance.
His valor is the salt to his other virtues;
They are all unseasoned without it. The waiting maids,
Or the concomitants of it, are his patience,
His magnanimity, his confidence,
His constancy, security, and quiet;
He can assure himself against all rumor,
Despairs of nothing, laughs at contumelies,
As knowing himself advanced in a height
Where injury can not reach him, nor aspersion
Touch him with soil.

*Lady Frampul.*—Most manly uttered all!
As if Achilles[2] had the chair in valor,
And Hercules[3] were but a lecturer.
Who would not hang upon those lips forever,
That strike such music!

*Lovel.*—The purpose of an injury 'tis to vex
And trouble me; now nothing can do that
To him that's valiant. He that is affected
With the least injury, is less than it.

It is but reasonable to conclude
That should be stronger still which hurts, than that
Which is hurt. Now no wickedness is stronger
Than what opposeth it; not Fortune's self,
When she encounters virtue, but comes off
Both lame and less. Why should a wise man then
Confess himself the weaker, by the feeling
Of a fool's wrong? There may an injury
Be meant me. I may choose if I will take it.
But we are now come to that delicacy
And tenderness of sense, we think an insolence
Worse than an injury, bear words worse than deeds;
We are not so much troubled with the wrong,
As with the opinion of the wrong; like children,
We are made afraid with visors.[4] Such poor sounds
As is the lie or common words of spite,
Wise laws thought never worthy a revenge;
And 'tis the narrowness of human nature,
Our poverty and beggary of spirit,
To take exception at these things.

NOTES.

1 A slight modification of the oath administered in courts of law.

2 *Achilles.* According to Greek mythology, the son of Thetis, a sea goddess, and Peleus, a prince of Thessaly. He is the hero of the *Iliad.*

3 *Hercules.* In Greek mythology, the son of Zeus, and Alkmene, a mortal. He was noted for his immense strength.

4 *We are made afraid with visors.* We are frightened with masks.

The suggestions made by this selection are:

(1) At the time Jonson wrote these lines, a man was estimated more particularly by his physical valor than by anything else.

(2) Jonson places moral courage above physical.

(3) Even to-day, giving the lie to another is considered a sufficient cause for an assault.

(4) As Jonson was a man of undoubted physical courage, the above views upon valor are certainly remarkable.

## 5. SECOND GROUP—THE AGE OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

The religious feeling has always been strong in the English mind. The result of the Reformation in England was to stimulate this religious element in a remarkable degree. Those that believed in simplicity of worship and freedom from government control, had a common cause. These dissenters were not persecuted much during the reign of Elizabeth, but they suffered a great deal during the reign of her successor, James I.; some of them, in order to secure freedom of worship, emigrated to the wilderness of America, where they laid the foundation of the New England colonies.

Under Charles I. these intensely reflective people secured political control of the government, and established what is called the Commonwealth, with Oliver Cromwell, a remarkably able man, at the head. Before their ultimate success, as early as 1643, they had sufficient power to close the theaters, and suppress nearly every other form of public amusement.

The social surroundings of the people soon became unnatural. The dress became so plain as to be destitute of all ornament, the face was rarely brightened by a smile, the voice became nasal in tone, and the language full of phrases from the Bible; even children were christened, not only with single words, but entire Bible sentences. There were no more May-poles, around which the young people could dance gaily in honor of returning spring; the tame bears were killed; even the Punch-and-Judy show was ruthlessly abolished.

The literature of this time reflected the thought of the people. It was largely religious. Some very famous theological writers grew up under this stern discipline. The greatest genius of this time, John Milton, wholly abandoned poetry,

and concentrated all his ability upon the theological controversies that were almost interminable. The effect upon the best forms of literary work was one of repression.

When Charles II. was given the throne of his ancestors, in 1660, a shout of welcome went up from the people, not so much on account of the restoration of the monarchy, which, under the previous Stuarts had been a political despotism, as because religious tyranny had been abolished. As was natural under such circumstances, the people went from one extreme to the other. The court of the king and the king himself gave every possible encouragement to frivolity. The theaters were re-opened, movable scenery was introduced, and women, for the first time in English history, appeared upon the stage. The king had been reared at the court of France when that court was extremely profligate. French manners and customs of the worst kind, therefore, became the fashion in England.

The theater, which during the Elizabethan Age had been not only the favorite amusement, but the great educator of the people, now became absolutely demoralizing. A great part of the dramatic literature of the time is too vile to read.

Two departments of literature were most conspicuous during the reign of Charles II. Of these, the drama stands first, the greatest representative being John Dryden. Next to the drama is religious literature. The moral depravity of the times was opposed by many men, the best of whom were comparatively free from the fanaticism that predominated during the Commonwealth. Of these, the foremost was John Bunyan. They did very much toward bringing the people back to that middle ground of morality and religion which they occupy to-day.

Dryden did a great deal to give that definite form to the English language which Addison and Pope afterwards perfected; Bunyan, by his life and writings, laid the foundation for religious toleration in England.

## 6. JOHN MILTON — (1608–1674).

John Milton was one of the few great poets whose knowledge of nature was acquired from books rather than from observation. This was the greatest defect in his character. His lack of warmth in descriptions of character and scenery explains why even his earliest and most beautiful poems fail to stimulate the emotions of the reader in a manner equal to his great genius. The real office of the poet is to excite the imagination. Milton rarely does this. He appeals most frequently to the intellect.

Milton was born in London. His literary tastes and love of music were inherited from his father. He had the best opportunities that could be afforded a youth at that time. When he left the university of Cambridge, in 1632, he was one of the finest scholars in England. He was familiar with music, mathematics, theology, philosophy, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, Italian, and Spanish.

Milton's literary life comprises three distinct periods. The first extends to about 1640, and includes his earliest poems, the best of which is *Comus*, published in 1634.

The second period properly ends with the Commonwealth, in 1660. During this time he wrote prose works on theology and politics, the best one of which is named *Areopagitica; or, a Defense for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing.*

The third period ends with his death, and represents his greatest poetic efforts, of which *Paradise Lost* stands foremost. It embodies the best and grandest ideas of Puritanism.

Milton's life was that of a scholar. There was little about him of a practical nature. His home life was not happy because he made no special effort to have it so. His three children were girls, and, as he considered woman an inferior creature, and hence did not allow his daughters to be edu-

cated, they cared little for him. During the last twenty years of his life, he was blind.

*Comus*, from which the following selection is taken, is a dramatic composition called a *Mask*. The poem is the finest tribute to virtue to be found in the English language.

To understand the selection it is necessary to know that *Comus*, in the disguise of a shepherd, has enticed the Lady to his palace, has placed her in an enchanted chair, and is endeavoring to induce her to drink a liquor which will transform her head into that of a beast. Under the guidance of the Attendant Spirit, the two Brothers rush in, wrest the glass out of the hand of Comus, and dash it against the ground. Comus and his crew flee. The Attendant Spirit enters.

## THE RESCUE OF THE LADY.

*Spirit.*—WHAT, have you let the false enchanter 'scape?
O ye mistook; ye should have snatched his wand
And bound him fast; without his rod reversed,
And backward mutters of dissevering power,
We can not free the lady that sits here
In stony fetters, fixed and motionless;
Yet stay, be not disturbed; now I bethink me,
Some other means I have which may be used,
Which once of Melibœus[1] old I learnt,
The soothest shepherd that e'er piped on plains.
There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
That with moist curb[2] sways the smooth Severn stream.
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure,
Whilom she was the daughter of Locrine,
That had the scepter from his father Brute.[3]
She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged stepdame Guendolen,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood
That staid her flight with his cross-flowing course.

The water-nymphs[4] that in the bottom played,
Held up their pearled wrists and took her in,
Bearing her straight to aged Nereus'[5] hall;
Who, piteous of her woes, reared her lank head,
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectared lavers[6] strewed with asphodel,[7]
And through the porch[8] and inlet of each sense
Dropped in ambrosial[9] oils; till she revived,
And underwent a quick, immortal change,
Made goddess of the river; still she retains
Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows
Helping all urchin[10] blasts and ill-luck signs
That the shrewd, meddling elf delights to make,
Which she with precious vialed liquors[11] heals
For which the shepherds at their festivals
Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream,
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.
And, as the old swain said, she can unlock
The clasping charm, and thaw the numbing spell,
If she be right invoked in warbled song;
Fair maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
To aid a virgin, such as was herself,
In hard-besetting need; this I will try,
And add the power of some adjuring verse.

SONG.

Sabrina fair,
  Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave;
  In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping[12] hair;
  Listen for dear honor's sake,
  Goddess of the silver lake,[13]
  Listen and save.

Listen and appear to us
In name of great Oceanus,[14]
By the earth-shaking Neptune's[15] mace,
And Tethys' grave, majestic pace;
By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian wizard's[16] hook;
By scaly Triton's[17] winding shell,
And old, soothsaying Glaucus'[18] spell;
By Leucothea's lovely hands,
And her son[19] that rules the strands;
By Thetis'[20] tinsel-slippered feet,
And the songs of Sirens[21] sweet,
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb,
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,
Sleeking her soft, alluring locks;
By all the nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance,
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
From thy coral-paven bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answered have;
Listen and save.

*Sabrina rises and sings.*

By the rushy-fringéd bank,
Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
My sliding chariot stays;
Thick-set with agate, and the azure sheen
Of turquoise blue, and emerald green
That in the channel strays;
Whilst from off the waters fleet,
Thus I set my printless feet,
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,

That bends not as I tread;
Gentle swain, at thy request
I am here.

*Spirit.*—Goddess dear,
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charméd band
Of true virgin here distressed,
Through the force and through the wile
Of unblest enchanter vile.

*Sabrina.*—Shepherd, 'tis my office best
To help ensnared chastity;
Brightest lady, look on me;
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops that from my fountain pure,
I have kept of precious cure:
Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip;
Next, this marble venomed seat
Smeared with gums of glutinous heat
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold;
Now the spell hath lost his hold,
And I must haste ere morning hour,
To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

NOTES.

1 *Melibœus.* One of the shepherds in the First Eclogue of Virgil.

2 *Curb.* Here means government. *Severn.* A river of England.

3 *Brute.* Brutus, the great-grandson of Æneas, the founder of Rome, killed his father accidentally and fled to Britain, where he was made the first (mythical) king. This story was taken from Geoffrey of Monmouth's *History of British Kings.* It is the first time that English mythology was used in English poetry.

4 *Nymphs.* Mythical beings between gods and men. They inhabited both land and water, and resembled the modern fairies and mermaids.

5 *Nereus.* The father of the water-nymphs. 6 *Nectared lavers.* Baths in which nectar, the drink of the gods, was mixed.

7 *Asphodel.* A plant of Elysium, forming the food of the dead.

8 *Porch.* Entrance. 9 *Ambrosial.* Ambrosia was the food of the gods.

10 *Urchin.* Disastrous. An *urchin* was a mischievous imp.

11 *Vialed liquors.* Liquids preserved in vials.

12 *Amber-dropping.* Glistening like yellow amber.

13 *Silver lake.* Here means the Severn River.

14 *Oceanus.* The son of *Uranus* (the *Sky*), and *Gæa* (the *Earth*).

15 *Neptune,* ruler of the sea, and son of *Kronos* and *Rhea.*

16 *Carpathian wizard. Proteus,* son of *Oceanus* and *Tethys.* He was a prophet, and had the power of changing himself into any form he pleased. He was called *Carpathian* because he sometimes occupied the island of *Carpathos,* in the Ægean sea.

17 *Triton.* A son of *Neptune* and *Amphitrite.* He had the head of a man and the body of a dolphin. He made the roaring of the ocean during a storm by blowing the large shell that he carried.

18 *Glaucus.* A prophetic sea-god. 19 *Leucothea.* The protector of all travelers by sea. Her son, *Palæmon,* was the god of harbors. 20 *Thetis.* Daughter of *Nereus* and *Doris,* and chorus leader of the fifty nereids.

21 *Sirens.* Creatures half woman and half bird or fish. Their names were *Parthenope, Ligea,* and *Leucosia;* their usual abode a small island near Cape Pelorus, in Sicily. They enticed sailors ashore by their melodious singing, and then killed them.

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## 7. JOHN BUNYAN — (1628–1688).

John Bunyan is an example of a genius that forced itself into prominence in spite of almost insuperable difficulties. His father was an ignorant tinker, so his surroundings were of a low and debasing character. His education was so limited that as a boy, he barely learned to read and write. For a while he followed the itinerant occupation of his father. Up to the time of his marriage, when nineteen years of age, there was no indication that he ever would be anything more than a tinker. His piety grew upon him gradually. It was not until after several years of brooding upon his religious

condition that he became a member of the Baptist Church. Not long after this he began to preach. In 1660 he was put into Bedford jail because he would not conform to the Established Church. Here he remained for more than twelve years, during which time his wife and four children were mostly supported by charity. It was while in jail that Bunyan wrote his most famous book—the *Pilgrim's Progress*. He never dreamed that this book would make his name immortal.

As the only books known to be used by him in jail were the *Bible* and Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, the inference has been made that these were the only books he ever read. This is a mistake. He was no doubt a well-read man in the literature of his profession.

Bunyan was a pure-minded, sincere, simple-hearted Christian. He wrote as he felt, in plain, earnest English that every one could understand. Of his sixty published works *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners* and the *Pilgrim's Progress*, are his best. The former is an autobiography in which the author traces his progress from a wicked to a religious life. The latter is the best long allegory in the English language. Macaulay says of it: "That wonderful book, while it obtains admiration from the most fastidious, is loved by those who are too simple to admire it. In the wildest parts of Scotland the *Pilgrim's Progress* is the delight of the peasantry. In every nursery the *Pilgrim's Progress* is a greater favorite than *Jack the Giant-Killer*. Every reader knows the straight and narrow path as well as he knows a road in which he has gone backward and forward a hundred times."

Of the character described in the following selection from *Pilgrim's Progress*, Macaulay says: "Every age produces such men as *By-ends*. Bunyan must have known many of those hypocrites who followed religion only when religion walked in silver slippers, when the sun shone, and when the people applauded. Indeed, he might have easily found all the kindred of *By-ends* among the public men of his time."

## THE CHARACTER OF BY-ENDS.

"PRAY, sir, what may I call you?" said Christian.

*By-ends.*—I am a stranger to you, and you to me; if you be going this way, I shall be glad of your company; if not, I must be content.

*Christian.*—This town of Fair-speech I have heard of; and, as I remember, they say it is a wealthy place.

*By-ends.*—Yes, I will assure you that it is; and I have very many rich kindred there.

*Christian.*—Pray, who are your kindred there? if a man may be so bold.

*By-ends.*—Almost the whole town; and, in particular, my Lord Turn-about, my Lord Time-server, my Lord Fair-speech (from whose ancestors that town took its name); also Mr. Smooth-man, Mr. Facing-both-ways, Mr. Anything; and the parson of our parish, Mr. Two-tongues, was my mother's own brother by father's side; and, to tell you the truth, I am become a gentleman of good quality, yet my great-grandfather was but a waterman, looking one way and rowing another; and I got most of my estate by the same occupation.

*Christian.*—Are you a married man?

*By-ends.*—Yes, and my wife is a very virtuous woman, the daughter of a virtuous woman; she was my Lady Feigning's daughter; therefore she came of a very honorable family, and is arrived to such a pitch of breeding that she knows how to carry it to all, even to prince and peasant. It is true we somewhat differ in religion from those of the stricter sort, yet in but two small points; we never strive against wind and tide; secondly, we are always most zealous when religion goes in his silver slippers; we love much to walk with him in the streets if the sun shines, and the people applaud him.

Then Christian stepped a little aside to his fellow, Hopeful, saying: "It runs in my mind that this is one *By-ends*, of

Fair-speech; and if it be he, we have as very a knave in our company as dwelleth in all these parts." Then said Hopeful: "Ask him; methinks he should not be ashamed of his name."

So Christian came up with him again, and said:

"Sir, you talk as if you knew something more than all the world doth; and, if I take not my mark amiss, I deem I have half a guess of you. Is not your name Mr. By-ends, of Fair-speech?"

*By-ends.*—This is not my name, but indeed it is a nickname that is given me by some that can not abide me; and I must be content to bear it as a reproach, as other good men have borne theirs before me.

*Christian.*—But did you never give an occasion to men to call you by this name?

*By-ends.*—Never, never! The worst that I ever did to give them an occasion to give me this name was, that I had always the luck to jump in my judgment with the present way of the times, whatever it was, and my chance was to get thereby; but if things are thus cast upon me, let me count them a blessing, but let not the malicious load me therefore with reproach.

*Christian.*—I thought, indeed, that you were the man that I heard of; and to tell you what I think, I fear this name belongs to you more properly than you are willing we should think it doth.

*By-ends.*—Well, if you will thus imagine, I can not help it. You will find me a fair company-keeper if you will still admit me your associate.

*Christian.*—If you will go with us, you must go against wind and tide; the which, I perceive, is against your opinion; you must also own religion in his rags, as well as when in his silver slippers; and stand by him, too, when bound in irons, as well as when he walketh the streets with applause.

*By-ends.*—You must not impose, nor lord it over my faith; leave me to my liberty, and let me go with you.

*Christian.*—Not a step farther, unless you will do in what I propound, as we.

*By-ends.*—I shall never desert my old principles, since they are harmless and profitable. If I may not go with you, I must do as I did before you overtook me, even go by myself until some overtake me that will be glad of my company.

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## 8. JOHN DRYDEN—(1631–1700).

John Dryden was born in Northamptonshire of a good Puritan family; was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge; and began his literary life in London in 1657. He wrote poems, essays, and dramas, and made translations.

His greatest poem is a political satire in allegorical form, entitled *Absolom and Achitophel;* his greatest essays are the two on dramatic and heroic poetry; his greatest translation is Virgil's *Æneid;* and his best plays are, probably, *Aureng Zebe* and *Sir Martin Marall.*

Dryden was the most remarkable literary genius of his time. If the standard of morality had been higher, his work would have been much better. Even as it is, in elegance and power of musical expression, Dryden has never been surpassed. He founded criticism and good style.

The following selection is from *Don Sebastian, King of Portugal,* Act I. Scene 1. Sebastian has been defeated in battle and taken prisoner by the emperor of Barbary. The emperor decides to make a human sacrifice in honor of his victory, so the captives are brought before him in order to draw lots and thus determine who the victim shall be. Sebastian, disguised, and unknown to the emperor, is one of the three who select a black ball from the men. The passage may be entitled:

## THE SPIRIT OF A KING.

*Emperor.*—One of these three is a whole hecatomb,
And therefore only one of them shall die.
The rest are but mute cattle; and when Death
Comes like a rushing lion, couch like spaniels
With lolling tongues, and tremble at the paw;
Let lots again decide it.

[*The three draw again, and the lot falls on Sebastian.*

*Sebastian.*—Then there's no more to manage; if I fall,
It shall be like myself; a setting sun
Should leave a track of glory in the skies.
Behold Sebastian, king of Portugal!

*Emperor.*—Sebastian! ha! it must be he; no other
Could represent such suffering majesty.
I saw him, as he terms himself, a sun
Struggling in dark eclipse, and shooting day
On either side of the black orb that veiled him.

*Sebastian.*—Not less even in this despicable now,
Than when my name filled Africk with affrights,
And froze your hearts beneath your torrid zone.

*Benducar* (*aside to emperor*).—Extravagantly brave! even to an impudence of greatness.

*Sebastian.*—Here satiate all your fury;
Let Fortune empty her whole quiver on me;[1]
I have a soul, that, like an ample shield,
Can take in all, and verge enough for more.
I would have conquered you; and ventured only
A narrow neck of land for a third world,[2]
To give my loosened subjects room to play.
Fate was not mine,
Nor am I Fate's; now I have pleased my longing,
And trod the ground which I beheld from far.
I beg no pity for this moldering clay,

For, if you give it burial, there it takes
Possession of your earth;
If burnt and scattered in the air, the winds
That strow my dust, diffuse my royalty,
And spread me o'er your clime; for where one atom
Of mine shall light, know there Sebastian reigns.

*Emperor.*—What shall I do to conquer thee?

*Sebastian.*—Impossible!
Souls know no conquerors.

*Emperor.*—I'll show thee for a monster through my Africk.

*Sebastian.*—No, thou canst only show me for a man;
Africk is stored with monsters; man's a prodigy
Thy subjects have not seen.

*Emperor.*— Thou talk'st as if
Still at the head of battle.

*Sebastian.*— Thou mistak'st,
For then I would not talk.

*Bend.*— Sure, he would sleep.

*Sebastian.*—Till doomsday, when the trumpet sounds to rise;
For that's a soldier's call.

*Emperor.*— Thou'rt brave too late;
Thou should'st have died in battle like a soldier.

*Sebastian.*—I fought and fell like one, but Death deceived me;
I wanted weight of feeble Moors upon me,
To crush my soul out.

*Emperor.*— Still untameable!
In what a ruin has thy headstrong pride
And boundless thirst of empire plunged thy people!

*Sebastian.*—What say'st thou? ha! No more of that.

*Emperor.*—Behold,
What carcasses of thine thy crimes has strewed,
And left our Africk vultures to devour.

*Bend.*—Those souls were those thy God intrusted with thee
To cherish, not destroy.

*Sebastian.*— Witness, O Heaven, how much

This sight concerns me! Would I had a soul
For each of these; how gladly would I pay
The ransom down! But since I have but one,
'T is a king's life, and freely 't is bestowed.
Not your false prophet,[3] but eternal justice
Has destined me the lot to die for these.
'T is fit a sovereign so should pay such subjects;
For subjects such as they, are seldom seen,
Who not forsook me at my greatest need,
Nor for base lucre sold their loyalty,
But shared my dangers to the last event,
And fenced me with their own. These thanks I pay you;
And know, that when Sebastian weeps, his tears
Come harder than his blood.

*Emperor.*— They plead too strongly
To be withstood; my clouds are gathering too,
In kindly mixture with his royal shower.
Be safe and owe thy life, not to my gift,
But to the greatness of thy mind, Sebastian.
Thy subjects too, shall live; a due reward
For their untainted faith in thy concealment.

*The Mufti.*—Remember, sir, your vow.

*Emperor.*— Do thou remember
Thy function, mercy, and provoke not blood.

*Muley* (*aside*).—One of his generous fits, too strong to last.

*Bend.* (*aside to Muley*).—The Mufti reddens, mark that holy cheek.
He frets within, froths treason at his mouth,
And churns it through his teeth; leave me to work him.

*Sebastian.*—A mercy unexpected, undesired,
Surprises more. You 've learnt the art to vanquish;
You could not (give me leave to tell you, sir)
Have given me life but in my subjects' safety.
Kings, who are fathers, live but in their people.

*Emperor.*—Still great and grateful, that's thy character.

NOTES.

1 *Fortune empty her whole quiver on me.* That is, he is prepared to endure whatever misfortunes may happen to him.

2 *A narrow neck of land for a third world.* Portugal for Africa.

3 *Your false prophet.* Mohammed, the founder of Mohammedanism.

The principal suggestion of the above is that true nobility of soul can never be crushed by any misfortunes or sufferings.

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## 9. THOMAS OTWAY—(1651-1685).

Thomas Otway's father was a clergyman. Otway went to Oxford for a short time, leaving there before being entitled to a degree. He went upon the stage, but failed as an actor. A friend obtained for him the commission of a cornet of dragoons, and he went to Flanders; but was cashiered, after which he returned to London and began writing for the stage. He is the author of nine plays, only two of which retained possession of the stage until the present generation. These are *The Orphan* and *Venice Preserved.*

Otway's life may be considered a failure. It was marked by extravagance, profligacy, and poverty. His bad habits debased a genius that, in some respects, surpassed Dryden's.

As a dramatist Otway excells in scenes of passionate affection.

The selection that follows is taken from Act IV. Scene 2 of *Venice Preserved.* Jaffeir, who has married Belvidera against her father's wishes and has been disowned in consequence, stung by poverty and resentment, and instigated by his bosom friend Pierre, joins in a conspiracy to overthrow the government of Venice. Belvidera induces Jaffeir to tell her of the plot, which includes the murder of her father as well as all the rest of the Senate. She convinces Jaffeir of the degraded

character of some of the conspirators, and persuades him to disclose the whole scheme to the Duke and Council. After obtaining the solemn oath of Duke and Council that they will pardon himself and twenty-two of his friends, Jaffeir communicates all the details of the conspiracy. The principal conspirators are arrested at once.

### A TRAITOR FRIEND.

*Duke.*—KNOW you one Jaffeir?
*Pierre.*—Yes, and know his virtue.
His justice, truth, his general worth and sufferings
From a hard father, taught me first to love him.
*Duke.*—See him brought forth. [*Enter Jaffeir guarded.*
*Pierre.*—My friend, too, bound? nay then,
Our fate has conquered us and we must fall.
Why droops the man whose welfare's so much mine?
They're but one thing; these reverend tyrants, Jaffeir,
Call us all traitors; art thou one, my brother?
*Jaffeir.*—To thee I am the falsest, veriest slave
That e'er betrayed a generous, trusting friend,
And gave up honor to be sure of ruin.
All our fair hopes which morning was to have crowned,
Has this cursed tongue o'erthrown.
*Pierre.*—So, then, all's over;
Venice has lost her freedom; I, my life.
No more: farewell.
*Duke.*—Say, will you make a confession
Of your vile deeds and trust the Senate's mercy?
*Pierre.*—Cursed be your Senate; cursed your constitution;
The curse of growing factions and division
Still vex your councils, shake your public safety,
And make the robes of government you wear,
Hateful to you as these base chains to me.
*Duke.*—Pardon, or death?

*Pierre.*—Death, honorable death.
*Renault.*—Death's the best thing we ask, or you can give.
*All the Conspirators.*—No shameful bonds, but honorable death!
*Duke.*—Break up the Council; Captain, guard your prisoners.
Jaffeir, you are free; but these must wait for judgment.
[*Exeunt Duke and Senators.*
*Pierre.*—Come, where's my dungeon? lead me to my straw;
It will not be the first time that I've lodged hard
To do your Senate service.
*Jaffeir.*—Hold one moment.
*Pierre.*—Who's he disputes the judgment of the Senate?
Presumptuous rebel—[*strikes Jaffeir.*
*Jaffeir.*—By heaven, you stir not.
I must be heard, I must have leave to speak.
Thou hast disgraced me, Pierre, by a vile blow;
Had not a dagger done thee nobler justice?
But use me as thou wilt, thou canst not wrong me,
For I am fallen beneath the basest injuries;
Yet look upon me with an eye of mercy,
With pity and with charity behold me;
Shut not thy heart against a friend's repentance,
But as there dwells a godlike nature in thee,
Listen with mildness to my supplications.
*Pierre.*—What whining monk art thou? what holy cheat
That would'st encroach upon my credulous ears
And cant'st thus vilely? Hence! I know thee not!
*Jaffeir.*—Not know me, Pierre?
*Pierre.*—No, know thee not; what art thou?
*Jaffeir*—Jaffeir, thy friend, thy once loved, valued friend,
Though now deservedly scorned and used most hardly.
*Pierre.*—Thou Jaffeir! Thou my once loved, valued friend!
By heavens, thou liest; the man so called my friend,
Was generous, honest, faithful, just, and valiant,
Noble in mind and in his person lovely,
Dear to my eyes and tender to my heart;

But thou, a wretched, base, false, worthless coward,
Poor even in soul, and loathsome in thy aspect,
All eyes must shun thee, and all hearts detest thee.
Prithee avoid, nor longer cling thus round me
Like something baneful, that my nature's chilled at.

*Jaffeir.*—I have not wronged thee, by these tears I have not,
But still am honest, true, and hope, too, valiant;
My mind still full of thee; therefore, still noble.
Let not thy eyes, then, shun me, nor thy heart
Detest me utterly; oh, look upon me,
Look back and see my sad, sincere submission!
How my heart swells as even 't would burst my bosom;
Fond of its goal, and laboring to be at thee!
What shall I do? What say to make thee hear me?

*Pierre.*—Hast thou not wronged me? dar'st thou call thyself
Jaffeir, that once loved, valued friend of mine,
And swear thou hast not wonged me? Whence these chains?
Whence the vile death which I may meet this moment?
Whence this dishonor but from thee, thou false one?

*Jaffeir.*—All 's true, yet grant one thing, and I've done asking.

*Pierre.*—What 's that?

*Jaffeir.*—To take thy life on such conditions
The Council have proposed; thou and thy friends
May yet live long, and to be better treated.

*Pierre.*—Life! ask my life! confess! record myself
A villain for the privilege to breathe,
And carry up and down this cursed city
A discontented and repining spirit,
Burdensome to itself, a few years longer,
To lose, it may be, at last in a lewd quarrel
For some new friend, treacherous and false as thou art!
No, this vile world and I have long been jangling,
And can not part on better terms than now,
When only men like thee are fit to live in it.

## 10. THIRD GROUP—THE AGE OF QUEEN ANNE.

The authors in the Third Group represent the best writers of what is usually called the "Age of Queen Anne." It is a period especially noticeable for the finish given to literary productions. The language, for the first time, begins to assume the fixed forms it has to-day. The dictionary compiled by Dr. Samuel Johnson, the famous lexicographer and critic, contributed very much to this beginning.

Where so much effort is made to secure external form, there can not be much originality. Imitations and translations must necessarily abound. So was it at this time; there was no great creative genius, but the work that was done forms a very valuable portion of the body of our literature.

The impulse given by the "Age of Queen Anne" extends into the reign of George III., the chief authors of which are approximately represented by the Fourth Group. Goldsmith, Burns, and Cowper, however, unconsciously to themselves, began the reaction towards a natural style of writing, which, although the language has become much more fixed in form, and words much more restricted in meaning, gives our present literature a liberty of expression that it lost after the unrestricted freedom of the time of Shakespeare.

During the time represented by these two groups, several new departments of literature were introduced. The essay in its modern form, biography with its elaborate details, the novel, with its introduction of real human characters, and the political and literary periodical, had their beginning. Thus a much wider field was opened to succeeding men of genius, and opportunities offered which were never offered before. That these opportunities have been improved, is evident from the fact that, at the present day, it is almost impossible to keep up with current literature.

## 11. JOSEPH ADDISON — (1672–1719).

Joseph Addison was born in Wiltshire, and was educated at the Charterhouse School in London and Queen's College, Oxford. He was early noted for elegant scholarship, especially for proficiency in Latin versification. His father wished him to become a clergyman, but he preferred a political life, and began by writing laudatory verses of those who could help him. He thus secured the favor of Lords Somers and Halifax. In politics he was successful in securing profitable offices. He was a member of Parliament from 1708 until his death. In 1717 he was made one of the principal secretaries of state, but the duties of the office were not congenial, so he resigned the next year on a pension of £1,500.

He unhappily married the countess dowager of Warwick in 1716, and thus became a resident of the famous Holland House; but, not being domestic in his tastes, he spent a great deal of his time at Button's Coffee House, a famous literary resort of the time.

On the whole, Addison was a very good man. He was very diffident and reserved in a crowd, but excellent company when with a few intimate friends.

Addison's style, although not as finished as that of some of his contemporaries, is elegant and pure. There is a peculiar charm about it which makes it delightful.

Addison's fame as a writer depends upon the short essays he contributed to the *Spectator*. This was a daily periodical begun in March, 1711, and continued, with an interval between 1712 and 1714, until September, 1714. Of the 635 papers, Addison wrote 274.

The following selection is a brief story that constitutes No. 123 of the *Spectator*. It illustrates very well the characteristics of his imagination and style.

## THE TALE OF ENDOXUS AND LEONTINE.

Endoxus and Leontine began the world with small estates. They were both of them[1] men of good sense and great virtue. They prosecuted their studies together in their earlier years, and entered into such a friendship as lasted to the end of their lives. Endoxus, at his first setting out in the world, threw himself into a court, where, by his natural endowments and his acquired abilities, he made his way from one post to another, till at length he had raised a very considerable fortune. Leontine, on the contrary, sought all opportunities of improving his mind by study, conversation, and travel. He was not only acquainted with all the sciences, but with the most eminent professors of them throughout Europe. He knew perfectly well the interests of its princes, with the customs and fashions of their courts. In short, he had so well mixed and digested his knowledge of men and books, that he made one of the most accomplished persons of his age. During the whole course of his studies and travels he kept up a punctual correspondence with Endoxus, who often made himself acceptable to the principal men about court by the intelligence which he received from Leontine.

When they were both[2] turned of forty they determined, pursuant to the resolution they had taken at the beginning of their lives, to retire, and pass the remainder of their days in the country. In order to this, they both of them[3] married much about the same time. Leontine, with his own and his wife's fortune, bought a farm of three-hundred a year, which lay within the neighborhood of his friend Endoxus, who had purchased an estate of as many thousands.

They were both of them fathers about the same time, Endoxus having a son born to him, and Leontine a daughter; but to the unspeakable grief of the latter, his young wife (in whom his happiness was wrapped up) died in a few days

after the birth of her daughter. His affliction would have been unsupportable, had not he been comforted by the daily visits and conversations of his friend.

As they were one day talking with their usual intimacy, Leontine, considering how incapable he was of giving his daughter a proper education in his own house, and Endoxus, reflecting on the ordinary behavior of a son who knows himself to be the heir of a great estate, they both agreed upon an exchange of children; namely, that the boy should be bred up with Leontine as his son, and that the girl should live with Endoxus as his daughter, till they were each of them arrived at years of discretion. The wife of Endoxus, knowing that her son could not be so advantageously brought up as under the care of Leontine, and considering at the same time that he would be perpetually under her own eye, was by degrees prevailed upon to fall in with the project. She therefore took Leonilla, for that was the name of the girl, and educated her as her own daughter. The two friends on each side had wrought themselves to such an habitual tenderness for the children who were under their direction, that each of them had the real passion of a father where the title was imaginary. Florio, the name of the young heir that lived with Leontine, though he had all the duty and affection imaginable for his supposed parent, was taught to rejoice at the sight of Endoxus, who visited his friend very frequently, and was dictated by his natural affection, as well as by the rules of prudence, to make himself esteemed and beloved by Florio. The boy was now old enough to know his supposed father's circumstances, and that, therefore, he was to make his way in the world by his own industry. This consideration grew stronger in him every day, and produced so good an effect that he applied himself with more than ordinary attention to the pursuit of everything which Leontine recommended to him. His natural abilities, which were very good, assisted by the directions of so excellent a counselor,

enabled him to make a quicker progress than ordinary through all the parts of his education. Before he was twenty years of age, having finished his studies and exercises with great applause, he was removed from the university to the Inns of Court, where there are very few that make themselves considerable proficients in the study of the place, who know they shall arrive at great estates without them. This was not Florio's case; he found that three-hundred a year was but a poor estate for Leontine and himself to live upon; so that he studied without intermission till he gained a very good insight into the constitution and laws of his country.

I should have told my reader that whilst Florio lived at the house of his foster-father, he was always an acceptable guest in the family of Endoxus, where he became acquainted with Leonilla from her infancy. His acquaintance with her by degrees grew into love, which, in a mind trained up in all the sentiments of honor and virtue, became a very uneasy passion. He despaired of gaining an heiress of so great a fortune, and would rather have died than attempted it by any indirect methods. Leonilla, who was a woman of the greatest beauty, joined with the greatest modesty, entertained at the same time a secret passion for Florio, but conducted herself with so much prudence that she never gave him the least intimation of it. Florio was now engaged in all those arts and improvements that are proper to raise a man's private fortune and give him a figure in his country, but secretly tormented with that passion which burns with the greatest fury in a virtuous and noble heart, when he received a sudden summons from Leontine to repair to him in the country the next day. For it seems that Endoxus was so filled with the report of his son's reputation that he could no longer withhold making himself known to him.

The morning after his arrival at the house of his supposed father, Leontine told him that Endoxus had something of great importance to communicate to him; upon which the

good man embraced him, and wept. Florio was no sooner arrived at the great house that stood in his neighborhood, but Endoxus took him by the hand, after the first salutes were over, and conducted him into his closet. He there opened to him the whole secret of his parentage and education, concluding after this manner: "I have no other way left of acknowledging my gratitude to Leontine than by marrying you to his daughter. He shall not lose the pleasure of being your father by the discovery I have made to you. Leonilla shall still be my daughter; her filial piety, though misplaced, has been so exemplary that it deserves the greatest reward I can confer upon it. You shall have the pleasure of seeing a great estate fall to you which you would have lost the relish of had you known yourself born to it. Continue only to deserve it in the same manner you did before you were possessed of it. I have left your mother in the next room. Her heart yearns towards you. She is making the same discoveries to Leonilla which I have made to yourself." Florio was so overwhelmed with this profusion of happiness that he was not able to make a reply, but threw himself down at his father's feet, and, amidst a flood of tears, kissed and embraced his knees, asking his blessing, and expressing in dumb show those sentiments of love, duty, and gratitude that were too big for utterance.

To conclude, the happy pair were married, and half Endoxus's estate settled upon them. Leontine and Endoxus passed the remainder of their lives together, and received in the dutiful and affectionate behavior of Florio and Leonilla the just recompense, as well as the natural effects of that care which they had bestowed upon them in their education.

NOTES.

1 *They were both of them.* *They were* is better English. Or, *Both were.*

2 *When they were both.* *When they were*, or, *When both were*, is better.

3 *In order to this.* In order to *do* this. *They both of them.* *They* or *both* is better.

THE most remarkable of Addison's essays are those which relate to Sir Roger de Coverly. The character, which is an entirely fictitious one, was first outlined by Steele, but all the details were worked out by Addison. Sir Roger is an ideal English country squire. He has all the virtues essential to make a good and true man, and his failings are of a child-like kind that do neither him nor anyone else any harm. These essays gave Addison his best opportunity to display his delightful style.

The following is from *Spectator* No. 112, and represents

## SIR ROGER AT CHURCH.

I AM always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard, as a citizen does upon the change, the whole parish politics being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing; he has likewise given a handsome pulpit cloth, and

railed-in the communion table at his own expense. He has often told me, that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a common-prayer book; and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed, outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servants to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions: sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing psalms half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces *Amen* three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or to see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews, it seems, is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behavior; besides that, the general good sense and worthiness of his char-

acter makes his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir until Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side; and every now and then inquires how such an one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person who is absent.

The chaplain has often told me, that upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement; and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church service, has promised, upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that arise between the parson and the squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the squire, and the squire, to be revenged on the parson, never comes to church. The squire has made all his tenants atheists and tithe-stealers; while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them in almost every sermon that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters are come to such an extremity, that the squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half year; and that the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are

very fatal to the ordinary people, who are so used to be dazzled with riches, that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate, as of a man of learning; and are hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it.

NOTE.

As Addison is considered a model of what is called the classical style of writing, it will be profitable to the reader to note the defects in the construction of some of the sentences in the above essay.

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## 12. SIR RICHARD STEELE—(1672–1729).

ALTHOUGH Steele was born in Dublin, his parents were English. He was with Addison at the Charterhouse School and at Oxford, and the friendship there formed continued until Addison's death. He remained only three years at Oxford when he entered the army as a private soldier. He was very popular, became a captain, and acquired very profligate habits. The *Christian Hero* was written by him as a check to his profligacy. He was the author of four plays, the best one being *The Conscious Lovers.* As he never had a thought for the morrow, he was always in debt.

He started the *Tatler*, a tri-weekly journal, in 1709. Some of Addison's best essays are in this journal. The *Tatler* was followed by the *Spectator*, and the *Spectator* by the *Guardian.* The *Tatler* contained 271 papers, of which 188 were by Steele, 42 by Addison, and 36 by both authors combined. Of the 635 papers in the *Spectator*, Steele wrote 240. There were 175 papers in the *Guardian.* Of these Addison wrote 53 and Steele 82.

Steele was not successful as a member of Parliament. He was knighted by George I.

As an essayist, although more original than Addison, he was inferior to him in beauty and finish of style. His most marked defect is the inequality of his work, showing either rapid and careless composition, or a lack of the knowledge necessary for symmetrical writing. His frequent use of tautology is absolutely inexcusable. He was a humorist, satirist, critic, and story-teller.

The following selection is taken from paper No. 352 of the *Spectator*. The subject of the essay is

## SINCERITY.

Will Honeycomb takes notice that there is now an evil under the sun which he supposes to be entirely new, because not mentioned by any satirist or moralist in any age. "Men," said he, "grow knaves sooner than they ever did since the creation of the world before." If you read the tragedies of the last age, you find the artful men and persons of intrigue are advanced very far in years and beyond the pleasures and sallies of youth; but now, Will observes, the young have taken in the vices of the aged, and you shall have a man of five-and-twenty crafty, false, and intriguing, not ashamed to overreach, cozen, and beguile. My friend adds that till about the end of King Charles's reign there was not a rascal of any eminence under forty. In the places of resort for conversation you now hear nothing but what relates to improving men's fortunes, without regard to the methods towards it. This is so fashionable that young men form themselves upon a certain neglect of everything that is candid, simple, and worthy of true esteem, and affect being yet worse than they are by acknowledging, in their general turn of mind and discourse, that they have not any remaining value for true honor and honesty. All this is due to the very silly pride that generally

prevails of being valued for the ability of carrying their point; in a word, from the opinion that shallow and inexperienced people entertain of the short-lived force of cunning.

Truth and reality have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the show of anything be good for anything, I am sure sincerity is better, for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it is good to have such a quality as he pretends to? for, to counterfeit and dissemble[1] is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now the best way in the world for a man to seem to be anything is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides, it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good quality as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it, and then all his pains and labor to seem to have it is lost.

It is hard to personate and act[2] a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavoring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other. Therefore, if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to everybody's satisfaction; so that, upon all accounts, sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity has many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of dissimulation and deceit;[3] it is much the plainer and easier,[4] much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world; it has less of trouble and difficulty,[5] of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it; it is the nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last[6] longest.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. Sincer-

ity is substantial, and there is nothing hollow or unsound in it; and, because it is plain, fears no discovery, of which the crafty man is always in danger; and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretenses are so transparent that he that runs may read them. He is the last man that finds himself to be found out, and whilst he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

Add to all this that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom and an excellent instrument for the speedy dispatch of business; it creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labor of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in a few words. It is like traveling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than by-ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks the truth, nor trusted, perhaps, when he means honestly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

NOTES.

1 *Counterfeit and dissemble.* Either word is better English than both words.

2 *Personate and act.* One word too many.

3 *Dissimulation and deceit.* These words are used synonymously.

4 *Plainer* and *easier; safer and more secure.* These words are used synonymously.

5 *Trouble and difficulty; entanglement and perplexity; danger and hazard; nearest way, in a straight line;* are used synonymously.

6 *Hold out and last* are used synonymously.

## 13. DANIEL DEFOE — (1661–1731).

Daniel Defoe was the champion of the Whig party, the founder of the English novel, and the author of about 250 separate publications.

His father was a butcher. He was educated for a presbyterian minister, but his dislike for the profession prevented his entrance into it. As a business man he was not successful. His first notable work was the *True Born Englishman*, a poetical satire in defense of William III. He was not much of a poet. While in Newgate prison, where he had been confined for publishing political libels, he published his *Review*, a political journal, the first of the kind in England.

Defoe's greatest literary triumph, published in 1719, was *Robinson Crusoe*. He wrote about seven novels. His purely literary career did not begin until 1721.

As a novelist, Defoe was suggestive to Richardson and Fielding; as an essayist, the *Tatler* and *Spectator* were suggested by his *Review*. He was very natural in style, but defective in sympathetic warmth and in pathos. Although a good man, his subjects were mostly taken from low life. His power of making fiction seem like reality was wonderful. His *Journal of the Plague Year* is his best illustration of this. This work and the *Memoirs of a Cavalier* have often been taken for real history.

This selection is from the *Journal*. It is entitled:

### THE STORY OF THE PIPER.

It was under this John Hayward's care, and within his bounds, that the story of the piper, with which people have made themselves so merry, happened, and he assured me that it was true. It is said that it was a blind piper; but as

John told me, the fellow was not blind, but an ignorant, weak, poor man, and usually walked his rounds about ten o'clock at night, and went piping along from door to door, and the people usually took him in at public houses, where they knew him, and would give him drink and victuals, and sometimes farthings; and he in return would pipe and sing, and talk simply, which diverted the people: and thus he lived. It was but a very bad time for this diversion, while things were as I have told; yet the poor fellow went about as usual, but was almost starved; and when anybody asked how he did, he would answer, the dead cart had not taken him yet, but that they had promised to call for him next week.

It happened one night that this poor fellow, whether somebody had given him too much drink or not, John Hayward said he had not drink in his house, but that they had given him a little more victuals than ordinary at a public house in Coleman street, and the poor fellow, having not usually had a bellyful, or perhaps not a good while, was laid all along upon the top of a bulk or stall, and fast asleep at a door in the street near London wall, towards Cripplegate; and that upon the same bulk or stall, the people of some house in the alley, of which the house was a corner, hearing a bell, which they always rang before the cart came, had laid a body really dead of the plague just by him, thinking, too, that this poor fellow had been a dead body as the other was, and laid there by some of the neighbors.

Accordingly, when John Hayward with his bell and the cart came along, finding two dead bodies lie upon the stall, they took them up with the instrument they used, and threw them into the cart; and all this while the piper slept soundly.

From hence, they passed along, and took in other dead bodies, till, as honest John Hayward told me, they almost buried him alive in the cart: yet all this while he slept soundly. At length the cart came to the place where the bodies were thrown into the ground, which, as I do remem-

ber, was at Mount-mill; and as the cart usually stopped some time before they were ready to shoot out the melancholy load they had in it, as soon as the cart stopped, the fellow awaked, and struggling a little to get his head out from among the dead bodies, when, raising himself up in the cart, he called out: "Hey! where am I?" This frighted the fellow that attended about the work, but after some pause John Hayward, recovering himself, said: "Lord bless us! there's somebody in the cart not quite dead!" So another called to him and said: "Who are you?" The fellow answered: "I am the poor piper. Where am I?" "Where are you?" says Hayward; "why, you are in the dead cart, and we are a-going to bury you." "But I aint dead though, am I?" says the piper; which made them laugh a little, though, as John said, they were heartily frighted at first; so they helped the poor fellow down, and he went about his business.

NOTE.

An examination of the above will show that it is the apparently insignificant details that give such an air of probability to the story.

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## 14. ALEXANDER POPE—(1688–1744).

Alexander Pope is a remarkable illustration of the triumph of genius over physical debility. He never knew what it was to feel well. Dwarfish in stature, humpbacked and crooked, unable to dress himself without assistance, incapable of sitting erect until laced in a stiff canvas bodice, he nevertheless did as much literary work as an able-bodied man, and took rank as the foremost poet of his time.

Pope was born in London, of Catholic parents. His education was irregular, on account of his ill-health; but his

precocity enabled him to master the ancient classics at an early age.

At the age of 30 he published his translation of Homer, for which he received £8,000. With this money he bought a home at Twickenham, 10 miles W. S. W. of St. Paul's, London, where he spent the remainder of his life, devoting himself entirely to literature. His principal works are the *Essay on Criticism*, *Essay on Man*, *Dunciad*, *Rape of the Lock*, and translation of Homer.

Pope shows more vigor in his translations than in his original poems. His style is nearly mechanically perfect. Although full of the most elegant comparisons and picturesque epithets, it is clear and condensed, every word being effective. As a satirist he was harsh and unmerciful.

Byron called Pope "the great moral poet of all times, of all places, of all climes, of all feelings."

The following selection is from Book XXII. of the *Iliad*, and describes

THE DEATH OF HECTOR.

"But know, whatever fate I am to try,
By no dishonest wound shall Hector[1] die.
I shall not fall a fugitive at least,
My soul shall bravely issue from my breast.
But first, try thou my arm; and may this dart
End all my country's woes, deep buried in thy heart."
The weapon flew, its course unerring held,
Unerring, but the heavenly shield[2] repelled
The mortal dart; resulting with a bound
From off the ringing orb, it struck the ground.
Hector beheld his javelin fall in vain,
Nor other lance, nor other hope remain,
He calls Deïphobus,[3] demands a spear—
In vain, for no Deïphobus was there.
All comfortless he stands; then, with a sigh:

"'T is so — Heaven wills it, and my hour is nigh!
I deemed Deïphobus had heard my call,
But he secure lies guarded in the wall.
A god deceived me; Pallas, 't was thy deed,—
Death and black fate approach! 't is I must bleed.
No refuge now, no succor from above,
Great Jove deserts me, and the son of Jove,[4]
Propitious once, and kind! Then welcome fate!
'T is true I perish, yet I perish great;
Yet in a mighty deed I shall expire,
Let future ages hear it and admire!"
Fierce at the word, his weighty sword he drew,
And, all collected, on Achilles[5] flew.
So Jove's bold bird,[6] high balanced in the air,
Stoops from the clouds to truss[7] the quivering hare.
Nor less Achilles his fierce soul prepares;
Before his breast the flaming shield he bears,
Refulgent orb! above his fourfold cone,[8]
The gilded horse-hair sparkled in the sun,
Nodding at every step: (Vulcanian[9] frame!)
And as he moved, his figure seemed on flame.
As radiant Hesper[10] shines with keener light,
Far-beaming o'er the silver host of night,
When all the starry train emblaze the sphere;[11]
So shone the point of great Achilles' spear.
In his right hand he waves the weapon round,
Eyes the whole man, and meditates the wound;
But the rich mail Patroclus[12] lately wore
Securely cased the warrior's body o'er.
One space at length he spies, to let in fate,
Where 'twixt the neck and throat the jointed plate
Gave entrance; through that penetrable part
Furious he drove the well-directed dart;
Nor pierced the windpipe yet, nor took the power
Of speech, unhappy! from thy dying hour.

Prone on the field the bleeding warrior lies,
While, thus triumphing, stern Achilles cries:
"At last is Hector stretched upon the plain,
Who feared no vengeance for Patroclus slain:
Then, prince! you should have feared, what now you feel;
Achilles absent, was Achilles still;
Yet a short space the great avenger staid,
Then low in dust thy strength and glory laid.
Peaceful he sleeps, with all our rites adorned,
Forever honored and forever mourned;
While cast to all the rage of hostile power,
The birds shall mangle, and the gods devour."
Then Hector, fainting at the approach of death;
"By thy own soul! by those who gave thee breath!
By all the sacred prevalence of prayer;
Ah, leave me not for Grecian dogs to tear!
The common rites of sepulture bestow,
To soothe a father's and a mother's woe;
Let their large gifts procure an urn at least,
And Hector's ashes in his country rest."
"No, wretch accursed! relentless he replies;
(Flames, as he spoke, shot flashing from his eyes;)
Not those who gave me breath should bid me spare,
Nor all the sacred prevalence of prayer.
Could I myself the bloody banquet join!
No—to the dogs that carcass I resign.
Should Troy, to bribe me, bring forth all her store,
And giving thousands, offer thousands more;
Should Dardan Priam and his weeping dame,[13]
Drain their whole realm to buy one funeral flame:
Their Hector on the pile they should not see,
Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee."
Then thus the chief his dying accents drew:
"Thy rage, implacable! too well I knew;
The Furies[14] that relentless breast have steeled,

And cursed thee with a heart that can not yield.
Yet think, a day will come, when fate's decree
And angry gods shall wreak this wrong on thee;
Phœbus [15] and Paris shall avenge my fate,
And stretch thee here before the Scæan gate." [16]
He ceased. The Fates [17] suppressed his laboring breath,
And his eyes stiffened at the hand of death;
To the dark realm the spirit wings its way,
(The manly body left, a load of clay,)
And plaintive glides along the dreary coast, [18]
A naked, wandering, melancholy ghost.

NOTES.

1 *Hector.* The greatest of the Trojan heroes, and son of Priam, king of Troy.

2 *Heavenly shield.* The shield made for Achilles by the god Vulcan.

3 *Deïphobus.* A younger brother of Hector.

4 *Pallas, Jove, son of Jove.* Mythical deities of the ancients.

5 *Achilles.* One of the chief heroes of the Greeks during the siege of Troy.

6 *Jove's bold bird.* The eagle. 7 *Truss.* Here means *to seize, to snatch.*

8 *Cone.* Here means *crest of helmet.*

9 *Vulcanian.* Resembling that of Vulcan, the god of fire.

10 *Hesper.* The evening star.

11 *The sphere.* The earth.

12 *Patroclus.* The bosom friend of Achilles, had, in the absence of his friend, been killed by Hector, who stripped the dead body of its armor and afterwards wore it himself.

13 *Dardan Priam, etc.* Hector's parents. Dardanian is often used as a synonym for Trojan.

14 *Furies.* Mythical beings whose duty it was to avenge crime.

15 *Phœbus.* The god of the sun. *Paris.* A son of Priam. Hector's prophecy was fulfilled. Achilles was slain by Paris a short time before Troy was captured.

16 *Scæan gate.* The gates of the city of Troy in front of Priam's palace.

17 *Fates.* Mythical beings who influenced human life from birth to death.

18 *Dreary coast.* The shore of Styx, a river of Hades.

## 15. JONATHAN SWIFT — (1667–1745).

Jonathan Swift was born in Dublin of English parents. His father died in extreme poverty before Jonathan's birth. Swift was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, but entered as a sizar. He showed great precocity when a child, but did not rank high at college. After leaving college he went to the home of Sir William Temple, a distant relation of his mother. There he met King William III., but nothing came of it. He obtained his degree of M. A. from Oxford, where he had gone in 1692. He entered the church, but did not receive a position that pleased him until the latter part of Queen Anne's reign, when he changed from Whig to Tory. He was then made dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin.

He became involved in love with two women, known in literature by the names of Stella and Vanessa, and broke their hearts by his cruel treatment of them. The *M. B. Drapier Letters* and some other works gave him an unbounded popularity in Ireland. During the last years of his life he was hopelessly insane.

Swift wrote considerable poetry, but was deficient in poetic imagination and delicacy of taste. His prose is a model of simplicity and strength. "He could wither with his irony and invective; excite to mirth with his wit and invention."

He was the most powerful and original prose writer of his time.

Swift's greatest works are: *The Tale of a Tub* and *Gulliver's Travels*. The object of the former, published in 1704, was to ridicule the Roman Catholics and Presbyterians, and elevate the Church of England party. *Gulliver*, published in 1726, is a political satire on the times.

The following selection is a paper contributed by Swift to No. 20, of the *Tatler*.

## VULGAR HOSPITALITY.

THOSE inferior duties of life which the French call the smaller morals, are with us distinguished by the name of good manners, or breeding. This I look upon, in the general notion of it, to be a sort of artificial good sense, adapted to the meanest capacities, and introduced to make mankind easy in their commerce with each other. Low and little understandings, without some rules of this kind, would be perpetually wandering into a thousand indecencies and irregularities of behavior; and in their ordinary conversation, fall into the same boisterous familiarities that one observeth amongst them when a debauch hath quite taken away the use of their reason. In other instances, it is odd to consider, that for want of common discretion, the very end of good breeding is wholly perverted; and civility, intended to make us easy, is employed in laying fetters upon us, in debarring us of our wishes, and in crossing our most reasonable desires and inclinations. This abuse reigneth chiefly in the country, as I found to my vexation, when I was last there, in a visit I made to a neighbor about two miles from my cousin. As soon as I entered the parlor, they put me into the great chair that stood close by a huge fire, and kept me there by force, until I was almost stifled. Then a boy came in great hurry to pull off my boots, which I in vain opposed, urging that I must return soon after dinner. In the meantime, the good lady whispered her eldest daughter, and slipped a key into her hand. The girl returned instantly with a beer glass half full of *aqua mirabilis* and syrup of gilly-flowers. I took as much as I had a mind for; but madam vowed I should drink it off—for she was sure it would do me good after coming out of the cold air—and I was forced to obey; which absolutely took away my stomach. When dinner came in, I had a mind to sit at a distance from the fire;

but they told me it was as much as my life was worth, and set me with my back just against it. Although my appetite was quite gone, I resolved to force down as much as I could, and desired the leg of a pullet. "Indeed, Mr. Bickerstaff," says the lady, "you must eat a wing to oblige me"; and so put a couple upon my plate. I was persecuted at this rate during the whole meal. As often as I called for small beer, the master tipped the wink, and the servant brought me a brimmer of October [a kind of ale]. Sometime after dinner, I ordered my cousin's man, who came with me, to get ready the horses, but it was resolved I should not stir that night; and when I seemed pretty much bent upon going, they ordered the stable door to be locked: and the children hid my cloak and boots. The next question was what I should have for supper; I said I never ate anything at night; but was at last, in my own defense, obliged to name the first thing that came into my head.

After three hours spent chiefly in apologies for my entertainment, insinuating to me "that this was the worst time of the year for provisions; that they were at a great distance from any market; that they were afraid that I should be starved; and that they knew they kept me to my loss" the lady went and left me to her husband—for they took special care I should never be alone. As soon as her back was turned, the little misses ran backward and forward every moment; and constantly as they came in or went out, made a courtesy directly at me, which in good manners I was forced to return with a bow, and, "Your humble servant, pretty miss." Exactly at eight the mother came up, and I discovered by the redness of her face that supper was not far off. It was twice as long as the dinner, and my persecution doubled in proportion.

I desired at my usual hour to go to my repose, and was conducted to my chamber by the gentleman, his lady, and the whole train of children. They importuned me to drink

something before I went to bed; and, upon my refusing, at last left a bottle of *stingo*, as they called it, for fear I should wake and be thirsty in the night. I was forced in the morning to rise and dress myself in the dark, because they would not suffer my kinsman's servant to disturb me at the hour I desired to be called. I was now resolved to break through all measures to get away; and after sitting down to a monstrous breakfast of cold beef, mutton, neat's tongue, venison pastry, and small beer, took leave of the family. But the gentleman would needs see me part of my way, and carry me a short cut through his own grounds, which he told me would save half a mile's riding. This last piece of civility had like to have cost me dear, being once or twice in danger of my neck by leaping over his ditches, and at last forced to alight in the dirt; when my horse, having slipped his bridle, ran away, and took us up more than an hour to recover him again.

It is evident that none of the absurdities I met with in this visit proceeded from an ill intention, but from a wrong judgment of complaisance and a misapplication in the rules of it.

NOTE.

The suggestion given by this selection is, that true hospitality is something that can not be acquired. Eating and drinking can not make amends for natural vulgarity.

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## 16. SAMUEL RICHARDSON — (1689–1761).

Samuel Richardson was born in Derbyshire. His father was a joiner, and, therefore, not able to give him more than the elements of an education. At the age of seventeen Samuel was apprenticed for seven years to a printer in London. After his apprenticeship he worked five or six years as a compositor and proof-reader. He then set up for himself, and in a few years had an extensive business.

Richardson was a fluent letter writer from an early age. When thirteen years old he carried on the love correspondence of three young women as their amanuensis, each one thinking she was his only confidant.

After he was fifty, two London publishers urged him to write a book of familiar letters on the useful concerns of life. The result of this, after two months of composition, was *Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded*, in two volumes. In 1742 he added two more volumes, describing the married life of Pamela. Though abounding in fine criticism and moral sentiments, this addition did not improve the story. He also wrote *Clarissa Harlowe*, 1749, and the *History of Sir Charles Grandison*, in 1753.

Richardson's literary work shows a wonderful knowledge of the human heart. He seemed to know the source of every action, for good or bad, of which the mind is capable.

He is deficient in description of scenery, strong in description of character.

The following selection is from Volume IV. of *Pamela*. The heroine is writing to her husband's sister, Lady Davers, and giving her opinion of

### THE ITALIAN OPERA.

I PROCEED to give your ladyship my opinion of the opera I was at last night.

But what can I say, after mentioning what you so well know,—the fine scenes, the genteel and splendid company, the charming voices, and delightful music?

If, madam, one were all ear, and lost to every sense but that of harmony, surely the Italian opera would be a transporting thing. But when one finds good sense, and instruction, and propriety sacrificed to the charms of sound, what an unedifying, what a mere temporary delight does it afford! For what does one carry home but the remembrance of hav-

ing been pleased so many hours by the mere vibration of air, which, being but sound, you can not bring away with you; and must therefore enter the time passed in such a diversion into the account of those blank hours, from which one has not reaped so much as one improving lesson.

I speak this with regard to myself, who know nothing of the Italian language; but yet I may not be very unhappy that I do not, if I may form my opinion of the sentiments by the enervating softness of the sound, and the unmanly attitudes and gestures made use of to express the passions of the men performers, and from the amorous complainings of the women; as visible in the soft, the too soft action of each.

Then, though I can not but say that the music is most melodious, yet to see a hero, as an Alexander, or a Julius Cæsar warbling out his achievements in war, his military conquests, as well as his love, in a song, it seems to me to be making a jest of both.

And how much more absurd is it still, to hear some dying chieftain, some unfortunate hero, chanting forth his woes and his calamities, and taking his leave of the world with less propriety than our English criminals at the fatal tree! What can this move, how can this pierce, be the story ever so dismal, anything but one's ears?

Every nation, Mr. B. says, has its peculiar excellence: the French taste is comedy and harlequinry; the Italian, music and opera; the English, masculine and nervous sense, whether in tragedy or comedy. Why can't one, methinks, keep to one's own particular national excellence, and let others retain theirs? For Mr. B. observes that when once sound is preferred to sense, we shall depart from all our own worthiness, and, at best, be but the apes, yea, the dupes of those whom we may strive to imitate, but can never reach, much less excel.

Mr. B. says, sometimes, that this taste is almost the only good fruit our young nobility gather and bring home from

foreign tours; and that he found the English nation much ridiculed on this score by those very people who are benefited by their depravity. And if this be the best, what must the other qualifications be which they bring home? Yet every one does not return with so little improvement, it is to be hoped.

But what can I say of an Italian opera? For who can describe sound? Or what words shall be found to embody air? And when we return, and are asked our opinion of what we have seen or heard, we are only able to answer, as I hinted above, the scenery is fine, the company splendid and genteel, the music charming for the time, and, for all these reasons,—the instruction none at all.

Mr. B. coming up just as I had concluded my letter, asked me what was my subject? I told him I was giving your ladyship my notions of the Italian opera. "Let me see what they are, my dear; for this is a subject that very few of those who admire these performances, and fewer still of those who decry them, know anything of."

He read the above, and was pleased to commend it. "Operas," said he, "are very sad things in England to what they are in Italy; and the translations given of them, abominable; and indeed, our language will not do them justice.

"Every nation, as you say, has its excellencies; and ours should not quit the manly, nervous sense which is the distinction of the English drama. One play of our celebrated Shakespeare will give infinitely more pleasure to a sensible mind than a dozen English-Italian operas. But, my dear, in Italy they are quite another thing; and the sense is not, as here, sacrificed so much to the sound but that they are both very compatible."

"Be pleased, sir, to give me your observations on this head, in writing, and then I shall have something to send worthy of Lady Davers's acceptance."

"I will, my dear"; and he took a pen and wrote the in-

closed; which I beg your ladyship to return me, because I shall keep it for my instruction, if I should be led to talk of this subject in company.

"In Italy, judges of operas are so far from thinking the drama or poetical part of their operas nonsense, as the unskilled in Italian rashly conclude in England, that if the libretto, as they call it, is not approved, the opera, notwithstanding the excellence of the music, will be condemned. For the Italians justly determine that the music of an opera can not be complete and pleasing, if the drama be incongruous, as I may call it, in its composition; because, in order to please, it must have the necessary contrast of the grave and the light, that is, the diverting, equally blended through the whole. If there be too much of the first, let the music be composed ever so masterly in that style, it will become heavy and tiresome; if the latter prevail, it will surfeit with its levity; wherefore, it is the poet's business to adapt the words for this agreeable mixture; for the music is but secondary and subservient to the words; and if there be an artful contrast in the drama, there will be the same in the music, supposing the composer to be a skillful master.

"Now, since in England the practice has been to mutilate, curtail, and patch up a drama in Italian, in order to introduce favorite airs selected from different authors, the contrast has always been broken thereby, and the opera condemned without every one's knowing the reason; and since ignorant, mercenary prompters, though Italians, have been employed in translating our dramas from Italian into English, how could such operas appear any other than incongruous nonsense?"

NOTES.

There are two principal suggestions in this selection.

1. What is now called English opera, that is, opera with the libretto in English, was common when Richardson wrote *Pamela*.

2. The genius of the English people is such that the opera can never supplant the drama.

## 17. HENRY FIELDING — (1707 – 1754).

Henry Fielding was born in Somersetshire. His father was a general; his mother, the daughter of a judge. He was educated at Eton, and studied law two years at Leyden. At the age of twenty he commenced writing for the stage. He wrote seventeen dramas, two of which, the burlesque, *Tom Thumb*, and *The Miser*, retained popular favor. His wife, a Miss Craddock, was a great beauty. He squandered his own and his wife's fortune in foolish extravagance; tried managing a theater, but failed; practiced law, and eked out his income by dramatic and political writings.

Fielding published his first novel, *Joseph Andrews*, in 1742. It at once became very popular. Although a burlesque on Richardson's *Pamela*, yet it possesses genuine merit. Joseph is the brother of Pamela, and, with Parson Adams, is a model of virtue. Pamela is burlesqued in the character of Mrs. Booby, who is the reverse of virtuous. *Jonathan Wild* was published in 1743; *Tom Jones, a Foundling*, in 1749; and *Amelia*, in 1750. *Tom Jones* is called "unquestionably the first of English novels," and is one of the first in excellence.

In 1748 Fielding was appointed one of the justices of Westminster and Middlesex. His last public act was to extirpate several gangs of thieves and highwaymen that then infested London. He died at Lisbon, to which place he had gone in search of health.

"Fielding had little of the poetic or imaginative faculty. His study lay in real life and everyday scenes, which he depicted with a truth and freshness, a buoyancy and vigor, and such an exuberance of practical knowledge, easy satire, and lively fancy, that in his own department he stands unrivaled."

The following selection is from *Tom Jones*, Book XII., chapter 14, and recounts one of Tom's many adventures.

## TOM JONES AND THE HIGHWAYMAN.

They were got about two miles beyond Barnet, and it was now the dusk of the evening, when a genteel looking man, but upon a very shabby horse, rode up to Jones and asked him whether he was going to London, to which Jones answered in the affirmative. The gentleman replied: "I should be obliged to you, sir, if you will accept my company; for it is very late, and I am a stranger to the road."

Jones readily complied with the request; and on they traveled together, holding that sort of discourse which is usual on such occasions.

Of this, indeed, robbery was the principal topic; upon which subject the stranger expressed great apprehensions; but Jones declared he had very little to lose, and, consequently, as little to fear. Here Partridge could not forbear putting in his word. "Your honor," said he, "may think it a little, but I am sure if I had a hundred pound note in my pocket, as you have, I should be sorry to lose it; but, for my part, I never was less afraid in my life; for we are four of us, and if we all stand by one another, the best man in England can't rob us. Suppose he should have a pistol, he can kill but one of us, and a man can die but once. That's my comfort, a man can die but once."

Our company were now arrived within a mile of Highgate, when the stranger turned short upon Jones, and demanded that little bank-note which Partridge had mentioned.

Jones was at first somewhat shocked at the unexpected demand; however, he presently recollected himself and told the highwayman all the money he had in his pocket was entirely at his service; and so saying, he pulled out upwards of three guineas and offered to deliver it; but the other answered with an oath, that would not do. Jones answered coolly he was sorry for it, and returned the money into his pocket.

The highwayman then threatened, if he did not deliver the bank-note that moment, he must shoot him; holding his pistol at the same time very near to his breast. Jones instantly caught hold of the fellow's hand, which trembled so that he could scarce hold the pistol in it, and turned the muzzle from him. A struggle then ensued, in which the former wrested the pistol from his antagonist, and both came from their horses on the ground together, the highwayman upon his back, and the victorious Jones upon him.

The poor fellow now began to implore mercy of the conqueror; for, to say the truth, he was in strength by no means a match for Jones. "Indeed, sir," says he, "I could have had no intention to shoot you; for you will find the pistol was not loaded. This is the first robbery I ever attempted, and I have been driven by distress to this."

At this instant, at about an hundred and fifty yards distance, lay another person on the ground, roaring for mercy in a much louder voice than the highwayman. This was no other than Partridge himself, who, endeavoring to make his escape from the engagement, had been thrown from his horse, and lay flat on his face, not daring to look up, and expecting every minute to be shot.

In this posture he lay, till the guide, who was no otherwise concerned than for his horses, having secured the stumbling beast, came up to him and told him his master had got the better of the highwayman.

Partridge leaped up at this news, and ran back to the place where Jones stood with his sword drawn in his hand to guard the poor fellow; which Partridge no sooner saw, than he cried out: "Kill the villain, sir; run him through the body; kill him this instant."

Luckily, however, for the poor wretch, he had fallen into more merciful hands; for Jones having examined the pistol and found it to be really unloaded, began to believe all the man had told him before Partridge came up; namely, that he

was a novice in the trade, and that he had been driven to it by the distress he mentioned, the greatest indeed imaginable, that of five hungry children and a wife in the utmost want and misery. The truth of all which the highwayman most vehemently asserted, and offered to convince Mr. Jones of it if he would take the trouble to go to his house, which was not above two miles off; saying, "That he desired no favor but upon condition of proving all he had alleged."

Jones at first pretended that he would take the fellow at his word and return with him, declaring that his fate should depend entirely upon the truth of his story. Upon this the poor fellow expressed so much alacrity that Jones was perfectly satisfied with his veracity, and began now to entertain sentiments of compassion for him. He returned the fellow his empty pistol, advised him to think of honester means of relieving his distress, and gave him a couple of guineas for the immediate support of his wife and family; adding, "he wished he had more for his sake, but the hundred pound that had been mentioned was not his own."

Our readers will probably be divided in their opinions concerning this action; some may applaud it, perhaps, as an act of extraordinary humanity, while those of a more saturnine temper will consider it as a want of regard to that justice which every man owes his country. Partridge certainly saw it in that light; for he testified much dissatisfaction on the occasion, quoted an old proverb, and said he should not wonder if the rogue attacked them again before they reached London.

The highwayman was full of expressions of thankfulness and gratitude. He actually dropped tears, or pretended so to do. He vowed he would immediately return home, and would never afterwards commit such a transgression.

NOTE.

The contrast between the cool self-possession of Tom Jones and the cruel cowardice of Partridge, is very suggestive. Jones' forbearance and humanity saved the man from the life and fate of a criminal.

## 18. THOMAS CHATTERTON — (1752–1770).

Although only a boy when he died, Thomas Chatterton made his native town of Bristol famous, for it will always be associated with his name. He was the posthumous son of a poor father, and what little education he received was at a charity school. At the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to an attorney. He was passionately devoted to poetry, antiquities, and heraldry, and was ambitious for distinction.

In 1768 he began his literary impositions by pretended discoveries of old manuscripts, claiming they had been written by an old friar, Thomas Rowley, and his friend Canning, three hundred years before. His story was that when some old chests in St. Mary's Church, Bristol, had been opened and the old deeds removed, the remaining manuscripts, which were deemed worthless, were left, and when discovered by him were found to be from the pens of Rowley and Canning.

After three years of apprenticeship, Chatterton secured his release; went to London; wrote for the magazines and newspapers; failed to make a living; became dissipated and reckless; and committed suicide. He was not quite eighteen years old, and was the most remarkable instance of precocious genius in English literature.

A great many people were deceived by his impositions, and it was some time before he was exposed as an impostor. The *Tragedy of Ælla*, *Bristowe Tragedie*, *Battle of Hastings*, and the *Tournament* are his principal poems.

The following selection is from a poem in ballad form containing ninety-eight stanzas, entitled the *Bristowe Tragedie, or the Dethe of Syr Charles Bawdin*. It is, perhaps, the most characteristic of the poems attributed by Chatterton to Thomas Rowley. As the meter is not injured thereby, the spelling has been modernized.

## THE DEATH OF SIR CHARLES BALDWIN.

And now the officers came in
To bring Sir Charles away,
Who turnéd to his loving wife,
And thus to her did say:

"I go to life and not to death;
Trust thee in God above,
And teach thy sons to fear the Lord,
And in their hearts him love."

Then Florence ravéd as if mad,
And did her tresses tear;
"Oh! stay, my husband! lord! and life!"—
Sir Charles then dropped a tear.

Till tiréd out with raving loud,
She fell upon the floor;
Sir Charles exerted all his might,
And marched from out the door.

Upon a sled he mounted then,
With looks full brave and sweet,—
Looks that displayed no more concern
Than any in the street.

And when he came to the high cross,
Sir Charles did turn and say,
"O Thou, that savest man from sin,
Wash my soul clean this day!"

At the great minster[1] window sat
The king in mickle[2] state,
To see Charles Baldwin go along
To his most welcome fate.

Soon as the sled drew nigh enough
That Edward[3] he might hear,
The brave Sir Charles he did stand up,
And thus his words declare:

"Thou seest me, Edward! traitor vile!
Exposed to infamy;
But be assured, disloyal man,
I'm greater now than thee!

"By foul proceedings, murder, blood,
Thou wearest now a crown;
And hast appointed me to die,
By power not thy own.

"Thou thinkest I shall die to-day;
I have been dead till now,
And soon shall live to wear a crown
For aye upon my brow;

"Whilst thou, perhaps, for some few years,
Shall rule this fickle land,
To let them know how wide the rule
'Twixt king and tyrant hand;

"Thy power unjust, thou traitor slave!
Shall fall on thy own head!"—
From out the hearing of the king
Departed then the sled.

King Edward's soul rushed to his face;
He turned his head away,
And to his brother Gloucester
He thus did speak and say:

"To him that so-much-dreaded death
No ghastly terrors bring;
Behold the man! he spake the truth,—
He's greater than a king!"

Sir Charles did up the scaffold go
As up a gilded car
Of victory, by val'rous chiefs
Gained in the bloody war:

And to the people he did say,
"Behold, you see me die
For serving loyally my king,
My king most rightfully.

"As long as Edward rules this land,
No quiet will you know;
Your sons and husbands shall be slain,
And brooks with blood shall flow.

"You leave your good and lawful king,
When in adversity;
Like me unto the true cause stick,
And for the true cause die."

Then he, with priests, upon his knees,
A prayer to God did make,
Beseeching him unto himself
His parting soul to take.

Then kneeling down he laid his head
Most seemly on the block;
Which from his body fair at once
The able headsman struck.

Thus was the end of Baldwin's fate;
God prosper long our king,
And grant he may, with Baldwin's soul,
In heaven God's mercy sing.

NOTES.

1 *Minster.* A cathedral.
2 *Mickle.* Much.
3 *Edward.* Edward IV. of England.

## 19. THOMAS GRAY—(1716–1771).

GRAY'S life was so uneventful as to be commonplace. He was born in London. His mother separated from her husband; removed to Stoke-Pogis, in sight of Eton College; and paid her son's expenses through Eton and Cambridge.

After leaving Cambridge Gray traveled on the Continent, and, after his return in 1741, studied law, but never practiced. In 1742 he published his two odes *Adversity* and *A Distant Prospect of Eton College.* The *Elegy written in a Country Churchyard* was published in 1751. It is said to have been written seven years before this time. In 1757, when he published his two beautiful odes, the *Progress of Poesy* and *The Bard*, they were received with ridicule. From 1759 to 1762 he spent in London, studying, during the greater portion of the time, at the British Museum. He declined the position of poet-laureate when it was offered him. From 1768 until his death he was professor of Modern History at Cambridge.

Gray's life was that of a student. At the time of his death he was, perhaps, the most learned scholar in Europe. He was a master of Greek and Latin; was familiar with most of the modern languages; was well acquainted with Botany, Zoology, Antiquities, Architecture, History, and Philosophy. He cared nothing, however, for Mathematics or Metaphysics. Although possessing a mind so thoroughly educated, he did not seem to have the faculty of using it for the benefit of mankind; he had merely the power of acquisition.

In ease and terseness of expression and in classical perfection of style, Gray is the foremost of our lyric poets.

The following selection is from the fragment of a tragedy entitled the *Death of Agrippina.* This is the only effort that Gray made in dramatic composition. It shows more vigor than Gray usually manifests, and may be entitled

## THE CHARACTER OF AGRIPPINA.

*Agrippina (to messenger).*

THE message needs no comment. Tell your master
His mother shall obey him. Say you saw her
Yielding due reverence to his high command:
Alone, unguarded, and without a lictor,
As fits the daughter of Germanicus[1].
Say she retired to Antium, there to tend
Her household cares, a woman's best employment.
What if you add how she turned pale and trembled;
You think you spied a tear stand in her eye,
And would have dropped, but that her pride restrained it.
Go! (you can paint it well) 'twill profit you
And please the stripling. Yet 'twould dash his joy
To hear the spirit of Britannicus
Yet walks on earth: at least there are who know,
Without a spell, to raise and bid it fire
A thousand haughty hearts, unused to shake
When a boy frowns, nor to be lured with smiles
To taste of hollow kindness, or partake
His hospitable board: they are aware
Of the unpledged bowl; they love not aconite.

[*Exit messenger.*]

*Acronia.*—He's gone; and much I hope these walls alone
And the mute air are privy to your passion.
Forgive your servant's fears, who sees the danger
Which fierce resentment can not fail to raise
In haughty youth and irritated power.

*Agrippina.*—And dost thou talk to me, to me of danger,
Of haughty youth and irritated power,
To her that gave it being, her that armed
This painted Jove and taught his novice hand
To aim the forked bolt, while he stood trembling,

Scared at the sound and dazzled with its brightness?
'T is like thou hast forgot, when yet a stranger
To adoration, to the grateful steam
Of flattery's incense, and obsequious vows
From voluntary realms, a puny boy,
Decked with no other luster than the blood
Of Agrippina's race, he lived unknown
To fame or fortune; haply eyed at distance
Some edileship, ambitious of the power
To judge of weights and measures; scarcely dared
On expectation's strongest wing to soar
High as the consulate, that empty shade
Of long-forgotten liberty; when I
Oped his young eye to bear the blaze of greatness,
Showed him where empire towered, and bade him strike
The noble quarry. Gods! then was the time
To shrink from danger: fear might then have worn
The mask of prudence; but a heart like mine,
A heart that glows with the pure Julian fire,
If bright ambition from her craggy seat
Display the radiant prize, will mount undaunted,
Gain the rough heights and grasp the dangerous honor.

*Aceronia.*—Through various life I have pursued your steps,
Have seen your soul, and wondered at its daring:
Hence rise my fears. Nor am I yet to learn
How vast the debt of gratitude which Nero
To such a mother owes: the world you gave him
Suffices not to pay the obligation.
I well remember, too, for I was present,
When in a secret and dead hour of night,
Due sacrifice performed with barbarous rites
Of muttered charms and solemn invocation,
You bade the Magi call the dreadful powers
That read futurity, to know the fate
Impending o'er your son: their answer was

If the son reign, the mother perishes.
Perish (you cried), the mother! reign the son!
He reigns, the rest is heaven's, who oft has bade,
E'en when its will seemed wrote in lines of blood,
The untaught even disclose a whiter meaning.
Think, too, how oft in weak and sickly minds
The sweets of kindness, lavishly indulged,
Rankle to gall; and benefits too great
To be repaid, sit heavy on the soul,
As unrequited wrongs. The willing homage
Of prostrate Rome, the Senate's joint applause,
The riches of the earth, the train of pleasures
That wait on youth and arbitrary sway,—
These were your gift, and with them you bestowed
The very power he has to be ungrateful.

NOTES.

1 *Germanicus Cæsar* was the son of Claudius Deusus Nero, and Antonia, the noble niece of Augustus. His uncle, the Emperor Tiberius, adopted him, and he was raised to the highest offices in the state. He distinguished himself in a war with Germany, and afterwards was equally successful in Asia, where he died in his thirty-fourth year, probably by poison.

Agrippina is described as a woman of "insatiable avarice, boundless ambition, and unparalleled cruelty." To gratify her ambition she married her uncle, the Emperor Claudius. As she feared that Claudius would change his mind about making Nero his successor instead of his own son, Britannicus, she had the emperor poisoned, and succeeded in putting Nero on the throne.

Nero, Agrippina's son by a former husband, soon became tired of his mother's authority. She threatened to restore the crown to Britannicus. Britannicus was poisoned. After various attempts secretly to destroy Agrippina, Nero finally sent a body of armed men and had her murdered in her bed.

The subject was probably suggested to Gray by Racine's *Britannicus*, a play which Gray very much admired.

## 20. OLIVER GOLDSMITH — (1728–1774).

On account of lack of means and careless profligacy, it was with difficulty that Goldsmith received his college degree of B. A. All the subsequent knowledge he acquired was of a desultory kind. After leaving Trinity College, Dublin, he studied medicine two years at Edinburgh and one year at Leyden, but his knowledge of medicine proved of little advantage to him.

Before he settled down to literature as a profession he tried work in a chemist's shop, proof-reading, school-teaching, and the practice of medicine. He never fully realized the bent of his genius. He always thought himself best fitted for a physician.

Goldsmith is one of the most versatile of English writers. He succeeded wonderfully as a poet, novelist, dramatist, essayist, and compiler of history. His principal poem is the *Deserted Village;* his famous novel is the *Vicar of Wakefield;* his best drama is *She Stoops to Conquer;* and his best compilation, the *History of Rome.*

In character, Goldsmith was shy, sensitive, timid, and vain. He lacked one very marked characteristic of the Irish race,—quickness of repartee. He lived a kind of double life. In his room, with a pen in his hand, he was a master; in company, his lack of dignity and his awkwardness of expression led many people to consider him a fool.

Goldsmith was a very clear thinker, though not a deep one. His imagination was beautiful, though limited to familiar objects. His style, though often incorrect and careless, is delicately humorous; is pathetic and clear; and is more delightful than that of Addison, because so perfectly natural.

The following selection is an essay entitled

## BEAU TIBBS: A CHARACTER.

THOUGH naturally pensive, yet I am fond of gay company, and take every opportunity of thus dismissing the mind from duty. From this motive I am often found in the center of a crowd; and wherever pleasure is to be sold, am always a purchaser. In those places, without being remarked by any, I join in whatever goes forward, work my passions into a similitude of frivolous earnestness, shout as they shout, and condemn as they happen to disapprove. A mind thus sunk for a while below its natural standard, is qualified for stronger flights; as those first retire who would spring forward with greater vigor.

Attracted by the serenity of the evening, a friend and I lately went to gaze upon the company in one of the public walks near the city. Here we sauntered together for some time, either praising the beauty of such as were handsome, or the dresses of such as had nothing else to recommend them. We had gone thus deliberately forward for some time, when my friend, stopping on a sudden, caught me by the elbow and led me out of the public walk. I could perceive by the quickness of his pace, and by his frequently looking behind, that he was attempting to avoid somebody who followed; we now turned to the right, then to the left; as we went forward, he still went faster, but in vain; the person whom he attempted to escape hunted us through every doubling, and gained upon us each moment; so that at last we fairly stood still, resolving to face what we could not avoid.

Our pursuer soon came up and joined us with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance. "My dear Charles," cries he, shaking my friend's hand, "where have you been hiding this half a century? Positively I had fancied you had gone down to cultivate matrimony and your estate in the country." During the reply I had an opportunity of surveying the ap-

pearance of our new companion. His hat was pinched up with peculiar smartness; his looks were pale, thin, and sharp; round his neck he wore a broad, black ribbon, and in his bosom a buckle studded with glass; his coat was trimmed with tarnished twist; he wore by his side a sword with a black hilt; and his stockings of silk, though newly washed, were grown yellow by long service. I was so much engaged with the peculiarity of his dress, that I attended only to the latter part of my friend's reply; in which he complimented Mr. Tibbs on the taste of his clothes and the bloom in his countenance. "Pshaw, pshaw, Charles!" cries the figure, "no more of that if you love me: you know I hate flattery, on my soul I do; and yet, to be sure, an intimacy with the great will improve one's appearance, and a course of venison will fatten; and yet, faith, I despise the great as much as you do: but there are a great many honest fellows among them, and we must not quarrel with one half because the other wants breeding. If they were all such as my Lord Mudler, one of the most good-natured fellows that ever squeezed a lemon, I should myself be among the number of their admirers. I was yesterday to dine at the Duchess of Piccadilly's. My Lord was there. "Ned," says he to me, "Ned," says he, "I will hold gold to silver I can tell where you were poaching last night." "Poaching! my Lord," says I; "faith, you have missed already; for I staid at home and let the girls poach for me."

"Ah, Tibbs, thou art a happy fellow," cried my companion, with looks of infinite pity. "I hope your fortune is as much improved as your understanding, in such company." "Improved!" replied the other, "you shall know—but let it go no farther,—a great secret—five hundred a year to begin with,—my lord's word of honor for it. His lordship took me in his own chariot yesterday, and we had a *tete-a-tete* dinner in the country, where we talked of nothing else." "I fancy you forgot, sir," cried I, "you told us but this mo-

ment of your dining yesterday in town." "Did I say so?" replied he, coolly. "To be sure, if I said so, it was so. Dined in town; egad, now I remember, I did dine in town; but I dined in the country, too; for you must know, my boys, I eat two dinners. By the bye, I have grown excessively nice in my eating. I will tell you a pleasant affair about that: we were a select party of us to dine at Lady Grogram's, an affected piece, but let it go no farther; a secret: Well, says I, I will hold a thousand guineas and say Done, first, that—But, dear Charles, you are an honest creature; lend me half-a-crown for a minute or two, or so, just till—But, hark'ee, ask me for it the next time we meet, or it may be twenty to one but I forget to pay you."

When he left us our conversation naturally turned upon so extraordinary a character. "His very dress," cries my friend, is not less extraordinary than his conduct. If you meet him this day, you find him in rags; if the next, in embroidery. With those persons of distinction of whom he talks so familiarly, he has scarce a coffee-house acquaintance. However, both for the interest of society, and, perhaps, for his own, Heaven has made him poor; and while all the world perceives his wants, he fancies them concealed from every eye. An agreeable companion, because he understands flattery, and all must be pleased with the first part of his conversation, though all are sure of its ending with a demand on their purse. While his youth countenances the levity of his conduct, he may thus earn a precarious subsistence; but, when age comes on, the gravity of which is incompatible with buffoonery, then he will find himself forsaken by all; condemned in the decline of life to hang upon some rich family whom he once despised, there to undergo all the ingenuity of studied contempt; to be employed only as a spy upon the servants, or a bugbear to frighten children into duty."

There are some acquaintances whom it is no easy matter to shake off. My little beau of yesterday overtook me again

in one of the public walks, and, slapping me on the shoulder, saluted me with an air of the most perfect familiarity. His dress was the same as usual, except that he had more powder in his hair, wore a dirtier shirt, and had on a pair of Temple spectacles, and his hat under his arm.

As I knew him to be a harmless, amusing little thing, I could not return his smiles with any degree of severity; so we walked forward on terms of the utmost intimacy, and in a few minutes discussed all the usual topics preliminary to particular conversation.

The oddities that marked his character, however, soon began to appear; he bowed to several well-dressed persons, who, by their manner of returning the compliment, appeared perfect strangers. At intervals he drew out a pocket-book, seeming to take memorandums before all the company, with much importance and assiduity. In this manner he led me through the length of the whole Mall, fretting at his absurdities, and fancying myself laughed at as well as him by every spectator.

When we were got to the end of our procession, "Bless me," cries he, with an air of vivacity, "I never saw the Park so thin in my life, before; there's no company at all, to-day. Not a single face to be seen." "No company," interrupted I, peevishly, "no company where there is such a crowd! Why, man, there is too much. What are the thousands that have been laughing at us, but company?" "Lord, my dear," returned he with the utmost good humor, "you seem immensely chagrined; but, bless me, when the world laughs at me I laugh at the world, and so we are even. My Lord Trip, Bill Squash the Creolian, and I, sometimes make a party at being ridiculous; and so we say and do a thousand things for the joke's sake. But I see you are grave; and if you are for a fine, grave, sentimental companion, you shall dine with my wife to-day; I must insist on't; I'll introduce you to Mrs. Tibbs, a lady of as elegant qualifications as any

in nature; she was bred, but that's between ourselves, under the inspection of the Countess of Shoreditch. A charming body of voice! But no more of that—she shall give us a song.

"You shall see my little girl, too, Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Tibbs, a sweet, pretty creature; I design her for my Lord Drumstick's eldest son; but that's in friendship, let it go no farther; she's but six years old, and yet she walks a minuet and plays on the guitar immensely, already. I intend she shall be as perfect as possible in every accomplishment. In the first place, I'll make her a scholar; I'll teach her Greek myself, and I intend to learn that language purposely to instruct her, but let that be a secret."

Thus saying, without waiting for a reply, he took me by the arm and hauled me along. We passed through many dark alleys and winding ways; for, from some motives to me unknown, he seemed to have a particular aversion to every frequented street; at last, however, we got to the door of a dismal looking house in the outlets of the town, where he informed me he chose to reside for the benefit of the air.

We entered the lower door, which seemed ever to lie most hospitably open; and I began to ascend an old and creaking staircase; when, as he mounted to show me the way, he demanded whether I delighted in prospects; to which answering in the affirmative, "Then," said he, "I shall show you one of the most charming out of my windows; we shall see the ships sailing, and the whole country for twenty miles round, tip top, quite high. My Lord Swamp would give ten thousand guineas for such a one; but, as I sometimes pleasantly tell him, I always love to keep my prospects at home, that my friends may come to see me the oftener."

By this time we were arrived as high as the stairs would permit us to ascend, till we came to what he was facetiously pleased to call the first floor down the chimney; and knocking at the door, a voice with a Scotch accent from within

demanded, "Wha's there?" My conductor answered that it was he. But this not satisfying the querist, the voice again repeated the demand; to which he answered louder than before; and now the door was opened by an old maid servant with cautious reluctance.

When we were got in, he welcomed me to his house with great ceremony, and turning to the old woman asked where her lady was. "Good troth," replied she, in the northern dialect, "she is washing your twa shirts at the next door, because they have taken an oath against lending out the tub any longer." My two shirts!" cries he, in a tone that faltered with confusion, "what does the idiot mean?" "I ken what I mean well enough," replied the other; "she's washing your twa shirts at the next door, because—" "Fire and fury, no more of thy stupid exclamations," he cried. "Go and inform her we have got company. Were that Scotch hag," continued he, turning to me, "to be forever in my family, she would never learn politeness, nor forget that absurd, poisonous accent of hers, or testify the smallest specimen of breeding or high life; and yet it is very surprising, too, as I had her from a parliament man, a friend of mine, from the Highlands, one of the politest men in the world; but that's a secret."

We waited some time for Mrs. Tibbs' arrival, during which interval I had a full opportunity of surveying the chamber and all its furniture; which consisted of four chairs with old wrought bottoms, that he assured me was his wife's embroidery; a square table that had been once japanned; a cradle in one corner, a lumber cabinet in the other; a broken shepherdess, and a mandarin without a head were stuck over the chimney; and round the walls several paltry, unframed pictures, which he observed were all of his own drawing. "What do you think, sir, of that head in the corner, done in the manner of Guisoni? There's the true keeping in it; it's my own face; and, though there happens to be no likeness,

a countess offered me a hundred for its fellow: I refused her, for, hang it, that would be mechanical, you know."

The wife at last made her appearance; at once a slattern and coquette; much emaciated, but still carrying the remains of beauty. She made twenty apologies for being seen in such an odious dishabille, but hoped to be excused, as she had staid out all night at Vauxhall Gardens with the countess, who was excessively fond of the horns. "And, indeed, my dear," added she, turning to her husband, "his lordship drank your health in a bumper." "Poor Jack!" cries he, "a dear, good-natured creature, I know he loves me; but I hope, my dear, you have given orders for dinner; you need make no great preparations, neither, there are but three of us; something elegant and little will do; a turbot, an ortolan, or a ——" "Or, what do you think, my dear," interrupts the wife, "of a nice, pretty bit of ox-cheek, piping hot, and dressed with a little of my own sauce?" "The very thing," replies he, "it will eat best with some smart bottled beer; but be sure let's have the sauce his Grace was so fond of. I hate your immense loads of meat; that is country all over; extremely disgusting to those who are in the least acquainted with high life."

By this time my curiosity began to abate and my appetite to increase; the company of fools may at first make us smile, but at last never fails of rendering us melancholy. I therefore pretended to recollect a prior engagement, and after having shown my respects to the house by giving the old servant a piece of money at the door, I took my leave; Mr. Tibbs assuring me, that dinner, if I staid, would be ready at least in less than two hours.

NOTES.

The opening lines are suggestive of Goldsmith himself.

No better satire could be written upon what used to be called the "shabby genteel," than is found in the above essay.

GOLDSMITH wrote only two long poems of remarkable merit,—*The Traveler* and *The Deserted Village*. They are models of descriptive poetry, and are as popular to-day as when they were first published.

The following selection is taken from *The Traveler*, published in 1765, and contains his views of

## ITALY.

FAR to the right, where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride,
While oft' some temple's moldering tops between,
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest:
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;—
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all this nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear;
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign:
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue!
And e'en in penance planning sins anew.

All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind:
For wealth was theirs; not far removed the date,
When commerce proudly flourished through the state.
At her command the palace learned to rise,
Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies;
The canvas glowed beyond e'en nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teemed with human form:
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores displayed her sail;
While naught remained, of all that riches gave,
But towns unmanned and lords without a slave:
And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen in bloodless pomp arrayed,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions formed for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguiled;
The sports of children satisfy the child:
Each nobler aim repressed by long control,
Now sinks at last or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind;
As in their dooms where Cæsar once bore sway,
Defaced by time, and tottering in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

NOTE.—Let the reader verify this description of the Italians.

## 21. EDWARD GIBBON—(1737–1794).

Edward Gibbon belonged to an old and respectable English family. Until he was sixteen years old, Gibbon's health was so delicate that it was a question whether he would live to manhood. His early education was irregular, and the fourteen months, beginning in 1752, that he spent at Magdalen College, Oxford, were of no particular educational benefit to him. He was compelled to withdraw from Oxford because he turned Catholic. His father then sent him to Lausanne, Switzerland, where, under strict Calvinistic training, he returned to the Protestant church; and, under systematic instruction, was perfected in a knowledge of Latin, French, and general literature. He was an indefatigable reader, especially of historical works.

While at Rome, October 15, 1764, his choice of the subject of his great historical work was determined as follows: "As I sat musing," he says, "amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the bare-footed friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started into my mind." The first volume was begun in 1770 and published in 1776; the sixth and last volume was completed in 1787 and published during the next year. From the beginning, the remarkable merits of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* were recognized by all students of history; and even now, when so much brilliant historical work has been done, it has not lost favor either in brilliancy of composition or in accuracy.

During the American Revolution Gibbon was a silent member of Parliament on the side of the king. His timidity prevented him from becoming a speaker. The last three volumes of his history were written at Lausanne. He died in London.

In extent of historical knowledge and in breadth of intellect, Gibbon ranks among the foremost of English historians.

The following selection, from the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, contains a description of Rienzi while a tribune, and before his expulsion from Rome. It may properly be entitled

## THE LAST OF THE TRIBUNES.

NEVER, perhaps, has the energy and effect of a single mind been more remarkably felt than in the sudden, though transient reformation of Rome by the tribune Rienzi. A den of robbers was converted to the discipline of a camp or convent: patient to hear, swift to redress, inexorable to punish, his tribunal was always accessible to the poor or stranger; nor could birth, or dignity, or the immunities of the church protect the offender or his accomplices. The privileged houses, the private sanctuaries in Rome, on which no officer of justice would presume to trespass, were abolished; and he applied the timber and iron of their barricades, in the fortifications of the Capitol. The venerable father of the Colonna[1] was exposed in his own palace to the double shame of being desirous and of being unable to protect a criminal. A mule, with a jar of oil, had been stolen near Capranica; and the lord of the Ursini[2] family, was condemned to restore the damage and to discharge a fine of 400 florins for his negligence in guarding the highways. Nor were the persons of the barons more inviolate than their lands or houses; and either from accident or design, the same impartial rigor was exercised against the heads of the adverse factions. Peter Agapet Colonna, who had himself been senator of Rome, was arrested in the street for injury or debt; and justice was appeased by the tardy execution of Martin Ursini, who, among his various acts of violence and rapine, had pillaged a shipwrecked vessel at the mouth of

the Tiber. His name, the purple of two cardinals, his uncles, a recent marriage, and a mortal disease were disregarded by the inflexible tribune, who had chosen his victim. The public officers dragged him from his palace and nuptial bed: his trial was short and satisfactory: the bell of the Capitol convened the people; stripped of his mantle, on his knees, with his hands bound behind his back, he heard the sentence of death; and after a brief confession, Ursini was led away to the gallows. After such an example, none who were conscious of guilt could hope for impunity; and the flight of the wicked, the licentious, and the idle, soon purified the city and the territory of Rome. In this time, says the historian, the woods began to rejoice that they were no longer infested with robbers; the oxen began to plow; the pilgrims visited the sanctuaries; the roads and inns were replenished with travelers; trade, plenty, and good faith were restored in the markets; and a purse of gold might be exposed without danger in the midst of the highway. As soon as the life and property of the subject are secure, the labors and rewards of industry spontaneously revive: Rome was still the metropolis of the Christian world; and the fame and fortunes of the tribune were diffused in every country by the strangers who enjoyed the blessings of his government.

The deliverance of his country inspired Rienzi with a vast, and perhaps visionary idea of uniting Italy in a great federative republic, of which Rome should be the ancient and lawful head, and the free cities and princes the members and associates. His pen was not less eloquent than his tongue; and his numerous epistles were delivered to swift and trusty messengers. On foot, with a white wand in their hand, they traversed the forests and mountains; enjoyed, in the most hostile states, the sacred security of embassadors; and reported, in the style of flattery or truth, that the highways along their passage were lined with kneeling multitudes who implored heaven for the success of their under-

taking. Could passion have listened to reason; could private interests have yielded to the public welfare, the supreme tribunal and confederate union of the Italian republic might have healed their intestine discord, and closed the Alps against the barbarians of the North. But the propitious season had elapsed; and if Venice, Florence, Sienna, Perugia,[3] and many inferior cities offered their lives and fortunes to the good estate, the tyrants of Lombardy and Tuscany[4] must despise or hate the plebeian author of a free constitution. From them, however, and from every part of Italy, the tribune received the most friendly and respectful answers; they were followed by the embassadors of the princes and republics; and in this foreign conflux, on all the occasions of pleasure or business, the low-born notary could assume the familiar or majestic courtesy of a sovereign. The most glorious circumstance of his reign was an appeal to his justice from Lewis, king of Hungary, who complained that his brother and her husband had been perfidiously strangled by Jane, queen of Naples; her guilt or innocence was pleaded in a solemn trial at Rome; but after hearing the advocates, the tribune adjourned this weighty and invidious cause, which was soon determined by the sword of the Hungarian. Beyond the Alps, more especially at Avignon,[5] the revolution was the theme of curiosity, wonder, and applause. Petrarch[6] had been the private friend, perhaps the secret counselor of Rienzi; his writings breathe the most ardent spirit of patriotism and joy; and all respect for the pope, all gratitude for the Colonna was lost in the superior duties of a Roman citizen. The poet-laureate of the capital maintains the act, applauds the hero, and mingles with some apprehension and advice the most lofty hopes of the permanent and rising greatness of the republic.

While Petrarch indulged these prophetic visions, the Roman hero was fast declining from the meridian of fame and power; and the people, who had gazed with astonishment

on the ascending meteor, began to mark the irregularity of its course, and the vicissitudes of light and obscurity. More eloquent than judicious, more enterprising than resolute, the faculties of Rienzi were not balanced by cool and commanding reason; he magnified in a tenfold proportion the objects of hope and fear; and prudence, which could not have erected, did not presume to fortify his throne. In the blaze of prosperity his virtues were insensibly tinctured with the adjacent vices; justice with cruelty, liberality with profusion, and the desire of fame with puerile and ostentatious vanity.

NOTES.

1 *Colonna.* A princely and long prominent family of Italy, of which the founder claimed that he brought from Jerusalem a part of the column (*colonna*) to which Christ was bound when scourged.

2 *Ursini.* A noble family of Rome, for more than two hundred and fifty years the rivals and enemies of the Colonna. In this long struggle the Ursini took the name *Guelph;* the Colonna, *Ghibeline.*

3 *Venice,* near the head of the Adriatic, was the commercial center of Europe during the Middle ages. *Florence,* 143 miles northwest of Rome, was the birthplace of Dante, Boccaccio, Lorenzo de Medici, Galileo, Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Amerigo Vespucci. *Sienna,* 31 miles southeast of Florence, was the capital of a powerful republic during the Middle Ages. *Perugia.* A city on the Tiber river, 84 miles north of Rome. It was at one time an important place.

4 *Lombardy.* A division of northern Italy containing the provinces of Bergamo, Brescia, Coluo, Cremona, Milan, Pavia, and Sondrio. *Tuscany.* A division of central Italy, containing the provinces of Arezzo, Florence, Grosetto, Leghorn, Massa-Carara, Pisa, Siena, and the island of Elba.

5 *Avignon.* A French city on the Rhone. It was at one time the residence of the Popes during the fourteenth century.

6 *Petrarch.* One of the most famous of Italian poets. He perfected the sonnet. In prose he contributed much to the improvement of the Italian language.

The principal suggestion of the above selection is: A sudden rise from obscurity to great power is sure to demoralize a man, unless naturally great.

## 22. ROBERT BURNS—(1759–1796).

THE parents of Robert Burns were among the best and wisest of Scotland's peasantry. Although Burns had very little opportunity of going to school, and never became a scholar, yet his influence on English literature has been greater than that of any other Scottish writer except Sir Walter Scott. A Scotchman who did not know Burns' songs would be disowned by his countrymen.

The incidents in the life of Burns are commonplace. In 1786 he became tired of farm life and decided to go to Jamaica as an under-overseer on a plantation. His friend Gavin Hamilton suggested publishing his poems in order to secure the passage money. Six hundred copies were published at Kilmarnock, from the sale of which Burns realized £20. A copy, which had been sent to the famous blind scholar, Dr. Blacklock, at Edinburgh, was the means of inducing Burns to go to Edinburgh and get out a second edition. From this he obtained £500. For about a year Burns was received by the best society of Edinburgh, but his dissipated habits there soon led to complete neglect. After failing as a farmer he finally settled down at Dumfries as an under-officer in the excise, with a salary of £70 a year. At the time of his death the people at large realized, when too late to do him any good, how great a poet they were losing.

Burns' worst faults were due to his dissipated habits. He was proud and jealous, and was envious of those above him; but was free from affectation and was not spoiled by flattery.

He preferred the open air while engaged in composition. His habit of "crooning" (humming) to himself while working out a poem, was an odd one. Burns' imagination did not rise above the emotions and passions of a Scotch peasant, but his intense love of nature made it warm and glow-

ing. He was philosophical in intellect. His style is simple, clear, and pure, bright with humor and strongly marked by keen satire.

In rank as a poet Burns is, perhaps, the foremost as a writer of songs. His four greatest poems are: *To a Mouse*, *To a Mountain Daisy*, *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, and *Tam O' Shanter.*

The following poem illustrates the skill of Burns in using both the Lowland Scotch dialect and good English. It also gives us an insight into the poet's warm, sympathetic nature. He calls it

## A WINTER NIGHT.

When biting Boreas,[1] fell[2] and doure,[3]
Sharp shivers through the leafless bower;
When Phœbus[4] gi'es[5] a short-lived glower[6]
Far south the lift,[7]
Dim-darkening through the flaky shower
Or whirling drift:

Ae[8] night the storm the steeples rocked,
Poor Labor sweet in sleep was locked,
While burns,[9] wi' snawy[10] wreaths up-choked
Wild-eddying swirl,
Or through the mining outlet bocked,[11]
Down headlong hurl.

List'ning the doors and winnocks[12] rattle,
I thought me on the ourie[13] cattle,
Or silly sheep wha bide this brattle[14]
O' winter war,
And through the drift, deep-lairing,[15] sprattle[16]
Beneath a scaur.[17]

Ilk [18] happing [19] bird, wee,[20] helpless thing!
That, in the merry months o' spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee?
Whare [21] wilt thou cower [22] thy chittering [23] wing
And close thy e'e? [24]

Even you, on murd'ring errands toiled,
Lone from your savage homes exiled,
The blood-stained roost and sheep-cot spoiled,
My heart forgets,
While pitiless the tempest wild
Sore on you beats.

Now Phœbe,[25] in her midnight reign,
Dark muffled, viewed the dreary plain;
Still, crowding thoughts, a pensive train,
Rose in my soul,
When on my ear this plaintive strain,
Slow, solemn, stole:—

"Blow, blow ye winds, with heavier gust!
And freeze, thou bitter-biting frost!
Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows!
Not all your rage, as now united, shows
More hard unkindness, unrelenting,
Vengeful malice, unrepenting,
Than heaven-illumined man on brother man bestows.
See stern Oppression's iron grip,
Or mad Ambition's gory hand,
Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
Woe, Want, and Murder o'er a land!
Even in the peaceful rural vale,
Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,
How pampered Luxury, Flattery by her side,

The parasite empoisoning her ear,
With all the servile wretches in the rear,
Looks o'er proud Property extended wide,
And eyes the simple, rustic hind,
Whose toil upholds the glittering show,
A creature of another kind,
Some coarser substance, unrefined,
Placed for her lordly use thus far, thus vile below.
Where, where is Love's fond, tender throe,
With lordly Honor's lofty brow,
The powers you proudly own?
Is there, beneath Love's noble name,
Can harbor dark the selfish aim,
To bless himself alone?
Mark maiden-innocence a prey
To love-pretending snares;
This boasted honor turns away,
Shunning soft Pity's rising sway,
Regardless of the tears and unavailing prayers!
Perhaps, this hour, in Misery's squalid nest,
She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
And with a mother's fears shrinks at the rocking blast!
Oh, ye! who, sunk on beds of down,
Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,
Whom friends and fortune quite disown!
Ill-satisfied keen Nature's clam'rous call,
Stretched on his straw he lays himself to sleep,
While through the ragged roof and chinky wall,
Chill o'er his slumbers piles the drifty heap!
Think on the dungeon's grim confine,
Where Guilt and poor Misfortune pine!
Guilt, erring man, relenting view!
But shall thy regal rage pursue
The wretch already crushéd low

By cruel Fortune's undeservéd blow?
Affliction's sons are brothers in distress;
A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!"

I heard nae[26] mair,[27] for Chanticleer[28]
Shook off the pouthery[29] snaw,
And hailed the morning wi' a cheer,
A cottage rousing craw.[30]

But deep this truth impressed my mind;—
Through all his works abroad,
The heart benevolent and kind
The most resembles God.

NOTES.

1 *Boreas*, the north winter wind; 2 *fell*, keen; 3 *doure*, sullen. 4 *Phœbus*, the sun; 5 *gi'es*, gives; 6 *glower*, look, glance. 7 *Lift*, sky. 8 *ae*, one. 9 *burns*, creeks; 10 *snawy*, snowy. 11 *Bocked*, gushed. 12 *winnocks*, windows. 13 *ourie*, shivering. 14 *Brattle*, fury. 15 *lairing*, sinking; 16 *sprattle*, scramble. 17 *Scaur*, a crag. 18 *ilk*, each; 19 *happing*, hopping; 20 *wee*, little. 21 *Whare*, where; 22 *cower*, shelter; 23 *chittering*, shivering. 24 *e'e*, eye. 25 *Phœbe*, here means the moon. 26 *nae*, no; 27 *mair*, more; 28 *chanticleer*, the cock. 29 *pouthery*, powdery; 30 *craw*, crow.

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## 23. WILLIAM COWPER—(1731–1800).

William Cowper is the most remarkable example in English literature of the fact that unfavorable circumstances can not repress the work of real genius. He was of an excessively timid disposition; he rarely exhibited self-confidence enough to select the subjects of his poems; he lived a life of seclusion from the world; yet, during his life he was one of the most popular of English poets, and to-day ranks by the

side of Wordsworth and Burns. This position is due to his pure, intensely religious character; to his warm, home sympathies; to his love of rural life; to his strong common sense; to his being a kindly humorist and satirist; and to his plain and natural, though beautiful style of writing.

Cowper's father was a chaplain to King George II. His mother died when he was six years old. When sent away to school for the first time his naturally timid nature was intensified by the persecutions of an older boy of fifteen. Cowper said in after years that when in that boy's presence he dared not look above his shoe-buckles. He wept so much that his eyes became seriously affected, and he was withdrawn from school. He fared much better in his subsequent school-life, although the customs in English schools made it almost impossible for such a boy to go through the lower classes with any comfort. When, in 1790, he received a portrait of his mother from his cousin, Mrs. Bodham, he wrote one of his most beautiful poems: *On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture.*

Owing to his peculiarly sensitive nature, Cowper was insane four times during his life:—from 1763 to 1765; 1773 to 1776; in 1787; and from 1794 until his death. His predominant idea, while insane, was a religious one. He thought his soul was doomed to eternal punishment.

Cowper's principal poems, besides that on his mother's picture, are: *The Task* and *John Gilpin's Ride.* The latter is a humorous poem. *The Task* contains six books, named as follows: The Sofa, The Time Piece, The Garden, The Winter Evening, The Winter Morning Walk, The Winter Walk at Noon. The entire poem is philosophical in character, and treats of many of the social and religious questions of the day. The descriptions of rural life throughout are remarkable for their vividness and accuracy.

The following selection is from the second book of *The Task.* It may be entitled

## THE TRUE PREACHER.

Would I describe a preacher, such as Paul,[1]
Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own,
Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
His master-strokes, and draw from his design.
I would express him simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain,
And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture; much impressed
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too; affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men.
Behold the picture! Is it like?—Like whom?
The things[2] that mount the rostrum[2] with a skip,
And then skip down again; pronounce a text;
Cry—hem! and reading what they never wrote[4]
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
And with a well-bred whisper close the scene!
In man or woman, but far most in man,
And most of all in man that ministers
And serves the altar, in my soul I loathe
All affectation. 'Tis my perfect scorn;
Object of my implacable disgust.
What! will a man play tricks, will he indulge
A silly, fond conceit of his fair form
And just proportion, fashionable mien
And pretty face, in presence of his God?
Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,
As with the diamond on his lily hand,
And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,
When I am hungry for the bread of life?

He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames
His noble office, and, instead of truth,
Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock!
Therefore avaunt all attitude, and stare,
And start theatric, practised at the glass!
I seek divine simplicity in him
Who handles things divine; and all beside,
Though learned with labor, and though much admired
By curious eyes and judgments ill-informed,
To me is odious as the nasal twang[5]
Heard at conventicle,[6] where worthy men,
Misled by custom, strain celestial themes
Through the pressed nostril, spectacle-bestrid.
Some, decent in demeanor while they preach,
That task performed, relapse into themselves,
And having spoken wisely, at the close
Grow wanton, and give proof to every eye,
Whoe'er was edified, themselves were not!
Forth comes the pocket mirror.—First we stroke
An eyebrow, next compose a straggling lock,
Then, with an air most gracefully performed,
Fall back into our seat, extend an arm,
And lay it at its ease with gentle care,
With handkerchief in hand depending low:
The better hand, more busy, gives the nose
Its bergamot,[7] or aids the indebted eye
With opera glass to watch the moving scene,
And recognize the slow retiring fair.
Now this is fulsome; and offends me more
Than in a churchman slovenly neglect
And rustic coarseness would. A heavenly mind
May be indifferent to her house of clay,
And slight the hovel as beneath her care;
But how a body so fantastic, trim,
And quaint in its deportment and attire,

Can lodge a heavenly mind—demands a doubt.
He that negotiates between God and man,
As God's embassador, the grand concerns
Of judgment and of mercy, should beware
Of lightness in his speech. 'Tis pitiful
To court a grin, when you should woo a soul;
To break a jest, when pity would inspire
Pathetic exhortation; and to address
The skittish fancy with facetious tales,
When sent with God's commission to the heart.
So did not Paul. Direct me to a quip
Or merry turn in all he ever wrote,
And I consent you take it for your text,
Your only one, till sides and benches fail.
No; he was serious in a serious cause,
And understood too well the weighty terms
That he had ta'en in charge. He would not stoop
To conquer those by jocular exploits,
Whom Truth and soberness assailed in vain.

NOTES.

1 *Paul.* The first Christian missionary who extended his labors beyond the limits of the Jewish people. He made many missionary journeys, and suffered much persecution. He was one of the greatest of moral heroes. He is usually called an Apostle.

2 *Things.* The satire expressed by this word is remarkable.

3 *Rostrum.* Here means *pulpit.*

4 *Reading what they never wrote.* It was the custom in England for many clergymen to use sermons prepared by others.

5 *To me is odious as the nasal twang.* The tone of voice then adopted by the nonconformist, and especially the Puritan preachers, in delivering their sermons. 6 The *conventicle* was their place of meeting.

7 *Bergamot.* A fashionable perfume of Cowper's time.

What impresses the reader most in the above selection is the wonderful resemblance of the fashionable preacher then to the fashionable preacher now.

## 24. GROUP FIVE—THE AGE OF THE GEORGES.

The Fifth Group contains representative writers of one of the most exciting periods of European history. No one person ever before existed who excited so much political, social, and literary activity as Napoleon Bonaparte. From 1796 to 1815 his life is, in reality, the history of Europe. During this time the reaction from what was called classical finish was completed by Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge. The trivial subjects and affectedly simple treatment of some of their poems subjected them to considerable ridicule; but their influence, after all, was very favorable to the growth of our literature. It materially broadened the field of work. Many new subjects which before had been considered unworthy of literary treatment, were used. It is true this did not add much intensity, especially to poetic expression, but it gave full opportunity for the utterance of many thoughts full of sweetness and beauty.

Before the accession of Queen Victoria, in 1837, the popularity of such authors as Scott, Byron, and John Wilson, had restored our language to the perfectly natural and unaffected forms that Burns and Goldsmith had tried to give it. The subject of formal style was ignored by all but pedants. The oratorical style lost its exclusiveness; the historical style ceased to exist. The diction of Daniel Webster, the greatest of orators since Demosthenes, is magnificent because so simple. The style of recent historians is so fascinating because stripped of everything that would attract attention to it. In fact, since the accession of Queen Victoria the special study of style has been practically abandoned; and wherever studied it exerts no material influence over the form of expression of the literary student after he begins to write for publication.

## 25. RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN — (1751–1816).

SHERIDAN was born in Dublin, Ireland. His father was an actor of some prominence; his mother a popular novelist and dramatist. When he was eleven years old, his parents moved to England.

All the school education that Sheridan received was at Harrow. As a boy he gave no promise of the remarkable talents that he possessed.

At the age of twenty-three years he produced his first play, *The Rivals;* at the age of twenty-nine, he entered political life by becoming a member of the House of Commons. His first speech was a failure. When Sheridan asked Woodfall, the reporter, what he thought about the speech, Woodfall told him he had now got out of his depth. Sheridan answered: "I know it is in me, and out it shall come." And it did come out. In 1787, at the close of his speech relative to the Begum Princesses of Oude, in which he advocated the impeachment of Warren Hastings, Burke declared it to be the most astonishing effort of eloquence, argument, and wit, united, of which there was any record or tradition.

Lord Byron said of Sheridan: "He has written the best comedy, *The School for Scandal;* the best opera, *The Duenna;* the best farce, *The Critic;* the best address, *The Monologue on Garrick;* and, to crown all, delivered the very best oration, the famous Begum speech, ever conceived or heard in this country." One biographer says: "There was no event in which he was not a leader; there was no great question, whether foreign or domestic, that he did not investigate and pronounce an opinion upon, and which was not listened to with respect and admiration by a large portion of the nation."

Sheridan was manager and part owner of Drury Lane theater until it was burned in 1809. He was careless and shift-

less, of irregular habits and a hard drinker. He died a bankrupt.

The following selection is from *The Critic.* The play is a rich satire upon the dramatic writers of the time. The character Sir Fretful Plagiary was, probably, intended for the dramatist Richard Cumberland.

## AN AUTHOR'S APPRECIATION OF CRITICISM.

*Sir Fretful Plagiary.*—SINCERELY, then—you do like the piece?

*Sneer.*—Wonderfully!

*Sir Fretful.*—But come now, there must be something that you think might be mended, hey? Mr. Dangle, has nothing struck you?

*Dangle.*—Why, faith, it is but an ungracious thing, for the most part, to—

*Sir Fretful.*—With most authors it is just so indeed; they are, in general, strangely tenacious! But, for my part, I am never so well pleased as when a judicious critic points out any defect to me; for what is the purpose of showing a work to a friend, if you don't mean to profit by his opinion?

*Sneer.*—Very true. Why, then, though I seriously admire the piece upon the whole, yet there is one small objection; which, if you'll give me leave, I'll mention.

*Sir Fretful.*—Sir, you can't oblige me more.

*Sneer.*—I think it wants incident.

*Sir Fretful.*—You surprise me!—wants incident!

*Sneer.*—Yes; I own I think the incidents are too few.

*Sir Fretful.*—Believe me, Mr. Sneer, there is no person for whose judgment I have a more implicit deference. But I protest to you, Mr. Sneer, I am only apprehensive that the incidents are too crowded. My dear Dangle, how does it strike you?

*Dangle.*—Really I can't agree with my friend Sneer. I think the plot quite sufficient; and the first four acts, by many degrees, the best I ever read or saw in my life. If I might venture to suggest anything, it is that the interest rather falls off in the fifth.

*Sir Fretful.*—Rises, I believe you mean, sir.

*Dangle.*—No, I don't, upon my word!

*Sir Fretful.*—Yes, yes, you do, upon my soul! it certainly don't fall off, I assure you. No, no; it don't fall off.

*Dangle.*—Now, Mrs. Dangle, did'nt you say it struck you in the same light?

*Mrs. Dangle.*—No, indeed, I did not. I did not see a fault in any part of the play, from beginning to end.

*Sir Fretful.*—Upon my soul, the women are the best judges after all!

*Mrs. Dangle.*—Or, if I made any objection, I am sure it was to nothing in the piece; but that I was afraid it was, on the whole, a little too long.

*Sir Fretful.*—Pray, madam, do you speak as to duration of time; or do you mean that the story is tediously spun out?

*Mrs. Dangle.*—Oh, no! I speak only with reference to the usual length of acting plays.

*Sir Fretful.*—Then I am very happy—very happy indeed—because the play is a short play, a remarkably short play. I should not venture to differ with a lady on a point of taste; but, on these occasions, the watch, you know, is the critic.

*Mrs. Dangle.*—Then I suppose it must have been Mr. Dangle's drawling manner of reading it to me.

*Sir Fretful.*—Oh, if Mr. Dangle read it, that's quite another affair! But I assure you, Mrs. Dangle, the first evening you can spare me three hours and a half, I'll undertake to read you the whole from beginning to end, with the prologue and epilogue, and allow time for music between the acts.

*Mrs. Dangle.*—I hope to see it on the stage next.

*Dangle.*—Well, Sir Fretful, I wish you may be able to get rid as easily of the newspaper criticisms as you do of ours.

*Sir Fretful.*—The newspapers? Sir, they are the most villainous—licentious—abominable—infernal—not that I read them—no—I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper.

*Dangle.*—You are quite right; for it certainly must hurt an author of delicate feelings to see the liberties they take.

*Sir Fretful.*—No, quite the contrary! their abuse is, in fact, the best panegyric—I like it of all things. An author's reputation is only in danger from their support.

*Sneer.*—Why, that's true—and that attack now, on you the other day——

*Sir Fretful.*—What? where?

*Dangle.*—Ay, you mean in a paper of Thursday: it was completely ill-natured, to be sure.

*Sir Fretful.*—Oh, so much the better. Ha! ha! ha! I would not have it otherwise.

*Dangle.*—Certainly, it is only to be laughed at; for——

*Sir Fretful.*—You don't happen to recollect what the fellow said, do you?

*Sneer.*—Pray, Dangle—Sir Fretful seems a little anxious——

*Sir Fretful.*—Oh, no!—anxious!—not I—not the least—I—but one may as well hear, you know.

*Dangle.*—Sneer, do you recollect? [*aside to Sneer*] Make up something.

*Sneer* [*aside to Dangle*].—I will. [*Aloud*] Yes, yes, I remember perfectly.

*Sir Fretful.*—Well, and pray now—not that it signifies—what might the gentleman say?

*Sneer.*—Why, he roundly asserts that you have not the slightest invention or original genius whatever; though you are the greatest traducer of all other authors living.

*Sir Fretful.*—Ha! ha! ha!—very good!

*Sneer.*—That as to comedy, you have not one idea of your

own, he believes, even in your commonplace-book—where stray jokes and pilfered witticisms are kept with as much method as the ledger of the Lost-and-Stolen office.

*Sir Fretful.*—Ha! ha! ha!—very pleasant!

*Sneer.*—Nay, that you are so unlucky as not to have the skill even to steal with taste:—but that you glean from the refuse of obscure volumes, where more judicious plagiarists have been before you; so that the body of your work is a composition of dregs and sediments—like a bad tavern's worst wine.

*Sir Fretful.*—Ha! ha!

*Sneer.*—In your more serious efforts, he says, your bombast would be less intolerable, if the thoughts were ever suited to the expression; but the homeliness of the sentiment stares through the fantastic encumbrance of its fine language, like a clown in one of the new uniforms.

*Sir Fretful.*—Ha! ha!

*Sneer.*—That your occasional tropes and flowers suit the general coarseness of your style, as tambour sprigs would a ground of linsey-woolsey; while your imitations of Shakespeare resemble the mimicry of Falstaff's page, and are about as near the standard of the original.

*Sir Fretful.*—Ha!

*Sneer.*—In short, that even the finest passages you steal are of no service to you; for the poverty of your own language prevents their assimilating; so that they lie on the surface like lumps of marl on a barren moor, encumbering what it is not in their power to fertilize!

*Sir Fretful* [*after great agitation*].—Now, another person would be vexed at this.

*Sneer.*—Oh, but I would'nt have told you—only to divert you.

*Sir Fretful.*—I know it—I am diverted. Ha! ha! ha! not the least invention! Ha! ha! ha!—very good—very good!

*Sneer.*—Yes—no genius! ha! ha! ha!

*Dangle.*—A severe rogue! ha! ha! ha! But you are quite right, Sir Fretful, never to read such nonsense.

*Sir Fretful.*—To be sure—for if there is anything to one's praise, it is a foolish vanity to be gratified at it; and if it is abuse,—why, one is always sure to hear of it from one contemptible good-natured friend or another.

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## 26. JANE AUSTEN—(1775–1817).

JANE AUSTEN was born in the southern part of England. Her literary work was done while living at Chowton, a small place near the city of Southampton. Her father was a clergyman of refined tastes and acquirements. As a clergyman's daughter she, no doubt, had excellent opportunities of studying human nature in almost as many varied forms as if she had lived amid the bustle of a large city.

Although, as Mrs. Oliphant says, she "was pretty, sprightly, and well taken care of,—a model English girl, simple and saucy and fair," Jane Austen never married. This is attributed to an early disappointment in love. She was delicate in health, and died of consumption.

She continued her literary work until the day before her death. Four of her six novels,—*Sense and Sensibility*, *Pride and Prejudice*, *Mansfield Park*, and *Emma*, were published anonymously. After her death *Northanger Abbey* and *Persuasion* were published in her name.

Mrs. Oliphant, a fine novelist herself, says of her: "Without ever stepping from the shelter of home, or calling to her help a single incident that might not have happened next door, she held the reader, if not breathless, yet in that pleased

and happy suspension of personal cares and absorption of amused interest, which is the very triumph of fiction."

Sir Walter Scott said this of Miss Austen: "That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements and feelings and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful ever met with. The big *bow-wow* strain I can do myself like any now going; but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary, commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment, is denied to me. What a pity such a gifted creature died so early!"

The following selection is taken from *Emma*. It gives an excellent picture of the presumption a certain class of people make upon short acquaintance. Mr. Elton, the young clergyman of Highbury, having been disappointed in obtaining the hand of Emma Woodhouse in marriage, after a time goes to Bath in order to recover from his disappointment. He there becomes acquainted with a young lady of wealth, but of an uncultured family, subsequently marries her, and brings her to Highbury. Emma belongs to the very best family of Highbury, and has always been accustomed to luxury. The present selection includes a portion of the conversation during Mrs. Elton's first visit to Emma.

## A PARVENU ENGLISH WOMAN.

"I DO not ask you whether you are musical, Mrs. Elton. Upon these occasions, a lady's character generally precedes her; and Highbury has long known that you are a superior performer."

"Oh! no, indeed; I must protest against any such idea. A superior performer!—very far from it, I assure you; consider from how partial a quarter your information came. I am dotingly fond of music,—passionately fond; and my friends say I am not entirely devoid of taste; but as for any-

thing else, upon my honor my performance is *mediocre* to the last degree. You, Miss Woodhouse, I well know, play delightfully. I assure you it has been the greatest satisfaction, comfort, and delight to me to hear what a musical society I am got into. I absolutely can not do without music; it is a necessary of life to me; and having always been used to a very musical society, both at Maple Grove and in Bath, it would have been a most serious sacrifice. I honestly said as much to Mr. E. when he was speaking of my future home, and expressing his fears lest the retirement of it should be disagreeable; and the inferiority of the house too—knowing what I had been accustomed to—of course he was not wholly without apprehension. When he was speaking of it in that way, I honestly said that the *world* I could give up—parties, balls, plays—for I had no fear of retirement. Blessed with so many resources within myself, the world was unnecessary to *me*. I could do very well without it. To those who had no resources, it was a different thing; but my resources made me quite independent. And as to smaller sized rooms than I had been used to, I really could not give it a thought. I hoped I was perfectly equal to any sacrifice of that description. Certainly, I have been accustomed to every luxury at Maple Grove; but I did assure him that two carriages were not necessary to my happiness, nor were spacious apartments. "But," said I, "to be quite honest, I do not think I can live without something of a musical society. I condition for nothing else; but, without music, life would be a blank to me."

"We can not suppose," said Emma, smiling, "that Mr. Elton would hesitate to assure you of there being a *very* musical society in Highbury; and I hope you will not find he has outstepped the truth more than may be pardoned, in consideration of the motive."

"No, indeed, I have no doubt at all on that head. I am delighted to find myself in such a circle; I hope we shall

have many sweet little concerts together. I think, Miss Woodhouse, you and I must establish a musical club, and have regular weekly meetings at your house, or ours. Will it not be a good plan? If *we* exert ourselves, I think we shall not be long in want of allies. Something of that nature would be particularly desirable for *me*, as an inducement to keep me in practice; for married women, you know—there is a sad story against them, in general. They are but too apt to give up music."

"But you, who are so extremely fond of it,—there can be no danger, surely."

"I should hope not; but really, when I look around among my acquaintance, I tremble. Selina has entirely given up music; never touches the instrument, though she played sweetly. And the same may be said of Mrs. Jeffereys—Clara Partridge that was,—and of the two Milmans, now Mrs. Bird and Mrs. James Cooper; and of more than I can enumerate. Upon my word, it is enough to put one in a fright. I used to be quite angry with Selina; but, really, I begin now to comprehend that a married woman has many things to call her attention. I believe I was half an hour this morning shut up with my housekeeper."

"But everything of that kind," said Emma, will soon be in so regular a train"——

"Well," said Mrs. Elton, "we shall see."

Emma, finding her so determined upon neglecting her music, had nothing more to say; and, after a moment's pause, Mrs. Elton chose another subject.

"We have been calling at Randall's," said she, "and found them both at home; and very pleasant people they seem to be. I like them extremely. Mr. Weston seems an excellent creature,—quite a first-rate favorite with me already, I assure you. And *she* appears so truly good,—there is something so motherly and kind-hearted about her, that it wins upon one directly. She was your governess, I think."

Emma was almost too much astonished to answer; but Mrs. Elton hardly waited for the affirmative before she went on.

"Having understood as much, I was rather astonished to find her so lady-like. But she is really quite the gentlewoman."

"Mrs. Weston's manners," said Emma, "were always particularly good. Their propriety, simplicity, and elegance would make them the safest model for any young woman."

"And whom do you think came in while we were there?"

Emma was quite at a loss. The tone implied some old acquaintance, and how could she possibly guess?

"Knightley!" continued Mrs. Elton,—"Knightley himself! Was not it lucky? For, not being within when he called the other day, I had never seen him before; and of course, as so particular a friend of Mr. E.'s, I had a great curiosity. 'My friend Knightley,' had so often been mentioned, that I was really impatient to see him; and I must do my *cara sposo*[1] the justice to say, that he need not be ashamed of his friend. Knightley is quite the gentleman; I like him very much. Decidedly, I think, a very gentleman-like man."

Happily, it was now time to be gone. They were off, and Emma could breathe.

"Insufferable woman!" was her immediate exclamation. "Worse than I had supposed. Absolutely insufferable: Knightley!—I could not have believed it. Knightley!—never seen him in her life before, and call him Knightley!—and discover that he is a gentleman! A little, upstart, vulgar being, with her Mr. E. and her *cara sposo*, and her resources, and all her airs of pert pretension and underbred finery. Actually to discover that Mr. Knightley is a gentleman! I doubt whether he will return the compliment, and discover her to be a lady! I could not have believed it! And to propose that she and I should unite to form a musical club!

One would fancy we were bosom friends! And Mrs. Weston! —astonished that the person who had brought me up should be a gentlewoman! Worse and worse. I never met with her equal."

NOTES.

1 *Cara sposo.* Affectedly used for *dear husband.*

The picture is a painfully accurate one of a person who believes that wealth alone is sufficient to determine one's social position.

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## 27. GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON—(1788–1824).

Lord Byron was a man whose individuality was so strong that, during his life, he showed a perfect contempt for public opinion. The result was a failure. The odium which attaches to his name is largely undeserved. The truth is, he was not nearly so immoral a man as he represented himself to be.

Byron's boyhood would have been unfortunate to almost any boy. His father was a profligate who abandoned his mother when Byron was only two years old; his mother, a Scotch woman, high-tempered and high-spirited, who had been financially ruined and driven half mad by her spendthrift husband. The fitful, unreasonable discipline of such a mother could not fail to develop all the bad traits of character in such a boy.

After attending the preparatory schools at Dulwich and Harrow, Byron spent two years at Trinity College, Cambridge. It was at school that his poetic genius first manifested itself.

When the boy was ten years old, the death of his grand-uncle added to his name George Gordon, the title Lord Byron; and made him the possessor of Newstead Abbey. It

was after he became a lord that his mother had him subjected to two years of torture in the endeavor to straighten his deformed foot. The only result was to make him so sensitive about it that he made every effort to conceal the defect. In this he was partially successful.

In 1807, Byron published his boyish verses under the title *Hours of Idleness*. Brougham, the famous Edinburgh critic, not knowing they were written by a boy, treated them with scorn. This brought out *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, Byron's first real poetic effort.

The result of his travels from 1809 to 1811 through Portugal, Spain, and Turkey, he embodied in a poem called *Childe Harold*. This is his greatest poem. After the publication of the first two cantos, their success was so wonderful that Byron said: "I awoke one morning and found myself famous."

From 1816 until a short time before his death, Byron made his home in Switzerland. In 1824, he joined the Greeks at Missolonghi to assist them in their struggle for independence, and died there of a fever.

Byron's style is easy, flowing, often unnecessarily diffuse, yet clear and full of vigor. His power of molding the language into poetic form was remarkable. He is not so elaborate and artificial as Pope, nor so affectedly simple as Wordsworth; but stands between the two.

In real poetic genius Byron should be placed next to Shakespeare and Milton; but, unfortunately, he did not give the world the best fruits of it. This was largely owing to the fact that his moral nature lacked the purity essential to perfection of expression. Of all the poets, he commanded the most immediate popularity.

The following selection is taken from *The Siege of Corinth*. The poem is based upon the siege and capture of that city by the Turks in 1715; but, for poetic reasons, Byron deviated from the historical facts.

## THE DEATH OF MINOTTI.

Street by street and foot by foot,
Still Minotti[1] dares dispute
The latest portion of the land
Left beneath his high command;
With him, aiding heart and hand,
The remnant of his gallant band.
Still the church is tenable,
Whence issued late the fatal ball
That half avenged the city's fall,
When Alp,[2] her fierce assailant, fell.
Thither bending sternly back,
They leave before a bloody track;
And, with their faces to the foe,
Dealing wounds with every blow,
The chief, and his retreating train,
Join to those within the fane;
There they yet may breathe a while,
Sheltered by the massy pile.

Brief breathing time! the turbaned host,
With adding ranks and raging boast,
Press onward with such strength and heat
Their numbers balk their own retreat;
For narrow the way that led to the spot
Where still the Christians yielded not;
And the foremost, if fearful, may vainly try
Through the massy column to turn and fly:
They perforce must do or die.
They die; but ere their eyes could close,
Avengers o'er their bodies rose;
Fresh and furious, fast they fill
The ranks, unthinned, though slaughtered still;

And faint the weary Christians wax
Before the still renewed attacks:
And now the Othmans[3] gain the gate;
Still resists its iron weight,
And still, all deadly aimed and hot,
From every crevice comes the shot;
From every shattered window, pour
The volleys of the sulphurous shower;
But the portal wavering grows, and weak,—
The iron yields, the hinges creak,—
It bends—it falls—and all is o'er;
Lost Corinth may resist no more.

Darkly, sternly, and all alone,
Minotti stood o'er the altar stone;
Madonna's[4] face upon him shone,
Painted in heavenly lines above,
With eyes of light and looks of love;
And placed upon that holy shrine
To fix our thoughts on things divine.
When pictured there, we, kneeling, see
Her, and the boy-God[5] on her knee,
Smiling sweetly on each prayer
To heaven, as if to waft it there.
Still she smiled; even now she smiles,
Though slaughter streams along her aisles:
Minotti lifted his aged eye,
And made the sign of a cross with a sigh,
Then seized a torch which blazed thereby;
And still he stood, while, with steel and flame,
Inward and onward the Mussulman[6] came.

The vaults beneath the mosaic stone
Contained the dead of ages gone;
Their names were on the graven floor,
But now illegible with gore;

The carvéd crests, and curious hues
The varied marble's veins diffuse,
Were smeared and slippery—stained and strown
With broken swords, and helms o'erthrown:
There were dead above, and the dead below
Lay cold in many a coffined row;
You might see them piled in noble state,
By a pale light through a gloomy grate;
But war had entered their dark caves,
And stored along the vaulted graves
Her sulphurous treasures, thickly spread
In masses by the fleshless dead;
Here, throughout the siege, had been
The Christian's chiefest magazine:
To these, a late-formed train now led,
Minotti's last and stern resource
Against the foe's o'erwhelming force.

The foe came on, and few remain
To strive, and those must strive in vain,
For lack of further lives, to slake
The thirst of vengeance now awake;
With barbarous blows they gash the dead,
And lop the already lifeless head,
And fell the statues from their niche,
And spoil the shrines of offering rich,
And from each other's rude hands wrest
The silver vessels saints had blessed.
To the high altar on they go;
Oh! but it made a glorious show!
On its table still behold
The cup of consecrated gold;[7]
Massy and deep, a glittering prize,
Brightly it sparkles to plunderers' eyes;
That morn it held the holy wine,

Converted by Christ to His blood[8] so divine,
Which His worshipers drank at the break of day.
Still a few drops within it lay;
And round the sacred table, glow
Twelve lofty lamps, in splendid row,
From the purest metal cast;
A spoil—the richest, and the last.

So near they came, the nearest stretched
To grasp the spoil he almost reached,
When old Minotti's hand
Touched with the torch the train—
'T is fired!
Spire, vaults, the shrine, the spoil, the slain,
The turbaned victors,[9] the Christian band,
All that of living or dead remain,
Hurled on high with the shivered fane,
In one wild roar expired!
The shattered town—the walls thrown down—
The waves a moment backward bent—
The hills that shake, although unrent,
As if an earthquake passed—
The thousand shapeless things, all driven
In cloud and flame athwart the heaven,
By that tremendous blast,
Proclaimed the desperate conflict o'er
On that too long afflicted shore.

NOTES.

1 *Minotti.* Governor of Corinth, in 1715, at the time of the siege. His last resort in blowing up the magazine is a very graphic picture of the heroism of despair.

2 *Alp.* In the poem, a Venetian renegade and apostate, commander of the Turkish army during the siege of Corinth. He loved Francesca, daughter of Minotti, who refused to marry him. His death caused Francesca to die of a broken heart.

3 *Othmans.* Ottoman Turks. They dispossessed the Karismian Turks of their possessions, and finally gained possession of Constantinople, in 1453. They still govern Turkey and northern Africa.

4 *Madonna's face.* A picture of the Virgin Mary, the mother of Christ.

5 *Boy-God.* Christ.

6 *Mussulman.* The Mohammedan.

7 *Cup of consecrated gold.* The chalice used in holding the wine intended for the mass.

8 *Converted by Christ to His blood.* When blessed by the priest, the wine used in the service is believed to turn into the blood of Christ.

9 *Turbaned victors.* The victorious Turks.

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## 28. WILLIAM HAZLITT—(1778–1830).

WILLIAM HAZLITT was born at Maidstone, County of Kent, in southeastern England. His father was a Unitarian minister, who educated him for the same profession; but he preferred art, and began his career as a portrait painter. He soon discovered that his ambition could not be gratified as an artist, so he turned his attention to literature.

He wrote essays, reviews, and criticisms. He was and is still considered one of the foremost of English critics; but his strong prejudices prevented his criticisms from receiving that appreciation which his ability as a writer deserved. His style is very brilliant and energetic, hence admirably adapted to lectures and essays.

Hazlitt's best known works are: *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays; Lectures on the English Poets;* and *Lectures on the Literature of the Elizabethan Age.*

The following selection is taken from *The Spirit of the Age, or Contemporary Portraits.* This work contains the best and the worst characteristics of Hazlitt. It must have made him many enemies.

## A COMPARISON BETWEEN BYRON AND SCOTT.

Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott are, among writers now living, the two who would carry away a majority of suffrages as the greatest geniuses of the age. The former would, perhaps, obtain the preference with the fine gentlemen and ladies—squeamishness apart—the latter with the critics and the vulgar.

If Sir Walter Scott may be thought by some to have been

> "Born universal heir to all humanity,"

it is plain Lord Byron can set up no such pretension. He is, in a striking degree, the creature of his own will. He holds no communion with his kind, but stands alone, without mate or fellow—

> "As if a man were author of himself,
> And owned no other kin."

He is like a solitary peak, all access to which is cut off not more by elevation than distance. He is seated on a lofty eminence, cloud-capped, or reflecting the last rays of setting suns; and in his poetical moods reminds us of the fabled Titans,[1] retired to a ridgy steep, playing on their Pan's-pipes,[2] and taking up ordinary men and things in their hands with haughty indifference. He raises his subject to himself, or tramples on it; he neither stoops to, nor loses himself in it. He exists, not by sympathy, but by antipathy. He scorns all things, even himself. Nature must come to him to sit for her picture,—he does not go to her. She must consult his time, his convenience, and his humor; and wear a somber or a fantastic garb, or his Lordship turns his back upon her. His thoughts are sphered and crystalline; his style "prouder than when blue Iris[3] bends"; his spirit fiery, impatient, wayward, indefatigable.

Lord Byron's verse glows like a flame, consuming everything in its way; Sir Walter Scott's glides like a river, clear, gentle, harmless. The poetry of the first scorches, that of the last scarcely warms. The light of one proceeds from an internal source, ensanguined, sullen, fixed; the other reflects the hues of Heaven, or the face of nature, glancing vivid and various. The productions of the Northern Bard have the rust and the freshness of antiquity about them; those of the Noble Poet cease to startle from their extreme ambition of novelty, both in style and matter. Sir Walter's rhymes are "silly sooth"[4]—

> "And dally with the innocence of thought,
> Like the old age";—

his Lordship's muse spurns the olden time, and affects all the supercilious airs of a modern fine lady and an upstart. The object of the one writer is to restore us to truth and nature; the other chiefly thinks how he shall display his own power, or vent his spleen, or astonish the reader either by starting new subjects and trains of speculation, or by expressing old ones in a more striking and emphatic manner than they have been expressed before. He cares little what it is he says, so that he can say it differently from others. Even in those collateral ornaments of modern style,—slovenliness, abruptness, and eccentricity,—as well as in terseness and significance, Lord Byron, when he pleases, defies competition and surpasses all his contemporaries. Whatever he does, he must do in a more decided and daring manner than anyone else.

Lord Byron, who in his politics is a *liberal*, in his genius is haughty and aristocratic: Walter Scott, who is an *aristocrat* in principle, is popular in his writings, and is, as it were, equally servile to nature and to opinion. The genius of Sir Walter is essentially imitative, or "denotes a foregone conclusion"; that of Lord Byron is self-dependent, or at least requires no aid,—is governed by no law but the im-

pulses of its own will. We confess, however much we may admire independence of feeling and erectness of spirit in general or practical questions, yet in works of genius we prefer him who bows to the authority of nature, who appeals to actual objects, to moldering superstitions, to history, observation, and tradition, before him who consults the pragmatical and restless workings of his own breast, and gives them out as oracles to the world. We like a writer—whether poet or prose writer—who takes in, or is willing to take in the range of half the universe in feeling, character, description, much better than we do one who obstinately and invariably shuts himself up in the Bastile[5] of his own ruling passions. In short, we had rather be Sir Walter Scott—meaning thereby the author of *Waverley*[6]—than Lord Byron, a hundred times over. And for the reason just given, namely, that he casts his descriptions in the mold of nature, ever-varying, never tiresome, always interesting and always instructive, instead of casting them constantly in the mold of his own individual impressions. He gives us man as he is, or as he was, in almost every variety of situation, action, and feeling. Lord Byron makes man after his own image, woman after his own heart; the one is a capricious tyrant, the other a yielding slave: he gives us the misanthrope and the voluptuary by turns; and with these two characters, burning or melting in their own fires, he makes out everlasting cantos[7] of himself. He hangs the cloud, the film of his existence over all outward things—sits in the center of his thoughts[8] and enjoys dark night, bright day, the glitter and the gloom "in cell monastic"—but we are still imprisoned in a dungeon, a curtain intercepts our view, we do not breathe freely the air of nature or of our own thoughts; the other admired author draws aside the curtain, and the veil of egotism is rent, and he shows us the crowd of living men and women, the endless groups, the landscape background, the cloud and the rainbow, and enriches our imaginations and relieves one pas-

sion by another, and expands and lightens reflection, and takes away that tightness at the breast which arises from thinking or wishing to think that there is nothing in the world out of a man's self! In this point of view, the author of *Waverley* is one of the greatest teachers of morality that ever lived, by emancipating the mind from petty, narrow, and bigoted prejudices; Lord Byron is the greatest pamperer of those prejudices, by seeming to think there is nothing else worth encouraging but the seeds, or the full, luxuriant growth of dogmatism and self-conceit. In reading the *Scotch Novels* we never think about the author, except from a feeling of curiosity respecting our unknown benefactor; in reading Lord Byron's works, he himself is never absent from our minds. The coloring of Lord Byron's style, however rich and dipped in Tyrian dyes, is nevertheless opaque, is in itself an object of delight and wonder; Sir Walter Scott's is perfectly transparent. In studying the one, you seem to gaze at the figures cut in stained glass, which exclude the view beyond, and where the pure light of Heaven is only a means of setting off the gorgeousness of art; in reading the other, you look through a noble window at the clear and varied landscape without. Or to sum up the distinction in one word, Sir Walter Scott is the most dramatic writer now living, and Lord Byron is the least so. It would be as difficult to imagine that the author of *Waverley* is in the smallest degree a pedant, as it would be hard to persuade ourselves that the author of *Childe Harold* and *Don Juan* is not a coxcomb, though a provoking and sublime one.

NOTES.

1 *Titans.* In mythology, the twelve children of Uranos and Gæa.

2 *Pan's-pipes.* The musical instrument played by Pan, who was god of the shepherds, flocks, and pastures. Although it is easy to see what the author means, he mixes his mythology. The Titans never "retired to a ridgy steep" and played upon Pan's pipes.

3 *Iris.* The goddess of the rainbow.

4 *Silly sooth.* Simple truth or reality.

5 *Bastile.* An old castle in Paris which had been used by the kings of France as a prison. Here used metaphorically for prison or dungeon.

6 *Waverley.* The name of the first novel that Scott published, and applied to all his novels taken collectively.

7 *Cantos.* Here used literally, and means *rhapsodies* or *eulogiums.*

8 *Sits in the center of his thoughts, etc.* This is a corruption of lines 581, 582, Milton's *Comus:*

> "He that has light within his own clear breast,
> May sit i' the center, and enjoy bright day."

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## 29. SIR WALTER SCOTT—(1771–1832).

WALTER SCOTT was born at Edinburgh. While he was a young boy his health was delicate; but he grew to be a large, muscular man. When he was two years old he became lame from sickness, and his lameness never entirely left him. The popular notion that he was a dull boy at school is a mistake. He himself truthfully says: "I never was a dunce, nor thought to be so, but an incorrigibly idle imp, who was always longing to do something else than what was enjoined him." In his twelfth year he used to be called the historian of the class.

After he was graduated at the University of Edinburgh he studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1792. It was his knowledge of law that secured him the position of one of the principal clerks of the Scottish Court of Session, in 1806, with a salary of £800, subsequently increased to £1300, and which enabled him to devote the greater portion of his time to literature.

Between 1802 to 1817 Scott published the beautiful romantic poems which first gave him a reputation. Of these, *Marmion*

and *The Lady of the Lake* have always been the most popular. It was the recognition of Byron's greater ability as a poet that caused him to turn his attention to prose.

In the summer of 1814, while looking over the contents of an old cabinet, Scott found the unfinished manuscript of a novel designed to illustrate Highland scenery, and the customs and events in Scotland of the time of 1745. This had been written in 1805. In three weeks the novel was completed, and it was published under the title of *Waverley*, a name which applied to his novels taken as a whole. By the year 1826, the time of his failure in business, he had published twenty-one novels, besides doing a great deal of miscellaneous work. During the greater portion of this time all his writing was done before 11 o'clock in the morning.

In 1811, Scott purchased a small farm near Melrose, on the river Tweed, which he gradually expanded by successive purchases, into a large domain. He called the place Abbotsford. The large amount of money that he spent upon Abbotsford was the principal cause of the failure of his publishers, Constable & Co., and the printing-house of James Ballantyne. Of the latter firm, Scott was a silent partner. The indebtedness for which Scott held himself personally responsible, amounted to £130,000. His creditors offered him favorable terms, which he refused; and although fifty-five years old, went to work to pay every dollar with the proceeds of his pen. The effort hastened his death. Before he died, however, he had paid more than £40,000. After his death all his debts were fully satisfied.

For his literary merit, Scott was made a baronet in 1820. The authorship of his novels was not acknowledged by him until 1827, although it was generally understood. Hazlitt wrote the essay quoted from in the previous selection, in 1824.

Scott was extremely affable, generous, hospitable, modest, and quite free from affectation.

His imagination was vivid and natural. In the delineation of scenery he has never been equaled. His keen observation, wonderfully retentive memory, and love of nature, made him the born story-teller of his age. In style he is diffuse, but remarkably clear and full of quaint humor. His carelessness, often slovenliness of expression was due to his rapidity of composition.

Mrs. Oliphant says of his novels: "They have done more to brighten the world, to soothe the weary, to elevate the standard of moral excellence, than any other works of fiction the world has ever seen. Not one word of them all has insinuated evil or palliated dishonor."

The following selection is taken from *Old Mortality*, a historical novel based upon the persecution of the Covenanters by Charles II. The time of the scene is June 22, 1679, and the scene itself is the

## BATTLE OF BOTHWELL BRIDGE.

Ere Morton or Burley [1] had reached the post to be defended, the enemy had commenced an attack upon it with great spirit. The two regiments of Foot Guards, formed into a close column, rushed forward to the river; one corps, deploying along the right bank, commenced a galling fire on the defenders of the pass, while the other pressed on to occupy the bridge. The insurgents sustained the attack with great constancy and courage; and while part of their number returned the fire across the river, the rest maintained a discharge of musketry upon the farther end of the bridge itself and every avenue by which the soldiers endeavored to approach it. The latter suffered severely, but still gained ground, and the head of their column was already upon the bridge, when the arrival of Morton changed the scene; and his marksmen, commencing upon the pass a fire as well aimed as it was sustained and regular, compelled the assailants to

retire with much loss. They were a second time brought up to the charge, and a second time repulsed with still greater loss, as Burley had now brought his party into action. The fire was continued with the utmost vehemence on both sides, and the issue of the action seemed very dubious.

Monmouth,[2] mounted on a superb white charger, might be discovered on the top of the right bank of the river, urging, entreating, and animating the exertions of his soldiers. By his orders, the cannon, which had hitherto been employed in annoying the distant main body of the Presbyterians, were now turned upon the defenders of the bridge. But these tremendous engines, being wrought much more slowly than in modern times, did not produce the effect of annoying or terrifying the enemy to the extent proposed. The insurgents, sheltered by the copsewood along the bank of the river, or stationed in the houses already mentioned, fought under cover, while the royalists, owing to the precautions of Morton, were entirely exposed. The defense was so protracted and obstinate, that the royal generals began to fear it might be ultimately successful. While Monmouth threw himself from his horse, and, rallying the Foot Guards, brought them on to another close and desperate attack, he was warmly seconded by Dalzell,[3] who, putting himself at the head of a body of Lennox Highlanders, rushed forward with their tremendous war-cry of *Loch-sloy*. The ammunition of the defenders of the bridge began to fail at this important crisis; messages, commanding and imploring succors and supplies, were in vain dispatched, one after the other, to the main body of the Presbyterian army, which remained inactively drawn up on the open fields in the rear. Fear, consternation, and misrule had gone abroad among them, and while the post on which their safety depended required to be instantly and powerfully re-enforced, there remained none either to command or to obey.

As the fire of the defenders of the bridge began to slacken,

that of the assailants increased, and, in its turn, became more fatal. Animated by the example and exhortations of their generals, they obtained a footing upon the bridge itself, and began to remove the obstacles by which it was blockaded. The portal-gate was broken open; the beams, trunks of trees, and other materials of the barricade, pulled down and thrown into the river. This was not accomplished without opposition. Morton and Burley fought in the very front of their followers, and encouraged them with their pikes, halberds, and partisans to encounter the bayonets of the Guards and the broadswords of the Highlanders. But those behind the leaders began to shrink from the unequal combat, and fly singly, or in parties of two or three, towards the main body, until the remainder were, by the mere weight of the hostile column as much as by their weapons, fairly forced from the bridge. The passage being now open, the enemy began to pour over. But the bridge was long and narrow, which rendered the maneuver slow as well as dangerous; and those who first passed had still to force the houses, from the windows of which the Covenanters continued to fire. Burley and Morton were near each other at this critical moment.

"There is yet time," said the former, "to bring down horse to attack them, ere they can get into order; and, with the aid of God, we may thus regain the bridge. Hasten thou to bring them down, while I make the defence good with this old and wearied body."

Morton saw the importance of the advice, and, throwing himself on the horse which Cuddie held in readiness for him behind the thicket, galloped towards a body of cavalry which chanced to be composed entirely of Cameronians. Ere he could speak his errand, or utter his orders, he was saluted by the execrations of the whole body.

"He flies!" they exclaimed—"the cowardly traitor flies like a hart from the hunters, and hath left the valiant Burley in the midst of the slaughter!"

"I do not fly," said Morton. "I come to lead you to the attack. Advance boldly, and we shall yet do well."

"Follow him not! Follow him not!"—such were the tumultuous exclamations which resounded from the ranks; "he hath sold you to the sword of the enemy!"

And while Morton argued, entreated, and commanded in vain, the moment was lost in which the advance might have been useful; and the outlet from the bridge, with all its defenses, being in complete possession of the enemy, Burley and his remaining followers were driven back upon the main body, to whom the spectacle of their hurried and harrassed retreat was far from restoring the confidence which they so much wanted.

In the meanwhile, the forces of the king crossed the bridge at their leisure, and, securing the pass, formed in line of battle; while Claverhouse,[4] who, like a hawk perched on a rock, and eyeing the time to pounce on its prey, had watched the event of the action from the opposite bank, now passed the bridge at the head of his cavalry, at full trot, and leading them in squadrons, through the intervals and round the flanks of the royal infantry, formed them in line on the moor, and led them to the charge, advancing in front with one large body, while other two divisions threatened the flanks of the Covenanters. Their devoted army was now in that situation when the slightest demonstration towards an attack was certain to inspire panic. Their broken spirits and disheartened courage were unable to endure the charge of the cavalry, attended with all its terrible accompaniments of sight and sound—the rush of the horses at full speed, the shaking of the earth under their feet, the glancing of the swords, the waving of the plumes, and the fierce shouts of the cavaliers. The front ranks hardly attempted one ill-directed and disorderly fire, and their rear were broken and flying in confusion ere the charge had been completed; and in less than five minutes the horsemen were mixed with them, cutting and

hewing without mercy. The voice of Claverhouse was heard, even above the din of conflict, exclaiming to the soldiers—"Kill! kill! no quarter! think on Richard Grahame!"[5] The dragoons, many of whom had shared the disgrace of Loudon Hill, required no exhortations to vengeance as easy as it was complete. Their swords drank deep of slaughter among the unresisting fugitives. Screams for quarter were only answered by the shouts with which the pursuers accompanied their blows, and the whole field presented one general scene of confused slaughter, flight, and pursuit.

NOTES.

1 *Morton.* Henry Morton was one of the leaders of the Covenanters, and the young hero of the story. Through Burley's influence and misrepresentations, he is induced to take the side he does.

*Balfour of Burley* is the real hero of "Old Mortality." He is the principal leader of the Covenanters against the tyranny of the English. He is desperately brave, but his fanaticism blinds his judgment.

2 *The Duke of Monmouth* was the son of Charles II. He was the commander-in-chief of the royal forces. Scott represents him as a good officer and kind-hearted man.

3 *Gen. Thomas Dalzell* was one of the ablest officers in the royal army, but inclined to harshness and cruelty.

4 *John Grahame of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee,* was the most detested of all the officers of the king, who hunted down the Covenanters at this time. Scott gives him good traits of character that the historians do not attribute to him.

5 *Richard Grahame* was the favorite nephew of Claverhouse. He had been needlessly killed by the Covenanters a short time before the battle.

Walter Scott revived the metrical romance. It had been dead for three hundred years. His first success in literature, and his baronetcy were obtained through these romances, some of which, like the *Lady of the Lake* and *Marmion*, have retained their almost unbounded popularity. This selection is from the introduction to Canto VI. of *Marmion*, and describes a

## CHRISTMAS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill:
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
Each age has deemed the new-born year
The fittest time for festal cheer:
Even, heathen yet, the savage Dane
At Iol[1] more deep the mead did drain;
High on the beach his galleys drew,
And feasted all his pirate crew;
Then in his low and pine-built hall,
Where shields and axes decked the wall,
They gorged upon the half-dressed steer;
Caroused in seas of sable beer;
While round, in brutal jest, were thrown
The half-gnawed rib and marrow-bone:
Or listened all, in grim delight,
While Scalds[2] yelled out the joys of fight.
Then forth, in frenzy, would they hie,
While wildly loose their red locks fly,
And dancing round the blazing pile,
They make such barbarous mirth the while,
As best might to the mind recall
The boisterous joys of Odin's[3] hall.

And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had rolled,
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all his hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honor to the holy night;
On Christmas eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas eve the mass was sung;
That only night in all the year,

Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dressed with holly green;
Forth to the wood did merry men go,
To gather in the mistletoe.
Then opened wide the Baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And Ceremony doffed his pride.
The heir, with roses in his shoes
That night might village partner choose;
The Lord, underogating, share
The vulgar game of "post and pair."[4]
All hailed with uncontrolled delight,
And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide;
The huge hall-table's oaken face,
Scrubbed till it shone, the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.[5]
Then was brought in the lusty brawn,
By old blue-coated serving-man;
Then the grim boar's-head frowned on high,
Crested with bays and rosemary.
Well can the green-garbed ranger tell,
How, when, and where the monster fell;
What dogs before his death he tore,
And all the baiting of the boar.
The wassail round, in good brown bowls,
Garnished with ribbons, blithely trowls.
There the huge sirloin reeked; hard by

Plum porridge stood, and Christmas pie;
Nor failed old Scotland to produce,
At such high tide, her savory goose.
Then came the merry maskers [6] in,
And carols roared with blithesome din;
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note, and strong.
Who lists may in their mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery;
White shirts supplied the masquerade,
And smutted cheeks the visors made;
But O! what maskers, richly dight,
Can boast of bosoms half so light!
England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

Still linger, in our northern clime,
Some remnants of the good old time;
And still, within our valleys here,
We hold the kindred title dear,
Even when, perchance, its far-fetched claim
To Southron ear sounds empty name;
For course of blood, our proverbs deem,
Is warmer than the mountain stream.
And thus, my Christmas still I hold
Where my great-grandsire came of old,
With amber beard, and flaxen hair,
And reverend apostolic air,
The feast and holy tide to share,
And mix sobriety with wine,
And honest mirth with thoughts divine.

NOTES.

1 *Iol.* This is the Danish name for Christmas.

2 *Scalds.* The court poets and chroniclers of the ancient Scandinavians. Their persons were held sacred.

3 *Odin.* The Scandinavian god, whose characteristics combined both those of Jupiter and Mars.

4 *Post and pair.* An old game of cards.

5 A vessel called the "Salt" was usually placed on the table to mark the dividing line between the upper and lower ranks.

6 The maskers, or mummers, usually disguised themselves to represent the Apostles of Christ. Their performances, therefore, bore some resemblance to the old mystery plays or moralities, which were the origin of the English drama.

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## 30. SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE—(1772–1834).

Coleridge became an orphan at the age of nine years. Through the aid of friends he was admitted as a pupil to Christ's Hospital, London—the "Blue Coat School," where Richardson, Lamb, and Leigh Hunt were also educated. He and Lamb were schoolmates. He was very different from most boys, as he took no interest in boyish amusements; and, being irritable and passionate, the other boys did not like him. He was two years at Jesus College, Cambridge. Some days after reaching London, he enlisted in a cavalry regiment under the assumed name of Comberback. He made a poor soldier, and in April, 1794, friends secured his discharge.

Coleridge's literary life properly begins after his acquaintance with Southey, in 1794. Some of his most beautiful poems were written shortly after this acquaintance began.

Coleridge was a very peculiar man. He was always planning great things, but his lack of resolution prevented his exe-

cuting them. This was a natural failing, but it was intensified by his use of opium. Although possessing a great intellect and a wonderful imagination, they were not sufficient to keep him from a life of poverty and dependence. He could have made a good living by lecturing, for he was a very popular, brilliant, and eloquent speaker; but he was absolutely unreliable in his appointments, and in the subjects of his lectures. During the last nineteen years of his life he was largely dependent upon the benevolence of Dr. Gillman, into whose charge Coleridge first placed himself in order to be cured of the opium habit. He was never cured.

Coleridge's powers of conversation were remarkable. In this respect he has never had an equal. Macaulay was a brilliant and incessant talker, but he lacked the depth of intellect and intensity of imagination that Coleridge possessed.

Notwithstanding his natural indolence, Coleridge was a versatile and voluminous writer. He wrote poems, plays, and translations; and on theology, metaphysics, politics, and criticism. His fragments of criticism upon Shakespeare are among the best in English literature. His two greatest poems are *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel.* The latter was never finished.

The following poem was named *Love* by Coleridge, but a better title is

GENEVIEVE.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,—
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She leaned against the armèd man,
The statue of the armèd knight;
She stood and listened to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
She loves me best, whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old, rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a fitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined: and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a fitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;

And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night;—

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,—

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright,
And that he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable knight!—

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land;—

And how she wept, and clasped his knees,
And how she tended him in vain,
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain;—

And that she nursed him in a cave,
And how his madness went away,
When, on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay;—

His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;—

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long!—

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love and virgin shame;
And like the murmur of a dream
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepped aside,
As conscious of my look she stepped—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She fled to me and wept.

She half inclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace;
And bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel, than see,
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride.

NOTE.

The delicacy and skill manifested by Coleridge in the composition of this poem, are remarkable. No more beautiful love story was ever told.

## 31. CHARLES LAMB—(1775–1834).

Charles Lamb, poet and essayist, was born in London of parents in humble circumstances. He was a pupil in Christ's Hospital from his seventh to his fifteenth year. He was a nervous, timid, and thoughtful boy. A habit of stuttering that he had, prevented his obtaining a university education. One of the conditions imposed upon the "Blue Coat" boys who were charity scholars, was that if admitted to the university they would study for the purpose of becoming clergymen. Lamb could never have become a public speaker.

Insanity was hereditary in his family. He himself had one attack which lasted for six weeks. This was in his twentieth year. In 1796, his sister Mary, in her first violent fit of madness, killed her mother. This event determined the character of Charles Lamb's life. He devoted all his remaining years to the care of his sister. In her periods of sanity she often assisted him in his literary work. Their *Tales from Shakespeare* are still the delight of children.

From 1792 until 1825 Lamb was an accountant in the office of the East India Company. His salary, which at first was £100 a year, was gradually increased to £700. In 1825 he was pensioned upon a salary of £450. From this time until his death he devoted his time to literature. He died of erysipelas occasioned by a fall.

Lamb's best literary work are his essays. He called himself Elia, and his sister Mary, Bridget Elia. His genius was not great, but it was original and quaint. An author has said of him: "In playful humor, critical taste, and choice expression, Charles Lamb may be considered among English essayists a genuine and original master."

Lamb was always shy and nervous. He thoroughly de-

tested affectation. In conversation he was full of humor. His strongest characteristic was his amiability.

The following selection is taken from the essay entitled *The Old and the New Schoolmaster.* It may be called

## THE SCHOOLMASTER'S ISOLATION.

WHY are we never quite at our ease in the presence of a schoolmaster? Because we are conscious that he is not quite at his ease in ours. He is awkward and out of place in the society of his equals. He comes like Gulliver from among his little people, and he can not fit the stature of his understanding to yours. He can not meet you on the square. He wants a point given him, like an indifferent whist-player. He is so used to teaching that he wants to be teaching *you.* One of these professors, upon my complaining that these little sketches of mine were anything but methodical, and that I was unable to make them otherwise, kindly offered to instruct me in the method by which young gentlemen in *his* seminary were taught to compose English themes. The jests of a schoolmaster are coarse, or thin. They do not *tell,* out of school. He is under the restraint of a formal or didactic hypocrisy in company, as a clergyman is under a moral one. He can no more let his intellect loose in society than the other can his inclinations. He is forlorn among his coevals; his juniors can not be his friends.

"I take blame to myself," said a sensible man of this profession, writing to a friend respecting a youth who had quitted his school abruptly, "that your nephew was not more attached to me. But persons in my situation are more to be pitied than can well be imagined. We are surrounded by young, and, consequently, ardently affectionate hearts, but we can never hope to share an atom of their affections. The relation of master and scholar forbids this. 'How pleasing this must be to you; how I envy your feelings!' my friends

will sometimes say to me, when they see young men whom I have educated, return after some years' absence from school, their eyes shining with pleasure, while they shake hands with their old master, bringing a present of game to me, or a toy to my wife, and thanking me in the warmest terms for my care of their education. A holiday is begged for the boys; the house is a scene of happiness; I, only, am sad at heart. This fine-spirited and warm-hearted youth, who fancies he repays his master with gratitude for the care of his boyish years—this young man—in the eight long years I watched over him with a parent's anxiety, never could repay me with one look of genuine feeling. He was proud, when I praised; he was submissive, when I reproved him; but he did never *love* me—and what he now mistakes for gratitude and kindness for me, is but the pleasant sensation which all persons feel at revisiting the scenes of their boyish hopes and fears, and the seeing on equal terms the man they were accustomed to look up to with reverence.

"My wife, too," this interesting correspondent goes on to say, "my once darling Anna, is the wife of a schoolmaster. When I married her,—knowing that the wife of a schoolmaster ought to be a busy, notable creature, and fearing that my gentle Anna would ill supply the loss of my dear, bustling mother, just then dead, who never sat still, was in every part of the house in a moment, and whom I was obliged sometimes to threaten to fasten down in a chair, to save her from fatiguing herself to death,—I expressed my fears that I was bringing her into a way of life unsuitable to her; and she, who loved me tenderly, promised for my sake to exert herself to perform the duties of her new situation. She promised, and she kept her word. What wonders will not woman's love perform?—My house is managed with a propriety and decorum unknown in other schools; my boys are well fed, look healthy, and have every proper accommodation; and all this performed with a careful economy that never descends to

meanness. But I have lost my gentle, *helpless* Anna! When we sit down to enjoy an hour of repose after the fatigue of the day, I am compelled to listen to what have been her useful—and they are really useful—employments through the day, and what she proposes for her to-morrow's task. Her heart and her features are changed by the duties of her situation. To the boys, she never appears other than the *master's wife*, and she looks up to me as the *boys' master*, to whom all show of love and affection would be highly improper, and unbecoming the dignity of her situation and mine. Yet *this* my gratitude forbids me to hint to her. For my sake she submitted to be this altered creature, and can I reproach her for it?"

For the communication of this letter, I am indebted to my cousin Bridget.

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## 32. JAMES HOGG—(1770–1835).

James Hogg was called the "Ettrick Shepherd" because he was a shepherd of Ettrick Forest, now called Selkirkshire, from the age of seven years until nearly thirty.

In 1797, while watching his sheep, he first heard of Burns, and *Tam O'Shanter* was recited to him. In speaking of it he said: "I wept, and I always thought with myself:—What is to hinder me from succeeding Burns? I, too, was born on the 25th of January. Though I might never equal him in some things, I thought I might excel him in others."

Hogg had composed some songs before this, even before he could write them, but his first written songs were in 1796. The inspiration of *Tam O'Shanter* set him to educating him-

self. With him, the divine spirit of poesy elevated the man from a rude, uncouth, illiterate peasant, into a desirable companion for the great men of letters of his day.

Hogg always found friends to help and encourage him, because of his kindly disposition, his genial, unselfish nature, and his inexhaustible fund of good humor.

His first volume of poems was published at his own expense in 1801.

Hogg never succeeded in business on his own account, but his failures never disheartened him. When thirty-eight years old, he went to Edinburgh to follow literature as a profession. After a short time he published a weekly paper called *The Spy*, and continued it for a year with fair success. His valedictory is a remarkable one. He says: "They [the subscribers] have, at all events, the honor of patronizing an undertaking quite new in the records of literature; for, that a common shepherd, who never was at school; who went to service at seven years of age, and could neither read nor write with any degree of accuracy when thirty, should come to the metropolis, and all at once set up as a connoisseur in manners, taste, and genius—has much more the appearance of romance than matter-of-fact; yet a matter of fact it certainly is:—and such a person is the editor of *The Spy*."

He wrote more than thirty volumes,—songs, ballads, romantic tales in verse, dramas, stories, and essays. His best work is *The Queen's Wake*, a collection of seventeen ballads.

The chief characteristic of his imagination is a delicacy that is often exquisite. He excels in what may be called dainty conceptions. His style is as natural and clear as one of his mountain streams. His best poems are his love ballads and his fairy tales.

The following is a selection from the ballad sung by the sixteenth bard in *The Queen's Wake*. It represents May Morison standing beside the dead body of her brother on the battle-field of Cample-moor.

## MAY MORISON.

Is it a sprite that roams forlorn?
Or angel from the bowers of morn,
Come down, a tear of heaven to shed,
In pity o'er the valiant dead?
No vain, no fleeting phantom, this!
No vision from the bowers of bliss!
Its radiant eye and stately tread,
Bespeak some beauteous mountain maid;
No rose of Eden's bosom meek,
Could match that maiden's moistened cheek;
No drifted wreath of mountain snow,
The whiteness of her lofty brow;
Nor gem of India's purest dye,
The luster of her eagle eye.

When beauty, Eden's bowers within,
First stretched the arm to deeds of sin,
When passion burned, and prudence slept,
The pitying angels bent and wept.
But tears more soft were never shed,
No, not when angels bowed the head;
A sigh more mild did never breathe
O'er human nature whelmed in death;
Nor woe and dignity combine
In face so lovely, so benign,
As Douglas saw that dismal hour,
Bent o'er a corse on Cample-moor;
A lady o'er her shield, her trust,
A brave, an only brother's dust!

What heart of man unmoved can lie,
When plays the smile in beauty's eye?
Or when a form of grace and love
To music's notes can lightly move?

Yes, there are hearts unmoved can see
The smile, the ring, the revelry;
But heart of warrior ne'er could bear
The beam of beauty's crystal tear.
Well was that morn the maxim proved;
The Douglas saw, the Douglas loved.

NOTE.

The battle of Cample-moor was of no historical significance; it was simply a fight between two Scottish clans. By avenging the death of her brother, the Earl of Douglas succeeded in winning the affections of May Morison.

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## 33. THOMAS HOOD—(1798–1845).

Thomas Hood was born in London. His father was a Scotchman whose business was that of a book-seller. The father died when Hood was only twelve years old. He was a bright boy, but delicate and inclined to consumption. His whole life was really one long sickness,—a very marked illustration that a sound mind does not necessarily require a sound body.

Hood received only the rudiments of an education, hence, like Hogg, was a self-made man; but his opportunities were much more favorable than those of Hogg.

He was still a boy when put into the counting-house of a city merchant; but he was not strong enough to stand the confinement, so was sent to Dundee to recover his health. Upon his return to London he was apprenticed to his uncle, who was an engraver. As a writer he showed decided talents when quite young; but he wrote with no definite purpose until 1821, when he was appointed a sub-editor of the *London Magazine*.

Hood's first published book was entitled *Odes and Addresses to Great People.* It at once established his reputation as a humorous poet.

Hood showed a very marked versatility. He had the faculty of writing well, both in prose and verse, humorous, grave, pathetic, and sentimental compositions. He ranks as the first really great English humorist; but his pathetic poem of *The Song of the Shirt* is a composition that will probably outlive all the humor that he wrote.

Hood's most elaborate humorous poem is *Miss Kilmansegg and her Precious Leg. The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies* is a delightful imaginative poem. *The Dream of Eugene Aram* is tragic in its character.

In person, Hood was of medium height, slender and sickly looking, with a countenance, which, in repose, was melancholy. In manners he was very reserved; in habits, orderly, methodic, neat, and painstaking. His sense of humor never left him. J. R. Planché tells this anecdote of him: "In his last illness, reduced as he was to a skeleton, he noticed a very large mustard-plaster which Mrs. Hood was making for him, and exclaimed: 'O, Mary! Mary! that will be a great deal of mustard to a very little meat!'"

Although he did a great deal of editorial and other literary work which ought to have been profitable, Hood struggled all his life against poverty.

The following selection fairly represents Hood in descriptive power and in humor.

## THE DEMON SHIP.

'T was off the Wash[1]—the sun went down—the sea looked
black and grim,
For stormy clouds with murky fleece were mustering at the
brim;[2]
Titanic[3] shades! enormous gloom!—as if the solid night

Of Erebus[4] rose suddenly to seize upon the light!
It was a time for mariners to bear a wary eye,
With such a dark conspiracy between the sea and sky!

Down went the helm—close-reefed—the tack held fairly in my hand—
With ballast snug I put about and scudded for the land.[5]
Loud hissed the sea beneath her lee; my little boat flew past,
But faster still the rushing storm came, borne upon the blast.
Lord! what a roaring hurricane beset the straining sail!
What furious sleet, with level drift, and fierce assaults of hail!
What darksome caverns yawned before! what jagged steeps behind!
Like battle-steeds with foamy manes, wild tossing in the wind,
Each after each sank down astern, exhausted in the chase,
But where it sank another rose and galloped in its place;
As black as night, they turned to white, and cast against the cloud
A snowy sheet, as if each surge upturned a soldier's shroud:
Still flew my boat; alas! alas! her course was nearly run!
Behold yon fatal billow rise—ten billows heaped in one!
With fearful speed the dreary mass came rolling, rolling fast,
As if the scooping sea contained one only wave at last!
Still on it came, with horrid roar, a swift-pursuing grave;
It seemed as though some cloud had turned its hugeness to a wave!
Its briny sleet began to beat beforehand in my face—
I felt the rearward keel begin to climb its swelling base!
I saw its Alpine hoary head impending over mine!
Another pulse, and down it rushed, an avalanche of brine!
Brief pause had I on God to cry, or think of wife and home!
The waters closed—and when I shrieked, I shrieked below the foam!
Beyond that rush I have no hint of any after deed—
For I was tossing on the waste as senseless as a weed.

Where am I? in the breathing world, or in the world of death?
With sharp and sudden pang I drew another birth of breath,
My eyes drank in a doubtful light, my ears a doubtful sound,
And was that ship a *real* ship whose tackle seemed around?
A moon, as if the earthly moon, was shining up aloft;
But were those beams the very beams that I had seen so oft?
A face that mocked the human face before me watched alone;
But were those eyes the eyes of men that looked against my own?
O! never may the moon again disclose me such a sight
As met my gaze, when first I looked on that accursed night.
I've seen a thousand horrid shapes begot of fierce extremes
Of fever; and most frightful things have haunted in my dreams—
Hyenas, cats, blood-loving bats, and apes with hateful stare,
Pernicious snakes, and shaggy bulls, the lion and she-bear,
Strong enemies, with Judas[6] looks of treachery and spite—
Detested features, hardly dimmed and banished by the light!
Pale-sheeted ghosts, with gory locks, upstarting from their tombs—
All fantasies and images that flit in midnight glooms—
Hags, goblins, demons, lemures,[7] have made me all aghast,—
But nothing like that grimy one who stood beside the mast!
His cheek was black—his brow was black—his eyes and hair as dark:
His hand was black, and where it touched, it left a sable mark;
His throat was black, his vest the same, and when I looked beneath,
His breast was black—all, all was black except his grinning teeth.
His sooty crew were like in hue, as black as Afric slaves!
O, horror! e'en the ship was black that plowed the inky waves!
"Alas!" I cried, "for love of truth and blessed mercy's sake,
Where am I? in what dreadful ship? upon what dreadful lake?

What shape is that so very grim, and black as any coal?
It is Mahound,[8] the Evil One, and he has gained my soul!
O mother dear! my tender nurse! dear meadows that beguiled
My happy days, when I was yet a little sinless child,—
My mother dear—my native fields—I never more shall see!
I'm sailing in the Devil's Ship, upon the Devil's Sea!"

Loud laughed that Sable Mariner, and loudly in return
His sooty crew sent forth a laugh that rang from stem to stern—
A dozen pair of grimy cheeks were crumpled on the nonce—
As many sets of grinning teeth came shining out at once:
A dozen gloomy shapes at once enjoyed the merry fit,
With shriek and yell and oaths as well like demons of the Pit.[9]
They crowed their fill, and then the chief made answer for the whole;—
"Our skins," said he, "are black, ye see, because we carry coal;
You'll find your mother sure enough, and see your native fields—
For this here ship has picked you up—the Mary Ann of Shields!"[10]

NOTES.

[1] *The Wash.* A marshy estuary on the east central coast of England, twenty miles long and fifteen miles wide.

[2] *Brim.* Horizon.

[3] *Titanic.* Gigantic.

[4] *Erebus.* God of darkness.

[5] These nautical terms are purposely misapplied.

[6] *Judas* was the apostle who betrayed Christ to his enemies.

[7] *Lemures.* Evil spirits who wandered about the earth afflicting mankind with incurable illness.

[8] *Mahound.* A term of contempt applied to Mohammed or any pagan god.

[9] *The Pit.* Hell.

[10] *Shields.* A sea-port in northeastern England.

## 34. MARIA EDGEWORTH — (1767–1849).

Maria Edgeworth preceded Scott as a novelist about fourteen years. She was actually a source of inspiration to him. What she had done for the natives of Ireland, he hoped to be able to do for those of Scotland.

Maria Edgeworth was the first English writer of fiction who had moral instruction for an object. She was not only an admirable painter of national manners, but also a teacher whose lessons were always profitable. Although stories for children have, in recent years, taken a more attractive form, they can not surpass the good effects of Miss Edgeworth's tales for young people. She was an instructor of the young as well as the old.

Miss Edgeworth was born in England, where she passed her early life; but when she was twelve years old, her father, who was an Irishman, came into possession of the family estate in the central part of Ireland, which then became her home. Young as she was, her powers of observation were so keen that she noticed the differences between the Irish, and the people she had known in England. She made good use of this contrast when she began to write. An odd coincidence is that Oliver Goldsmith was born upon the Edgeworth estate.

All the tuition Miss Edgeworth received was from her father; and, in later years, she became his companion. She was accustomed to a house full of children, and to writing amid all the confusion which so many children usually make.

Her first novel, *Castle Rackrent*, was published anonymously in 1800. It became popular at once. This is a remarkable fact, because it is founded on neither love nor marriage, nor does it contain any of the usual expedients to

hold the attention of the reader. It therefore best illustrates her originality and fertility of invention. She lacks warmth of imagination, but this is made up by her keenness of observation and her naturalness in delineating character.

She was a voluminous writer, and has the credit of never repeating her dialogues, incidents, characters, or plots. Her most vigorous tales are those of fashionable life. Of these, *The Absentee* is probably the best.

The following selection is taken from *The Absentee.* It strongly portrays the simplicity of character of the Irish peasant. It is a portion of Larry Brady's letter to his brother. Larry was a servant who drove a part of the Clonbrony family to their home upon their return from England. Although comparatively few dialect words are marked, the idiom throughout is thoroughly Irish.

## THE ABSENTEE'S RETURN.

So some weeks past, and there was great cleaning at Clonbrony Castle, and in the town of Clonbrony; and the new agent's smart and clever; and he had the glaziers and the painters, and the slaters, up and down in the town wherever wanted; and you would 'nt know it again. Thinks I, this is no bad sign! now, cock up your ears, Pat! for the great news is coming, and the good. The master's come home, long life to him! and the family come home yesterday, all entirely! The ould lord and the young lord, (ay, there 's the man, Paddy!) and my lady and Miss Nugent. And I driv Miss Nugent's maid and another; so I had the luck to be in it along wid 'em, and see all from first to last. And first, I must tell you, my young Lord Colambre remembered and noticed me the minute he lit at our inn, and condescended to beckon me out of the yard to him, and axed me—"Friend Larry," says he, "did you keep your promise?"—"My oath again

the whisky, is it?" says I. "My lord, I surely did," said I; which was true, as all the country knows I never tasted a drop since. "And I'm proud to see your honor, my lord, as good as your word, too, and back again among us." So then there was a call for the horses; and no more at that time passed betwixt my young lord and me, but that he pointed me out to the ould one, as I went off. I noticed and thanked him for it in my heart, though I did not know all the good was to come of it. Well, no more of myself for the present.

Ogh, it's I driv 'em well: and we all got to the great gate of the park before sunset, and as fine an evening as ever you see; with the sun shining on the tops of the trees, as the ladies noticed; the leaves changed, but not dropped, though so late in the season. I believe the leaves knew what they were about, and kept on, on purpose to welcome them; and the birds were singing, and I stopped whistling that they might hear them; but sorrow bit could they hear when they got to the park gate, for there was such a crowd and such a shout as you never see—and they had the horses off every carriage entirely, and drew 'em home, with blessings, through the park. And, God bless 'em! when they got out, they did'nt go shut themselves up in the great drawing room, but went straight out to the tirrass, to satisfy the eyes and hearts that followed them. My lady laning on my young lord, and Miss Grace Nugent that was, the beautifulest angel that ever you set eyes on, with the finest complexion and sweetest of smiles, laning upon the ould lord's arm, who had his hat off, bowing to all, and noticing the old tenants as he passed, by name. O, there was great gladness and tears in the midst; for joy, I could scarce keep from myself.

After a turn or two upon the tirrass, my Lord Colambre quit his mother's arm for a minute, and he come to the edge of the slope, and looked down and through all the crowd for some one.

"Is it the widow O'Neil, my lord?" says I; "she's yonder, with the white kerchief, betwixt her son and daughter, as usual."

Then my lord beckoned, and they did not know which of the three would stir; and then he gave three beckons with his own finger, and they all three came fast enough to the bottom of the slope forenent my lord: and he went down and helped the widow up (O, he's the true gintleman) and brought 'em all three up on the tirrass to my lady and Miss Nugent; and I was close up after, that I might hear, which was n't manners, but I could n't help it. So what he said I don't well know, for I could not get near enough after all. But I saw my lady smile very kind, and take the widow O'Neil by the hand, and then my Lord Colambre 'troduced Grace to Miss Nugent, and there was the word *namesake*, and something about a check curtain; but whatever it was, they was all greatly pleased: then my Lord Colambre turned and looked for Brian who had fell back, and took him, with some commendation, to my lord, his father. And my lord the master, said, which I did n't know till after, that they should have their house and farm at the ould rent; and at the surprise, the widow dropped down dead; and there was a cry as for ten beerings. "Be qui'te," says I, "she's only kilt for joy;" and I went and lift her up, for her son had no more strength that minute than the child new-born; and Grace trembled like a leaf, as white as the sheet, but not long, for the mother came to, and was as well as ever when I brought some water which Miss Nugent handed to her with her own hand.

"That was always pretty and good," said the widow, laying her hand upon Miss Nugent, "and kind and good to me and mine."

That minute there was music from below. The blind harper, O'Neil, with his harp, had struck up "Gracey Nugent."

And that finished, and my Lord Colambre smiling, with the tears standing in his eyes, too, and the ould lord quite wiping his, I ran to the tirrass brink to bid O'Neil play it again; but as I run, I thought I heard a voice call "Larry!"

"Who calls Larry?" says I.

"My Lord Colambre," says all at once; and four takes me by the shoulders, and spins me round. "There's my young lord calling you, Larry,—run for your life."

So I ran back for my life, and walked respectful, with my hat in my hand, when I got near.

"Put on your hat; my father desires it;" says my Lord Colambre. The ould lord made a sign to that purpose, but was too full to speak. "Where's your father?" continues my young lord. "He's very ould, my lord," says I.—"I didn't ax you how ould he was," says he; "but where is he?"—"He's behind the crowd below, on account of his infirmities; he couldn't walk so fast as the rest, my lord," says I; "but his heart is with you, if not his body."—"I must have his body, too, so bring him bodily before us; and this shall be your warrant for so doing," said my lord, joking: for he knows the natur of us, Paddy, and how we love a joke in our hearts, as well as if he had lived all his life in Ireland; and by the same token will, for that rason, do what he pleases with us, and more may be than a man twice as good, that never would smile on us.

But I'm telling you of my father. "I've a warrant for you, father," says I; "and must have you bodily before the justice, and my lord chief justice." So he changed color a bit at first; but he saw me smile. "And I've done no sin," said he; "and, Larry, you may lead me now as you led me all my life."

And up the slope he went with me as light as fifteen; and when we got up, my Lord Clonbrony said: "I am sorry an old tenant, and a good old tenant as I hear you were, should have been turned out of your farm."

"Don't fret; it's no great matter, my lord," said my father. "I shall be soon out of the way; but if you would be so kind to speak a word for my boy here, and that I could afford, while the life is in me, to bring my other boy back out of banishment."

"Then," says my Lord Clonbrony, "I'll give you and your sons three lives, or thirty-one years, from this day, of your former farm. Return to it when you please."

O, how could I thank him,—not a word could I proffer,—but I know I clasped my two hands and prayed for him inwardly. And my father was dropping down on his knees, but the master would not let him; and obsarved, that posture should only be for his God. And sure enough, in that posture, when he was out of sight, we did pray for him that night, and will all our days.

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## 35. WILLIAM WORDSWORTH—(1770–1850).

WORDSWORTH is a poet who has been subjected to more extravagant criticism than any other English writer. Those who have had the patience to look for the genuine poetry he has written, place him next to Shakespeare; others claim that he is utterly deficient in the real poetic faculty.

These diverse opinions show that the poet certainly possessed originality. His mistakes were two; first: that everything in nature, however insignificant, is a fit subject for poetic treatment; second: that simplicity of language always means simplicity of thought. When he succeeded in avoiding these mistakes, his muse was always true to him.

Wordsworth was born in the county of Cumberland, in

northwestern England. His parents died when he was still a boy, but he was sent by an uncle to St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1787. Not being much of a student of books, he did not like university life. He was in France in 1791, and looked at the Revolution with enthusiastic admiration. He, as well as Burns, Coleridge, Southey, and Campbell expected a new era of liberty and happiness. Wordsworth, however, soon lost his enthusiasm.

Wordsworth decided to be a poet. As he never could have made a living by writing poetry, he was fortunate in receiving help at different times during his life that rendered him practically independent. He obtained a bequest from a young friend who died under his care; received his share of a large debt which had been due to his father from Lord Lonsdale; was made distributor of stamps for Westmoreland; and, in 1842, received a pension. The last thirty-seven years of Wordsworth's life were passed at Rydal Mount, a small village in sight of Rydal Mere. Here, with his sister Dorothy, who was his second self in inspiration, he lived a life of cheerful and dignified poetical retirement.

Wordsworth's favorite theme was the influence of nature on man. This found its best expression in *The Excursion*. This lengthy poem was to be the second part of a most elaborate philosophical composition entitled *The Recluse*. *The Excursion* is a rude and unskillful framework for descriptions of nature, and for philosophical discussions. It contains many passages of rare beauty, but they appeal more strongly to the intellect than to the imagination.

The principal negative characteristics of Wordsworth are: he had no sense of humor, was deficient in self-denial and real generosity, was not a reader of any other works than his own, and was not ignorant of his genius as a poet.

He wrote some of the best sonnets in the English language.

The following selection is taken from Book II. of *The Excursion*. It is a remarkably graphic description of

## THE MOUNTAINS AFTER A STORM.

A SINGLE step that freed me from the skirts
Of the blind vapor, opened to my view
Glory beyond all glory ever seen
By waking sense, or by the dreaming soul!
The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,
Was of a mighty city—boldly say
A wilderness of building, sinking far
And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth,
Far sinking into splendor—without end!
Fabric it seemed of diamond and of gold,
With alabaster domes and silver spires,
And blazing terrace upon terrace, high
Uplifted; here, serene pavilions bright,
In avenues disposed; there, towers begirt
With battlements, that on their restless fronts
Bore stars—illumination of all gems!
By earthly nature had the effect been wrought
Upon the dark materials of the storm
Now pacified; on them, and on the coves
And mountain steeps and summits, whereunto
The vapors had receded, taking there
Their station under a cerulean sky.
Oh, 't was an unimaginable sight!
Clouds, mists, streams, watery rocks, and emerald turf,
Clouds of all tincture, rocks, and sapphire sky,
Confused, commingled, mutually inflamed,
Molten together, and composing thus,
Each lost in each, that marvelous array
Of temple, palace, citadel, and huge
Fantastic pomp of structure without name,
In fleecy folds voluminous, enwrapped.
Right in the midst, where interspace appeared

Of open court, an object like a throne
Under a shining canopy of state
Stood fixed; and fixed resemblances were seen
To implements of ordinary use,
But vast in size, in substance glorified;
Such as by Hebrew prophets were beheld
In vision—forms uncouth of mightiest power
For admiration and mysterious awe.
This little vale, a dwelling-place of men,
Lay low beneath my feet; 't was visible—
I saw not, but I felt that it was there.
That which I *saw* was the revealed abode
Of spirits in beatitude; my heart
Swelled in my breast. "I have been dead," I cried,
"And now I live! Oh! wherefore do I live?"[1]

NOTES.

[1] I never before so fully realized the magnificence of God's works. If this is but the beginning of a new life in me, what a glorious prospect is there of the future.

To one familiar with mountain scenery the above description will be very impressive, not in what is expressly stated, but in what is suggested to the imagination.

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## 36. JAMES FENIMORE COOPER—(1789–1851).

Judge William Cooper, the father of the author, bought a large tract of land near lake Otsego, New York, where he laid out a village and named it Cooperstown. Thither he moved from Burlington, New Jersey, shortly after James Fenimore was born. Here the future novelist spent his early boyhood. It was a wild, unbroken country at that

time, and it made impressions on his warm imagination that were of great service to him in after years.

Cooper spent three years at Yale College, after which he was appointed a midshipman in the Navy. After six years of service, during which time he rose to the rank of lieutenant, he resigned, married, settled down at Mamaroneck, on Long Island Sound, and devoted himself to literature. It was the desire of improving the popular novels of the day that first gave him the notion of writing. His success was remarkable, and he still very properly ranks among the greatest of American novelists.

He was a very voluminous writer. He published thirty-three novels, ten volumes of sketches of European travels—he spent six years in Europe—*A History of the Navy of the United States*, and many miscellaneous essays. His novels, upon which his reputation is based, are of very unequal merit, but all are interesting. Probably the best are, *The Spy*, *The Prairie*, *The Last of the Mohicans*, *The Pilot*, and *The Red Rover*. The last two are sea stories, which are remarkable for the interest they excite in the reader.

No American writer has attained wider fame than James Fenimore Cooper. Some of his novels have been translated into nearly all the European and some of the oriental languages. Although subjected to the severest criticisms from the press of his own country, and, on account of his peculiar personal characteristics, involved in constant controversy, his merits as an author were always appreciated by the people at large.

He was a man of fine physical appearance and blunt manners, who had many warm friends and bitter enemies.

He excels in poetical descriptions of natural scenery, and in glowing pictures of the sea.

The following selection is taken from Chapter XVIII. of *The Last of the Mohicans*. Three days after the treacherous massacre at Fort William Henry, Major Munro, the former

commander of the fort, returns in search of his two missing daughters, Cora and Alice. He is accompanied by Major Heyward, Hawk-eye, the scout, and the two Delaware Indians, Chingachgook and Uncas. As they are unable to find the dead bodies of the young women, the members of the party carefully examine the vicinity in order to find some traces by which the escape of Cora and Alice is indicated.

### FINDING THE TRAIL.

"HUGH!" exclaimed Chingachgook, who had been occupied in examining an opening that had been evidently made through the low underbrush which skirted the forest; and who now stood erect, as he pointed downwards, in the attitude and with the air of a man who beheld a disgusting serpent.

"Here is the palpable impression of the footstep of a man," cried Heyward, bending over the indicated spot: "he has trod in the margin of this pool, and the mark can not be mistaken. They are captives."

"Better so than left to starve in the wilderness," returned the scout; "and they will leave a wider trail. I would wager fifty beaver skins to as many flints, that the Mohicans and I enter their wigwams within the month! Stoop to it, Uncas, and try what you can make of that moccasin; for moccasin it plainly is, and no shoe."

The young Mohican bent over the track, and, removing the scattered leaves from around the place, he examined it with much of that sort of scrutiny that a money-dealer, in these days of pecuniary doubts, would bestow on a suspected due-bill. At length he arose from his knees, as if satisfied with the result of the examination.

"Well, boy," demanded the attentive scout, "what does it say? can you make anything of the tell-tale?"

"Le Renard Subtil!"[1]

"Ha! that rampaging devil again! there never will be an end of his loping till 'kill-deer'[2] has said a friendly word to him."

Heyward reluctantly admitted the truth of this intelligence, and now expressed rather his hopes than his doubts by saying: "One moccasin is so much like another, it is probable there is some mistake."

"One moccasin like another! you may as well say that one foot is like another, though we all know that some are long and others short; some broad and others narrow; some with high, and some with low insteps; some in-toed and some out. One moccasin is no more like another than one book is like another; though they who can read in one are seldom able to tell the marks of the other,—which is all ordered for the best, giving to every man his natural advantages. Let me get down to it, Uncas; neither book nor moccasin is the worse for having two opinions instead of one." The scout stooped to the task, and instantly added: "You are right, boy;[3] here is the patch we saw so often on the other chase. And the fellow will drink when he can get an opportunity; your drinking Indian always learns to walk with a wider toe than the natural savage, it being the gift of a drunkard whether of white or red skin. 'T is just the length and breadth, too! look at it, Sagamore: you measured the prints more than once, when we hunted the varments from Glenn's to the health-springs."

Chingachgook complied; and after finishing his short examination, he arose, and with a quiet and grave demeanor he merely pronounced, though with a foreign accent, the word—

"Magua."

"Ay, 't is a settled thing; here, then, have passed the dark-hair and Magua."

"And not Alice?" demanded the startled Heyward.

"Of her we have not yet seen the signs," returned the scout, looking closely around at the trees, the bushes, and

the ground. "What have we there? Uncas, bring hither the thing you see dangling from yonder thorn-bush."

When the youthful Indian warrior had complied, the scout received the prize, and holding it on high, he laughed in his silent but heartfelt manner before he said:

"'Tis the tooting we'pon of the singer![4] now we shall have a trail a priest might travel. Uncas, look for the marks of a shoe that is long enough to uphold six feet two of tottering human flesh. I begin to have some hopes of the fellow, since he has given up squalling, to follow, perhaps, some better trade."

"At least he has been faithful to his trust," said Heyward, "and Cora and Alice are not without a friend."

"Yes," said Hawk-eye, dropping his rifle and leaning on it with an air of visible contempt, "he will do their singing! Can he slay a buck for their dinner; journey by the moss on the beeches; or cut the throat of a Huron? If not, the first cat-bird he meets is the cleverest fellow of the two. Well, boy, any signs of such a foundation?"

"Here is something like the footstep of one who has worn a shoe," said Heyward, changing the subject; "can it be that of our friend?"

"Touch the leaves lightly, or you'll disconsart the formation. That is the print of a foot, but t'is the dark-hair's; and small it is, too, for one of such a noble height and grand appearance. The singer would cover it with his heel."

"Where! let me look on the footsteps of my child," said Munro, eagerly shoving the bushes aside and bending fondly over the nearly obliterated impression. Though the tread which had left the mark had been light and rapid, it was still very plainly visible. The aged soldier examined it with eyes that grew dim as he gazed; nor did he rise from his stooping posture until Heyward saw that he had watered the graceful trace of his daughter's passage with a scalding and heavy tear. Willing to divert a distress which threat-

ened each moment to break through the restraint of appearances, the young man said to the scout: "As we now possess these infallible signs, let us commence our march. A moment, at such a time, will appear an age to the captives."

"It is not the swiftest leaping deer that gives the longest chase," returned Hawk-eye, without moving his eyes from considering the different marks that had come under his view; "we know that the rampaging Huron has passed—and the dark-hair—and the singer—but where is she of the yellow locks and blue eyes? Though little, and far from being as bold as her sister, she is fair to the view, and pleasant in discourse. Has she no friend, that none care for her?"

"God forbid she should ever want hundreds! Are we not now in her pursuit? for one, I will never cease the search till she be found."

"In that case we may have to journey by different paths; for here she has not passed, light and little as her footsteps would be."

Heyward drew back, all his ardor to proceed seeming to vanish on the instant. Without attending to this sudden change in the other's humor, the scout, after musing a moment, continued: "There is no woman in this wilderness could leave such a print as that, but the dark-hair or her sister. We know that the first has been here, but where are the signs of the other? Let us push deeper on the trail, and if nothing offers, we must go back to the plain and strike another scent. Move on, Uncas, and keep your eyes on the dried leaves. I will watch the bushes, while your father shall run with a low nose to the ground. Move on, friends; the sun is getting behind the hills."

"Is there nothing that I can do?" demanded the anxious Heyward.

"You!" repeated the scout, who, with his red friends, was already advancing in the order he had prescribed; "Yes, you can keep in our rear, and be careful not to cross the trail."

Before they had proceeded many rods the Indians stopped, and appeared to gaze at some signs on the earth with more than their usual keenness. Both father and son spoke quick and loud, now looking at the object of their mutual admiration, and now regarding each other with the most unequivocal pleasure.

"They have found the little foot!"[5] exclaimed the scout, moving forward without attending further to his own portion of the duty. "What have we here? An ambushment has been planted in the spot! No, by the truest rifle on the frontiers, here have been them one-sided horses[6] again! Now the whole secret is out, and all is plain as the north star at midnight. Yes, here they have mounted. There, the beasts have been bound to a sapling, in waiting; and yonder runs the broad path away to the north, in full sweep for the Canadas."

"But still there are no signs of Alice—of the younger Miss Munro,"—said Duncan.

"Unless the shining bauble Uncas has just lifted from the ground should prove one. Pass it this way, lad, that we may look at it."

Heyward instantly knew it for a trinket that Alice was fond of wearing, and which he recollected, with the tenacious memory of a lover, to have seen on the fatal morning of the massacre dangling from the fair neck of his mistress. He seized the highly prized jewel; and as he proclaimed the fact, it vanished from the eyes of the wondering scout, who in vain looked for it on the ground long after it was warmly pressed against the beating heart of Duncan.

"Pshaw!" said the disappointed Hawk-eye, ceasing to rake the leaves with the breach of his rifle; "'tis a certain sign of age, when the sight begins to weaken. Such a glittering gewgaw, and not to be seen! Well, well, I can squint along a clouded barrel yet, and that is enough to settle all disputes between me and the Mingoes. I should like to find

the thing, too, if it were only to carry it to the right owner, and that would be bringing the two ends of what I call a long trail, together; for by this time the broad St. Lawrence, or perhaps even the Great Lakes themselves, are atwixt us."

"So much the more reason why we should not delay our march," returned Heyward; "let us proceed."

"Young blood and hot blood, they say, are much the same thing. We are not about to start on a squirrel hunt, or to drive a deer into the Horicon,[7] but to outlie for days and nights, and to stretch across a wilderness where the feet of men seldom go, and where no bookish knowledge would carry you through harmless. An Indian never starts on such an expedition without smoking over his council-fire; and though a man of white blood, I honor their customs in this particular, seeing that they are deliberate and wise. We will, therefore, go back and light our fire to-night in the ruins of the old fort, and in the morning we shall be fresh, and ready to undertake our work like men, and not like babbling women or eager boys."

NOTES.

[1] *Le Renard Subtil.* "The Wily Fox," a name applied to *Magua*, the most influential of the younger chiefs of the Hurons. The Hurons were the deadly enemies of the Mohicans, and were allies of the French.

[2] *Kill-deer.* The name given by Hawk-eye to his rifle.

[3] The Indian was always noted for his keen observation. Hence his skill in determining the character of footprints. Here the white man "Hawk-eye," or the "Scout," shows equal skill with the Indian.

[4] *The tooting we'pon of the singer.* The tuning-fork of David Gamut, a singing-teacher, and very eccentric in character.

[5] *The little foot.* The footstep of the younger sister, Agnes Munro, with whom Duncan Heyward is in love.

[6] *One-sided horses.* Pacing horses. A horse paces when he moves a fore-foot and a hind-foot on one side at the same time.

[7] *The Horicon.* Lake George, a beautiful body of water in north-eastern New York.

## 37. THOMAS MOORE—(1779–1852).

Thomas Moore is the most noted of Irish poets. His Irish melodies have enjoyed a popularity beyond that of any similar poems in the English language. This is largely due to his keen musical sense. He himself says: "I have always felt, in adapting words to an expressive air, that I was bestowing upon it the gift of articulation, and thus enabling it to speak to others all that was conveyed, in its wordless eloquence, to myself."

He was born in Dublin, of Catholic parents. His father was a grocer. At an early age he began to write verses, and while at Trinity College, Dublin, distinguished himself by his classical acquirements.

His life was one of unbroken success, with one exception. In 1804, he accepted the position of registrar to the admiralty in Bermuda. A dishonest deputy involved him so much in debt that he was compelled to reside in Paris until the matter was satisfactorily adjusted. Influential friends stood ready to help him, but his independent spirit compelled him to rely upon his own exertions.

From the time of his marriage, in 1811, until a few years before his death, Moore devoted himself to literature. He was remarkable for his industry, notwithstanding he spent much of his time in London, away from his home in Wiltshire, in social life among people of rank. Among his many works in prose and verse, a few, besides his *Irish Melodies*, stand out very prominently. Of these, the best are *Lalla Rookh*, published in 1817, and *The Epicurean*, published in 1827. The former is an oriental romance consisting of four tales in verse connected by a slight narrative in prose. It is almost gorgeous in poetical imagery, and is remarkable for the truthfulness of its descriptions of scenery and manners.

The same may be said of *The Epicurean*, although written in prose.

Moore was a man of small stature and quite near-sighted. His sensibility was as delicate as that of a woman, hence he was quickly moved to smiles and tears. He had a sweet, kindly, gentle expression, and was lively and polite in manners. He could not bear unfavorable criticism. He fought a bloodless duel with the famous critic, Jeffrey, because of his critical harshness. Vanity and selfishness were his worst faults, but he never lost any friends on account of them.

In his last years Moore became an imbecile because of softening of the brain. Of this disease he died.

The following selection is taken from *The Fireworshipers* in *Lalla Rookh*. After a fruitless struggle against overwhelming numbers, Hafed, the chief of the Fireworshipers, with the few of his band that are left, take refuge in a ruined temple on the summit of an immense cliff.

### THE LAST REFUGE.

On the land side, those towers sublime,
That seemed above the grasp of Time,
Were severed from the haunts of men
By a wide, deep, and wizard glen,
So fathomless, so full of gloom,
No eye could pierce the void between;
It seemed a place where Ghouls[1] might come
With their foul banquets from the tomb,
And in its caverns feed unseen.
Like distant thunder from below,
The sound of many torrents came;
Too deep for eye or ear to know
If 't were the sea's imprisoned flow,
Or floods of ever-restless flame.

For each ravine, each rocky spire
Of that vast mountain, stood on fire;
And though forever past the days
When God was worshiped in the blaze
That from its lofty altar shone,—
Though fled the priests, the votaries gone,
Still did the mighty flame burn on
Through chance and change, through good and ill,
Like its own God's eternal will,
Deep, constant, bright, unquenchable!

Thither the vanquished Hafed led
His little army's last remains;—
"Welcome, terrific glen!" he said,
"Thy gloom that Eblis'[2] self might dread,
Is heaven to him who flies from chains!"
O'er a dark, narrow bridge-way, known
To him and to his chiefs alone,
They crossed the chasm and gained the towers;—
"This home," he cried, "at least is ours—
Here we may bleed, unmocked by hymns
Of Moslem triumph o'er our head;
Here we may fall, nor leave our limbs
To quiver to the Moslem's tread;
Stretched on this rock, while vultures' beaks
Are whetted on our yet warm cheeks,
Here,—happy that no tyrant's eye
Gloats on our torments—we may die!"

'Twas night when to those towers they came;
And gloomily the fitful flame,
That from the ruined altar broke,
Glared on his features as he spoke:—
"'Tis o'er—what men could do, we've done:
If Iran[3] *will* look tamely on,

And see her priests, her warriors driven
Before a sensual bigot's nod,
A wretch who shrines his lusts in heaven,
And makes a pander of his God!—
If her proud sons, her high-born souls,
Men in whose veins—O, last disgrace!
The blood of Zal and Rustam,[4] rolls,—
If they *will* court this upstart race[5]
And turn from Mithra's[6] ancient ray,
To kneel at shrines of yesterday!—
If they *will* crouch to Iran's foes,
Why, let them—till the land's despair
Cries out to Heaven, and bondage grows
Too vile for ev'n the vile to bear!
Till shame at last, long hidden, burns
Their inmost core, and conscience turns
Each coward tear the slave lets fall,
Back on his heart in drops of gall!
But *here*, at least, are arms unchained,
And souls that thralldom never stained;—
This spot, at least, no foot of slave
Or satrap ever yet profaned;
And, though but few—though fast the wave
Of life is ebbing from our veins,
Enough for vengeance still remains.
As panthers, after set of sun,
Rush from the roots of Lebanon[7]
Across the dark sea-robber's way,
We'll bound upon our startled prey;—
And when some hearts that proudest swell
Have felt our falchion's[8] last farewell,
When hope's expiring throb is o'er,
And ev'n despair can prompt no more,
This spot shall be the sacred grave
Of the last few who, vainly brave,

Die for the land they can not save!"
His chiefs stood round—each shining blade
Upon the broken altar laid—
And though so wild and desolate
Those courts, where once the mighty sate;
Nor longer on those moldering towers
Was seen the feast of fruit and flowers,
With which of old the Magi[9] fed
The wandering spirits of their dead;
Though neither priests nor rites were there,
Nor charméd leaf of pure pomegranate,
Nor hymns, nor censer's fragrant air,
Nor symbol of their worshiped planet;
Yet the same God that heard their sires,
Heard *them;* while on that altar's fires
They swore the latest, holiest deed
Of the few hearts still left to bleed,
Should be, in Iran's injured name,
To die upon that Mount of Flame—
The last of all her patriot line,
Before her last untrampled shrine!

NOTES.

1 *Ghouls.* Imaginary evil demons among Eastern nations, that preyed upon human bodies.

2 *Eblis.* Monarch of the spirits of evil.

3 *Iran.* The ancient name of Persia.

4 *Zal* and *Rustam.* *Zal* was a king of India and a regular descendant of Benjamin, the beloved son of Jacob, the patriarch. *Rustam* was the son of *Zal.* He was one of the bravest and most famous of the Persian heroes.

5 *Upstart race.* The Mohammedans.

6 *Mithra.* A supreme divinity in the sun worship of the ancient Persians, the personification of fecundity or the renewal of life.

7 *Lebanon.* A mountain range of Syria.

8 *Falchion.* A short, crooked sword.

9 *Magi.* The priestly caste of the ancient Persians.

## 38. DANIEL WEBSTER — (1782 – 1852).

Daniel Webster was one of the greatest American statesmen and orators. As an interpreter and defender of the Constitution of the United States, he has never had an equal.

He was born in Franklin, New Hampshire. The schools at that time were very poor, so that he received the best part of his early education from his parents. In 1796 he was sent to Phillips-Exeter Academy, and in 1797 entered Dartmouth College, where he partly supported himself, and helped his brother Ezekiel. While at college he became familiar with the ancient classics, for which he retained a fondness during life. He was also an earnest student of history and general literature.

After graduating at the head of his class, in 1801, Webster began the study of law, a profession which gave his talents their best opportunity for development. In 1805, after admission to the bar, he settled at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where he soon acquired a good practice.

Webster entered politics when party spirit was extravagantly high. He took the side of the Federalists, a party which was afterwards merged in the Whig party. He was first elected to Congress in 1812, when the nation was preparing for a war with England. As a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs he greatly distinguished himself.

The burning of his residence at Portsmouth in 1813 determined Webster to move to Boston. At the close of his second term in Congress, in 1816, therefore, he made his home in that city. For seven years he devoted himself exclusively to his profession as one of Boston's greatest lawyers. It was his successful argument in the Dartmouth College case that established his reputation as a great constitutional lawyer. He also stood very high as a criminal lawyer.

The first of the series of great speeches on other than political subjects that Webster delivered, was at Plymouth, in 1820, on *The First Settlement of New England.* His greatest speech was delivered in the Senate Chamber at Washington in 1830. It was his second speech on Foote's resolution relative to the survey of the public lands. The speech had nothing to do with the resolution, but was a magnificent argument against the right of a State to make void an act of Congress.

From 1827 to the end of his life Webster was either a senator or a cabinet officer, and took a very important part in all political questions of any consequence. He died at his country home, called Marshfield, twenty-five miles south of Boston.

Webster was of an imposing presence, and had a large head, bright, deep-seated eyes, and a powerful, flexible voice. In speaking, his action was always appropriate, but not graceful. His best intellectual work was done in the morning. He was very social in his tastes and an excellent talker. His greatest amusements were in fishing and hunting. The happiest hours of his life were spent on his farm at Marshfield, for he was a good farmer, theoretically and practically.

The following selection is from *The First Settlement of New England.*

## THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.[1]

We have come to this Rock,[2] to record here our homage for our Pilgrim Fathers; our sympathy in their sufferings; our gratitude for their labors; our admiration of their virtues; our veneration for their piety; and our attachment to those principles of civil and religious liberty, which they encountered the dangers of the ocean, the storms of heaven, the violence of savages, disease, exile, and famine, to enjoy and to establish. And we would leave here, also, for the generations which are rising up rapidly to fill our places, some

proof that we have endeavored to transmit the great inheritance unimpaired; that in our estimate of public principles and private virtue, in our veneration of religion and piety, in our devotion to civil and religious liberty, in our regard for whatever advances human knowledge or improves human happiness, we are not altogether unworthy of our origin.

There is a local feeling connected with this occasion too strong to be resisted; a sort of *genius of the place*, which inspires and awes us. We feel that we are on the spot where the first scene of our history was laid; where the hearths and altars of New England were first placed; where Christianity and civilization and letters made their first lodgment, in a vast extent of country, covered with a wilderness, and peopled by roving barbarians. We are here, at the season of the year at which the event took place. The imagination irresistibly and rapidly draws around us the principal features and the leading characters in the original scene. We cast our eyes abroad on the ocean, and we see where the little bark,[3] with the interesting group upon its deck, made its slow progress to the shore. We look around us and behold the hills and promontories where the anxious eyes of our fathers first saw the places of habitation and of rest. We feel the cold which benumbed, and listen to the winds which pierced them. Beneath us is the Rock, on which New England received the feet of the Pilgrims. We seem even to behold them as they struggle with the elements, and, with toilsome efforts, gain the shore. We listen to the chiefs in council; we see the unexampled exhibition of female fortitude and resignation; we hear the whisperings of youthful impatience, and we see, what a painter of our own has also represented by his pencil, chilled and shivering childhood, houseless but for a mother's arms, couchless but for a mother's breast, till our own blood almost freezes. The mild dignity of Carver and of Bradford; the decisive and soldier-like air and manner of Standish; the devout Brewster; the

enterprising Allerton;[4] the general firmness and thoughtfulness of the whole band; their conscious joy for dangers escaped; their deep solicitude about dangers to come; their trust in Heaven; their high religious faith, full of confidence and anticipation; all of these seem to belong to this place, and to be present upon this occasion, to fill us with reverence and admiration.

NOTES.

1 *The Pilgrims.* The 102 Puritans who landed from the Mayflower in December, 1620. Although differing among themselves, they all agreed in opposing the services of the Established Church.

2 *This Rock.* Plymouth Rock, upon which the Pilgrims landed.

3 *The little bark.* The Mayflower.

4 *Carver, Bradford, Standish, Brewster, Allerton,* were the most prominent of the Puritans. The first two were governors; Standish had charge of military affairs; Brewster, although not an ordained minister, had charge of the church; and Allerton was the business-man of the colony.

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## 39. JOHN WILSON, (CHRISTOPHER NORTH).

(1785–1854).

John Wilson is the most remarkable illustration in English literature of a sound mind in a sound body. In school and college he was foremost as an athlete and a student. In manhood he excelled as a horseman, an oarsman, and a pedestrian; and as a critic, and a lecturer upon moral philosophy.

His father was a rich manufacturer in Paisley, Scotland. At his death a large fortune was left to young Wilson, who never knew what it was to be poor. He studied merely for the love of study.

After having spent six years at the University of Glasgow,

Wilson was transferred, in 1804, to Magdalen College, Oxford, where he remained six years. After this he bought an estate, called Elleray, near Lake Windermere, in northern England; married; and settled down to rowing, fishing, cultivating the acquaintance of Wordsworth, and writing poetry. His poems first brought him into notice as an author. They, however, give no correct idea of the character of the man. They completely lack the vigor and dash of his best prose. His principal lengthy poems are: *The Isle of Palms*, *The City of the Plague*, *The Convict*, and *Unimore*.

In 1820, through the influence of Sir Walter Scott and other friends, Wilson was appointed professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. His permanent home then became Edinburgh. For thirty years, at the end of which time he was stricken with paralysis, he lectured to large classes; and, although diffuse in style and not much of an elocutionist, he was very popular. It was during this period that his best literary work was done. In 1822 he published a series of twenty-four tales entitled *The Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life;* in 1823, *The Trials of Margaret Lyndsay;* and in 1825, *The Foresters*. These, however, are very inferior to the remarkable series of papers which Wilson published in Blackwood's Magazine between 1822 and 1835. They are called *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, or Ambrosian Nights, and consist of conversations supposed to be held by Wilson and his companions during evenings imagined to have been passed at Ambrose's Inn or Coffee-house. The subjects treated cover a very wide range, including descriptions of character and of scenery, social questions, political and philosophical discussions, and criticism. The papers are colloquial in form, the real characters taking part being Wilson, under the pseudonym of Christopher North; James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd; Robert Sym, a relative of Wilson's, under the pseudonym of Timothy Tickler; De Quincy, who is called the Opium Eater; Captain Thomas Hamilton; Samuel Anderson; and

Ambrose, the landlord. Of these, the central personage is the shepherd. The peculiar traits and talents of Hogg are idealized in a remarkable degree, but not entirely obliterated. This largely imaginary characterization gave Wilson a splendid opportunity to display not only his wonderful skill in the use of the Scottish dialect, but also his rich and vigorous imagination, his racy style, and his vast range of knowledge. Hogg professed to be ashamed of the part he played in the *Noctes*, although it was the leading part; but if he had been the man really portrayed therein, he would have held a higher place in literature than he does to-day.

John Wilson was a man of very striking appearance. His head was massive, hair long and yellow, complexion florid, eyes a very light blue, and countenance quite expressive. In youth he had been very methodical in his habits; in maturity he was the reverse of this. He was of such an intensely fervid temperament that he cared nothing for cold, snow, wind, or rain. He was extravagantly fond of fishing, of dogs, and of little children. In writing, he shut himself up in his room, wrote with great rapidity, and persisted until the work he had in hand was completed.

The following selection is from the thirty-eighth night of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. It illustrates how much Wilson could make of a comparatively trifling subject.

## AN EPISODE FROM THE SHEPHERD'S LIFE.

*North.*—Much nonsense has been written about Italian skies. True that they are more translucent than ours—and that one sometimes feels as if he not only saw higher up into heaven, but as if he were delightfully received into it, along with the earth, so perfectly pure the ether, that it spiritualizes all the imagery, as well as the being of him who gazes on it, and all are united together in the beautiful repose of joy, as

if the dewy prime of nature were all one with the morning of life!

*Shepherd.*—Haena[1] I felt a'[2] that, and mair,[3] in the Forest?[4]

*North.*—You may, James—but then, James, you are a poet—and I am not——

*Shepherd.*—That's true.

*North.*—To feel so I had to go to Italy. That clime worked so, even upon me, who am no poet. What then would be its effect upon the Ettrick Shepherd?

*Shepherd.*—I should grow licht[5] in the head—as I did the first time I blew saip-bubbles[6] frae[7] a pipe.

*Tickler.*—How was that, James? I never heard that tale.

*Shepherd.*—I hae[8] nae[9] tale to tell; but it sae[10] happened that I had never heard tell o'[11] blawin[12] saip-bubbles frae a pipe till I was aucht[13] year auld[14]—the maist[15] poetical epoch, perhaps, in the life o' a great untaucht[16] original genius.

*Tickler.*—Millions of poets are cut off ere they reach that epoch!

*Shepherd.*—I had seen a lassie[17] doin't;[18] and though she couldna[19] do't[20] weel,[21] yet even sic[22] bubbles as she blew—she was a verra[23] bonny[24] bit[25] lassie—appeared to my imagination mair beautifu' than ony ither sicht[26] my een[27] had ever beheld—no[28] exceppin[29] the blab[30] o' hinny[31] that I used to haud[32] up atween[33] me and the licht, afore[34] I sooked[35] it, after I had flung awa,[36] in twa[37] halves, the bumbee[38] that had gathered it partly frae the clover and partly frae the heather floures.[39]

*Tickler.*—How amiable is infant cruelty!

*Shepherd.*—And how detestable the cruelty o' auld age! That verra day I took up the saip—I remember the shape and size o' the cut at this moment—and bat[40] a bit aff[41]—makin it appear by the nibblin o' my teeth, as if the thief had been a mouse.

*Tickler.*—How amiable is infant hypocrisy!

*Shepherd.*—Whare[42] was ye last nicht,[43] ye auld Archimawgo?[44] I then laid hauns[45] on a new pipe my faither[46] had brocht[47] frae Selkirk in a present for my mother—for the cutty[48] was worn doun to an inch, and had ower[49] strong a smell even for the auld wives; but as for my mother, she was then in the prime o' life, and reckoned verra like the Duchess; and havin[50] provided mysel[51] wi'[52] a tea-cup and a drap[53] water, I stole out intil[54] what ance[55] had been the garden o' Ettrick Ha',[56] and sat doun aneath[57] ane[58] o' the elm-trees, as big then as they are noo[59]—and in solitude, wi' a beatin[60] heart, prepared my suds. I quaked a' the same as if I had been gaun[61] to do something wicket[62]——

*North.*—Shakesperian!

*Tickler.*—Nothing equal to it in Massinger.[63]

*Shepherd.*—Wi' a trummlin[64] heart—indeed a' in a trummle[65]—I put the mooth[66] o' the pipe as gently 's[67] I could on the precious saip and water, and it sooked in the wee[68] bells[69] till they a' made but ae[70] muckle[71] bell, on which depended a' my happiness for that day at least, for in my agitation I let the tea-cup fa'[72]—though thank God it didna[73] break—and a' my hopes were in the bole[74] o' that pipe, and it was limited to that ae single charge! I drew in my breath—and I held in my breath—wi' the same sort o' shiver that a wean[75] gies[76] afore gaun[77] into the dookin[78]—and then I let out ae sigh after anither[79] sigh—hainin[80] my breath—when oh! ineffable and inconceivable happiness! the bells grew intil bubbles! and the bubbles intil balloons! and the balloons intil meteors! and the meteors intil moons! a' irradiated wi' luster, a thousand times mair mony[81] colored than the rainbow—each in itsel[82] a wee glorious globe o' a warld[83]—and the beautifu' series followin ane anither up the air, as if they were sailin[84] awa to heaven. I forgot utterly that they were saip-suds, and thocht[85] them what they seemed to be—creturs[86] o' the element!—till first ane and then anither—ah waes[87] me! gaed[88] out—and left me stannin[89] forlorn

wi' my pipe in my haun aneath the auld elm-tree, as if the warld I breathed in was altered back intil what it was before—and I, Jamie Hogg, again at ance a school-boy and a herd,[90] likely to get his licks[91] baith[92] frae Mr. Beattie the dominie,[93] and auld Mr. Laidlaw—instead o' muntin[94] up to heaven as the bubbles munted up to heaven, to find our hame[95] in the sky! I looked sideways to the houses—and there was my mother fleein[96] towards me — shakin[97] her nieve,[98] and ca'in[99] me "Sorrow"—and demandin[100] hoo[101] I daured[102] to meddle wi' that pipe? The stalk[103] at that moment broke into ten pieces in my hand! and the head o' the pipe, pale as death, trundled at my feet. I felt my crime to be murder—and without a struggle submitted to my mother, who gave me my paiks,[104] which I took as silent as a fox. Severe disenchantment! Yet though my ears tingled, when I touched them, till bed-time, I was an unreformed sinner in sleep—and blew dream-saip-bubbles frae a visionary pipe up the ether of imagination, uninterrupted, unterrified, and unpunished by any mortal mother — dream-saip-bubbles far transcendin[105] in purest loveliness even them for which I had wept; and isna't[106] a strange thocht, sirs, to think that the sowl[107] in sleep's capable o' conceivin[108] what's even mair beautifu'[109] and mair evanescent than the first perfect heavenly joy that a puir[110] wee bit poetic laddie[111] like me ever experienced in the waukin[112] warld?

*North.*—What better have we been pursuing all our lives?

*Shepherd.*—Said ye pursuin? I didna pursue them—I stood rooted to the grund,[113] I gazed on them as glories that I knew a breath would destroy. I feared to breathe for fear the air would break their pictured sides—for ilka[114] ane as it arose glistened wi' changefu'[115] pictures—painted a' roun'[116] and roun' wi' wee clouds, and as I thocht wee trees—the globes seemin[117] rather to contain the scenery within them like sae mony floatin[118] lookin-glasses—and some o' them shinin[119] wi' a tiny sun o' its ain,[120]—the image it might be—

the reflected image—o' the great sun that illumines not only this warld, but the planetary system.

*North.*—Well, James, what better have we been gazing at all our lives?

*Tickler.*—That *round of beef*, Kit!

NOTES.

1 *Haena*, have not; 2 *a'*, all; 3 *mair*, more; 4 *Forest*, Ettrick Forest; 5 *licht*, light; 6 *saip-bubbles*, soap-bubbles; 7 *frae*, from; 8 *hae*, have; 9 *nae*, no; 10 *sae*, so; 11 *o'*, of; 12 *blawin*, blowing; 13 *aucht*, eight; 14 *auld*, old; 15 *maist*, most; 16 *untaucht*, untaught; 17 *lassie*, a young girl; 18 *doin't*, doing it; 19 *couldna*, could not; 20 *do't*, do it; 21 *weel*, well; 22 *sic*, such; 23 *verra*, very; 24 *bonny*, handsome; 25 *bit*, small; 26 *sicht*, sight; 27 *een*, eyes; 28 *no*, not; 29 *exceppin*, excepting; 30 *blab*, big drop; 31 *hinny*, honey; 32 *haud*, hold; 33 *atween*, between; 34 *afore*, before; 35 *sooked*, sucked; 36 *awa*, away; 37 *twa*, two; 38 *bumbee*, humble bee; 39 *floures*, flowers; 40 *bat*, bit; 41 *aff*, off; 42 *whare*, where; 43 *nicht*, night; 44 *Archimawgo*, the personification of hypocrisy in the "Faery Queen"; 45 *hauns*, hands; 46 *faither*, father; 47 *brocht*, brought; 48 *cutty*, a short pipe; 49 *ower*, over; 50 *havin*, having; 51 *mysel*, myself; 52 *wi'*, with; 53 *drap*, drop of; 54 *intil*, into; 55 *ance*, once; 56 *Ha'*, Hall; 57 *aneath*, underneath; 58 *ane*, one; 59 *noo*, now; 60 *beatin*, beating; 61 *gaun*, going; 62 *wicket*, wicked; 63 Philip Massinger (1585–1639) was a celebrated English dramatist; 64 *trummlin*, trembling; 65 *trummle*, tremble; 66 *mooth*, mouth; 67 *gently's*, gently as; 68 *wee*, little; 69 *bells*, bubbles; 70 *ae*, one; 71 *muckle*, large; 72 *fa'*, fall; 73 *didna*, did not; 74 *bole*, bowl; 75 *wean*, child; 76 *gies*, gives; 77 *gaun*, going; 78 *dookin*, bath; 79 *anither*, another; 80 *hainin*, husbanding; 81 *mony*, many; 82 *itsel*, itself; 83 *warld*, world; 84 *sailin*, sailing; 85 *thocht*, thought; 86 *creturs*, creatures; 87 *waes*, woe was; 88 *gaed*, went; 89 *stannin*, standing; 90 *herd*, herdsman; 91 *licks*, punishment; 92 *baith*, both; 93 *dominie*, schoolmaster; 94 *muntin*, mounting; 95 *hame*, home; 96 *fleein*, running; 97 *shakin*, shaking; 98 *nieve*, fist; 99 *ca'in*, calling; 100 *demandin*, demanding; 101 *hoo*, how; 102 *daured*, dared; 103 *stalk*, stem; 104 *paiks*, whipping; 105 *transcendin*, transcending; 106 *isna't*, is it not; 107 *sowl*, soul; 108 *conceivin*, conceiving; 109 *beautifu'*, beautiful; 110 *puir*, poor; 111 *laddie*, young lad; 112 *waukin*, waking; 113 *grund*, ground; 114 *ilka*, every; 115 *changefu'*, changeful; 116 *roun*, round; 117 *seemin*, seeming; 118 *floatin*, floating; 119 *shinin*, shining; 120 *ain*, own.

## 40. GROUP SIX—THE AGE OF VICTORIA.

From the beginning of the reign of Queen Victoria, in 1837, to the present moment, the progress made in literary work has been marvelous. We are so accustomed to look to the past for that which is wonderful, that we fail to realize the miracles that are being performed before our eyes.

The causes of this progress have been various. Politically, the empire of Louis Napoleon has been overthrown; Germany has been consolidated into an empire; the kingdom of Italy has been unified; the people of the United States, by the abolition of slavery, have intensified the national motto—"Out of many, one"; England has strengthened her hold upon India and retained her commercial supremacy.

Socially, the comforts of life have been more than doubled, and with this increase, civilization and refinement have taken a much higher position than ever before. The invention of what was at first called the "lucifer match"; the discovery of petroleum as an illuminating oil; the invention of the cooking-stove and its utensils; of the sewing machine; and the many improvements in most of the articles that are now considered essential in every household; all these things have contributed materially to the social elevation of man.

Intellectually, great strides have been made. The predominent influence has been scientific. Geology, chemistry, physics, biology, and philosophy have been successfully applied to the development of our material resources and to the ultimate comfort and elevation of man. Geology has unearthed the vast beds of minerals that chemistry has taught man to utilize; the study of physics has stimulated the inventive genius of man so that nothing, whatever its magnitude may be, seems impossible to him; biology has opened an immense field for speculation concerning life and its origin;

and philosophy has made a magnificent effort to systematize and make useful all these comparatively new mental activities.

Reflect for a moment upon what science has done within the last fifty years! The steamship now traverses the Atlantic in seven days; the locomotive, by annihilating space, has wonderfully developed new countries and brought old ones into close connection; the telegraph has given certainty to commerce; the telephone has saved immense delay and annoyance by bringing men miles away within talking distance; machinery of every kind has been so improved that there is scarcely anything it can not do. Africa has been separated from Asia by the Suez canal, and hundreds of miles saved to commerce in the voyage to India; the Alps have been pierced by railway tunnels that bring Italy and Switzerland and France together; bridges of wonderful structure span streams and chasms that, fifty years ago, were considered impassable. By the aid of chemistry vast quantities of hitherto waste material have been utilized, and sanitary measures perfected so that plagues which could not be checked fifty years ago, have been controlled or entirely prevented. In short, in whatever direction we may look, intellectual progress meets us in one form or another.

All these things have been exceedingly stimulating to literature. We are apt to disparage this literature when comparing it with the old, and in doing so are not disposed to discriminate as we should. It is only in two departments that our old literature excels the new,—in poetry and the drama. In biography, travels, criticism, the essay, periodical literature, fiction, history, the new is superior to the old. Besides, a new department has added character and dignity to what we had before. The popularization of nearly all the sciences, has added very largely to the number of valuable books for the general reader.

On account of the vast development of our periodical literature, we are also disposed to think that books are not read

as much as they used to be. Many men, immersed in business, have no time for any reading save that of the newspapers; and others find time for the hasty reading of an occasional novel or a few monthlies or quarterlies; but besides these are a large number, though it may be they are a minority, who are careful students of books, and give an excellent tone to the character of the best literature.

The newspaper is a powerful agent in controlling or guiding the political opinions of men; trashy fiction entertains a large class of persons who otherwise would read nothing; but good literature, in every department of learning, still largely determines the intellectual and moral standing of the most advanced nations of the present day.

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## 41. WASHINGTON IRVING — (1783–1859).

Washington Irving's father was a native of the Orkney Islands, and his mother was an Englishwoman. In 1763 they emigrated to New York, where they ever afterwards lived. At the time of Irving's birth the population of the city did not exceed 23,000.

From an early age Irving was fond of books and of composition, but he never developed a taste for methodical study. He entered a law office at the age of sixteen, but his literary tastes prevented his ever acquiring a liking for the law.

His first publication was a series of letters in 1802, over the signature of Jonathan Oldstyle. These were close imitations of papers in the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*.

At the age of twenty-one, Irving's health was so impaired that his brothers determined to send him to Europe. At the end of two years he returned in perfect health.

In 1809 Irving completed his *History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker*, by the publication of which burlesque he seriously provoked some prominent families whose Dutch ancestors he had caricatured. At this time he was in love with a Miss Matilda Hoffman. She died suddenly of consumption, and he never entirely recovered from this loss. He never married.

In 1815 Irving embarked for England, intending only a short stay, but he remained abroad for seventeen years, spending his time principally in London, Paris, and Madrid. After he became prominent on account of his literary work, his long residence abroad gave rise to the criticism that he was deficient in patriotism. This was unjust, as the details of his life fully prove.

The two principal works he published before his return home, in 1832, were *The Sketch Book*, finished in 1820; and *The Life of Columbus*, in 1828. For the last work Irving received a gold medal from George IV., for excellence in historical composition.

In order to have a permanent home, he purchased a beautiful place near Tarrytown, on the Hudson river, which he named Sunnyside. The old Dutch stone cottage upon the place, which Irving repaired for a residence, was built by the Van Tassel who figures in *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*. Here he supported himself, his two brothers, and several nieces with the products of his pen.

An incident characteristic of the unselfish nature of Irving is found in his treatment of Wm. H. Prescott. Irving had been for years collecting materials for a work on *The Conquest of Mexico*. Through a friend of both, he learned that Prescott was very anxious to write upon that subject. Although he had begun the opening chapters and Prescott had done nothing at all, Irving generously relinquished the task and gave all his notes to Prescott. Prescott never knew how great a sacrifice this had been to Irving.

In 1842, through the influence of Daniel Webster, Irving was appointed Minister to Spain. He made a very efficient minister, but gladly returned to Sunnyside in 1846.

He died suddenly of heart disease, and was buried on a little elevation overlooking Sleepy Hollow and the Hudson river.

The chief elements of Irving's character were cheerfulness, contentment, and unselfishness. He was very diffident about his literary work and sensitive to criticism. He wrote when he felt like it. There was nothing mean, or envious, or harsh in his nature. He was simple in his tastes, social in manners, and not aggressive in disposition. "He loved good women, and little children, and a pure life." He was popular in both Europe and America.

Irving's imagination was light and cheerful; his intellect somewhat superficial, but well qualified to analyze eccentricity of character. In sustained humor, in pathos, in purity and elegance of expression, he is the foremost of American authors. As a model he surpasses Addison.

Among Irving's quite voluminous writings his *Sketch Book*, *Conquest of Granada*, *Life of Goldsmith*, and *Life of Washington* are probably his best.

The following selection is taken from "The Angler," in *The Sketch Book*. It very graphically represents

## IRVING AS A FISHERMAN.

It is said that many an unlucky urchin is induced to run away from his family, and betake himself to a seafaring life, from reading the history of Robinson Crusoe; and I suspect that, in like manner, many of those worthy gentlemen who are given to haunt the sides of pastoral streams with angle-rods in hand, may trace the origin of their passion to the seductive pages of honest Izaak Walton.[1] I recollect studying his *Complete Angler* several years since, in company with a

knot of friends in America, and, moreover, that we were all completely bitten with the angling mania. It was early in the year; but as soon as the weather was auspicious, and that the spring began to melt into the verge of summer, we took rod in hand and sallied into the country, as stark mad as was ever Don Quixote[2] from reading books of chivalry.

One of our party had equaled the Don in the fullness of his equipments; being attired *cap-a-pie* for the enterprise. He wore a broad-skirted fustian coat, perplexed with half a hundred pockets; a pair of stout shoes, and leathern gaiters; a basket slung on one side for fish; a patent rod, a landing-net, and a score of other inconveniences only to be found in the true angler's armory. Thus harnessed for the field, he was as great a matter of stare and wonderment among the country folk, who had never seen a regular angler, as was the steel-clad hero of La Mancha among the goat-herds of the Sierra Morena.[3]

Our first essay was along a mountain brook among the highlands of the Hudson—a most unfortunate place for the execution of those piscatory tactics which had been invented along the velvet margins of quiet English rivulets. It was one of those wild streams that lavish, among our romantic solitudes, unheeded beauties enough to fill the sketch-book of a hunter of the picturesque. Sometimes it would leap down rocky shelves, making small cascades, over which the trees threw their broad, balancing sprays; and long, nameless weeds hung in fringes upon the impending banks, dripping with diamond drops. Sometimes it would brawl and fret along a ravine in the matted shade of a forest, filling it with murmurs; and after this termagant career, would steal forth into open day with the most placid, demure face imaginable, as I have seen some pestilent shrew of a housewife, after filling her home with uproar and ill-humor, come dimpling out-of-doors, swimming and curtsying, and smiling upon all the world.

How smoothly would this vagrant brook glide, at such times, through some bosom of green meadow land among the mountains; where the quiet was only interrupted by the occasional tinkling of a bell from the lazy cattle among the clover, or the sound of a wood-cutter's ax from the neighboring forest!

For my part, I was always a bungler at all kinds of sport that required either patience or adroitness, and had not angled above half an hour before I had completely "satisfied the sentiment," and convinced myself of the truth of Izaak Walton's opinion, that angling is something like poetry—a man must be born to it. I hooked myself instead of the fish; tangled my line in every tree; lost my bait; broke my rod; until I gave up the attempt in despair, and passed the day under the trees, reading old Izaak; satisfied that it was his fascinating vein of honest simplicity and rural feeling that had bewitched me, and not the passion for angling. My companions, however, were more persevering in their delusion. I have them at this moment before my eyes, stealing along the border of the brook, where it lay open to the day, or was merely fringed by shrubs and bushes. I see the bittern rising with hollow scream, as they break in upon his rarely invaded haunt; the kingfisher watching them suspiciously from his dry tree that overhangs the deep black mill-pond, in the gorge of the hills; the tortoise letting himself slip sideways from off the stone or log on which he is sunning himself; and the panic-struck frog plumping in headlong as they approach, and spreading an alarm throughout the watery world around.

I recollect also, that, after toiling and watching and creeping about for the greater part of a day with scarcely any success, in spite of all our admirable apparatus, a lubberly country urchin came down from the hills with a rod made from a branch of a tree, a few yards of twine, and, as heaven shall help me! I believe a crooked pin for a hook, baited

with a vile earthworm — and in half an hour caught more fish than we had nibbles throughout the day.

But above all I recollect the "good, honest, wholesome, hungry" repast which we made under a beech-tree, just by a spring of pure, sweet water that stole out of the side of a hill; and how, when it was over, one of the party read old Izaak Walton's scene with the milk-maid, while I lay on the grass and built castles in a pile of clouds until I fell asleep.

There is certainly something in angling, if we could forget, which anglers are apt to do, the cruelties and tortures inflicted on worms and insects, that tends to produce a gentleness of spirit and a pure serenity of mind. Indeed, it is an amusement peculiarly adapted to the mild and highly-cultivated scenery of England, where every roughness has been softened away from the landscape. It is delightful to saunter along those limpid streams which wander like veins of silver through the bosom of this beautiful country; leading one through a diversity of small home scenery, sometimes winding through ornamented grounds, sometimes brimming along through rich pasturage, where the fresh green is mingled with sweet-smelling flowers, sometimes venturing in sight of villages and hamlets, and then running capriciously away into shady retirements. The sweetness and serenity of nature, and the quiet watchfulness of the sport gradually bring on pleasant fits of musing, which are now and then agreeably interrupted by the song of a bird, the distant whistle of the peasant, or perhaps the vagary of some fish, leaping out of the still water and skimming transiently about its glassy surface. "When I would beget content," says Izaak Walton, "and increase confidence in the power and wisdom and providence of Almighty God, I will walk the meadows by some gliding stream and there contemplate the lilies that take no care, and those very many other little living creatures that are not only created, but fed (man knows not how) by the goodness of the God of nature, and therefore trust in him."

NOTES.

1 *Izaak Walton.* An English author, born 1593, died 1683. Although the author of several other works, he is remembered chiefly for his *Compleat Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation.* Besides the technical part of the book, it is valuable for its poetic descriptions of nature.

2 *Don Quixote de la Mancha.* A romantic work designed to ridicule the pretentious chivalry of the time when it was written. The first part was published in 1605; the second, in 1615, years after real chivalry had ceased to exist. Don Quixote is the name of the hero. As a humorous satire it is one of the masterpieces of the world. The author was Cervantes, who had been an officer in the Spanish army.

3 *Sierra Morena.* A mountain range in southern Spain, separating the valley of the Guadiana river from that of the Guadalquivir.

IRVING'S *Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*, from which the following selection is taken, although of a purely historical character, possesses all the delightful peculiarities of his *Sketch Book.* No other biography of Columbus has surpassed it in accuracy and fairness of statement, or equaled it in fascinating interest.

## THE DISCOVERY OF LAND.

ON the morning of the 7th of October, at sunrise, several of the admiral's crew thought they beheld land in the west, but so indistinctly that no one ventured to proclaim it, lest he should be mistaken, and forfeit all chance of the reward;[1] the Niña, however, being a good sailor, pressed forward to ascertain the fact. In a little while a flag was hoisted at her mast-head, and a gun discharged, being the preconcerted signals for land. New joy was awakened throughout the little squadron,[2] and every eye was turned to the west. As they advanced, however, their cloud-built hopes faded away, and before evening the fancied land had again melted into air.

The crews now sank into a degree of dejection proportioned to their recent excitement; but new circumstances occurred

to arouse them. Columbus, having observed great flights of small field-birds going towards the southwest, concluded they must be secure of some neighboring land, where they would find food and a resting-place. He knew the importance which the Portuguese voyagers attached to the flight of birds, by following which they had discovered most of their islands. He had now come seven hundred and fifty leagues, the distance at which he had computed to find the island of Cipango;[3] as there was no appearance of it, he might have missed it through some mistake in the latitude. He determined, therefore, on the evening of the 7th of October, to alter his course to the west-southwest, the direction in which the birds generally flew, and continue that direction for at least two days. After all, it was no great deviation from his main course, and would meet the wishes of the Pinzons, as well as be inspiriting to his followers generally.

For three days they stood in this direction, and the farther they went the more frequent and encouraging were the signs of land. Flights of small birds of various colors, some of them such as sing in the fields, came flying about the ships, and then continued towards the southwest; and others were heard also flying by in the night. Tunny fish played about the smooth sea, and a heron, a pelican, and a duck were seen, all bound in the same direction. The herbage which floated by was fresh and green, as if recently from land.

All these, however, were regarded by the crews as so many delusions beguiling them on to destruction; and when, on the evening of the third day, they beheld the sun go down upon a shoreless horizon, they broke forth into turbulent clamor. They exclaimed against this obstinacy in tempting fate by continuing on into a boundless sea. They insisted upon turning homeward, and abandoning the voyage as hopeless. Columbus endeavored to pacify them by gentle words and promises of large rewards; but finding that they only increased in clamor, he assumed a decided tone. He told

them it was useless to murmur: the expedition had been sent by the sovereigns to seek the Indias, and, happen what might, he was determined to persevere.

Columbus was now at open defiance with his crew, and his situation became desperate. Fortunately, however, the manifestations of neighboring land were such on the following day as no longer to admit a doubt. Beside a quantity of fresh weeds, such as grow in rivers, they saw a green fish of a kind which keeps about rocks; then a branch of thorn with berries on it, and recently separated from the tree, floated by them; then they picked up a reed, a small board, and, above all, a staff artificially carved. All gloom and mutiny now gave way to sanguine expectation; and throughout the day each one was eagerly on the watch.

In the evening, when, according to invariable custom on board of the admiral's ship, the mariners had sung the *Salve Regina*, or vesper hymn to the Virgin, he made an impressive address to his crew. He pointed out the goodness of God in thus conducting them by soft and favoring breezes across a tranquil ocean, cheering their hopes continually with fresh signs, increasing as their fears augmented, and thus leading and guiding them to a promised land. He now reminded them of the orders he had given on leaving the Canaries, that, after sailing westward seven hundred leagues, they should not make sail after midnight. Present appearances authorized such a precaution. He thought it probable they would make land that very night; he ordered, therefore, a vigilant look-out to be kept from the forecastle, promising to whomsoever should make the discovery, a doublet of velvet, in addition to the pension to be given by the sovereigns.

The breeze had been fresh all day, with more sea than usual, and they had made great progress. At sunset they had stood again to the west, and were plowing the waves at a rapid rate, the Pinta keeping the lead, from her superior sailing. The greatest animation prevailed throughout the

ships; not an eye was closed that night. As the evening darkened, Columbus took his station on the top of the castle or cabin on the high poop of his vessel, ranging his eye along the dusky horizon, and maintaining an intense and unremitting watch. About ten o'clock he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a great distance. Fearing that his eager hopes might deceive him, he called to Pedro Gutierrez, gentleman of the king's bed-chamber, and demanded whether he saw such a light; the latter replied in the affirmative. Doubtful whether it might not yet be some delusion of the fancy, Columbus called Rodrigo Sanchez of Segovia, and made the same inquiry. By the time the latter had ascended the round-house, the light had disappeared. They saw it once or twice afterwards in sudden and passing gleams, as if it were a torch in the bark of a fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves; or in the hand of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house. So transient and uncertain were these gleams that few attached any importance to them; Columbus, however, considered them as certain signs of land, and, moreover, that the land was inhabited.

They continued their course until two in the morning, when a gun from the Pinta gave the joyful signal of land.[4] It was first descried by a mariner named Rodrigo de Triana; but the reward was afterwards adjudged to the admiral for having previously perceived the light. The land was now clearly seen about two leagues distant, whereupon they took in sail and laid to, waiting impatiently for the dawn.

The thoughts and feelings of Columbus in this little space of time must have been tumultuous and intense. At length, in spite of every difficulty and danger, he had accomplished his object. The great mystery of the ocean was revealed; his theory, which had been the scoff even of sages, was triumphantly established; he had secured to himself a glory which must be as durable as the world itself.

It is difficult even for the imagination to conceive the feelings of such a man at the moment of so sublime a discovery. What a bewildering crowd of conjectures must have thronged upon his mind, as to the land which lay before him, covered with darkness! That it was fruitful, was evident from the vegetables which floated from its shores. He thought, too, that he perceived in the balmy air the fragrance of aromatic groves. The moving light which he had beheld had proved that it was the residence of man. But what were its inhabitants? Were they like those of the other parts of the globe; or were they some strange and monstrous race, such as the imagination in those times was prone to give to all remote and unknown regions? Had he come upon some wild island far in the Indian sea? or was this the famed Cipango itself, the object of his golden fancies? A thousand speculations of the kind must have swarmed upon him, as, with his anxious crews, he waited for the night to pass away, wondering whether the morning light would reveal a savage wilderness, or dawn upon spicy groves, and glittering fanes and gilded cities, and all the splendor of oriental civilization.

NOTES.

1 The reward offered by Ferdinand and Isabella was equivalent to about $100 of our money.

2 The squadron with which Columbus sailed consisted of the Santa Maria, the Pinta, and the Niña. They were all small vessels, and were without decks in the center. The largest was the "Santa Maria," of 100 tons burden, and was selected by Columbus as his flag-ship. The Pinta was commanded by Martin Alonzo Pinzon, and the Niña by his brother, Vincente Yañez Pinzon. The part which the Pinzons took in the discovery of the New World has never been properly appreciated by the historians.

3 *Cipango* was probably the island of Japan first described by Marco Polo. He described it as abounding in gold and silver and precious stones. This was the first land Columbus expected to discover.

4 The land first discovered was the island of Guanahani, called by Columbus San Salvador. It is one of the Bahama group.

## 42. JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES—(1784–1862).

James Sheridan Knowles was a dramatist and an actor from 1806 to 1845, and a Baptist preacher until a few years before his death. He was, no doubt, a good actor, or he could not have played the part of "Master Walter" in *The Hunchback* acceptably to a London audience. As his father was an excellent teacher of elocution, he must have been well prepared for the stage.

Knowles was born in Cork, Ireland, but his parents removed to London when he was only eight years old. His education was limited, its defects being very apparent in his plays. *Caius Gracchus*, his first important play, was published in 1815. This was followed in 1820 by *Virginius*, which made him one of the leading dramatists of England. Of his eighteen published plays, *Virginius*, *William Tell*, *The Hunchback*, *Love*, and *The Wife* are the best.

As a dramatist Knowles exhibits an excellent knowledge of stage effects, is successful in the construction of his plots, and is very skillful in the delineation of character, although of a somewhat exaggerated type. His imagination is warm, often glowing, and his style full of vigor.

In 1849 he received a pension of £200 per annum. His last years were spent in retirement on account of sickness.

The following selection is taken from his play *Alfred the Great.* It represents Alfred joining his army in May, 878, after his concealment in the camp of the Danish king, Guthrum. In the battle which followed Alfred's exhortation to his army, the power of the Danes in England was completely overthrown.

Green, the English historian, describes King Alfred as "the noblest and most complete embodiment of all that is great and lovable in the English temper."

## ALFRED TAKES COMMAND OF HIS ARMY.

*Egbert.*—Now, Kenrick, speak! Say what the soldiers want.
*Oddune.*—Well, gallant friends! Is England to be free?
Shall we change places with our conquerors,
Or still endure the yoke?
*Kenrick.*— We want the king!
Let him appear, we can not meet the foe
Too soon!
*Oddune.*— As surely shall you see him, as
You long to see the foe!
*Kenrick.*— But when, my lord?
'T is that we'd know! When was the king the last
Upon the field? Has he not ever, on
The eve of battle, earlier than his chiefs
Been out; with looks of ardor heartening us?—
Our morning sun, that never clouded rose—
Enduing us with life and vigor new!
At most we muster bare six thousand men
To meet the Danish host! The king among us,
Would make our numbers treble. Show us the king.
The only waving of his plume in battle
Were worth a hundred spears in hands as bold
As ever brandished weapon!
*Oddune.*— What, and if
Indeed he should not come? Ought you to feel
Your tyrant's feet upon your necks the less?
Your king is present in his cause! Be that
Your king! [*Alfred enters, still disguised as a minstrel.*
Whoever leads you, meet the Dane!
I speak not, friends, because I'm next in place.
I care not for myself. Point out my post;
The van, the rear; I'll be content to take
My stand beside the man of meanest note

Among you. Make yon minstrel, without helm
Or sword, your leader, I will follow him!
So that I fight, I care not in what rank!
Let him who makes the absence of his king
Plea to desert his country and his king,
Fall off! So Heaven sustain me in the cause,
Although our Alfred's presence now would add
Ten other richer lives to mine, yet say
He should not come, this faithful sword I draw,
I will not sheathe till it has struck a blow
For liberty!

*Egbert.*— I second you, brave Oddune.

*Oswald.*—And so do I!

*Oddune.*— And so will every man,
Unless there be among the people one
That does not love his king.

*Kenrick.*— No, Oddune, no!
The people live but for their king.

*Alfred.*—[*Discovering himself.*] The king
Lives only for his people! Oh, my people!
You are the drops of blood that make your king!
And do I see you once again in arms!
O friends! Why draw you hands across your eyes,
If mine should be ashamed of what they do?
We've met again, my friends! Who is the foe
Shall sunder us again? O England! England!
Too fair—too richly gifted—not to tempt
The spoiler—well that thou hast sons too true
To leave thee to his rapine! Thou 'lt be free
Till thou art childless! Think not, gallant friends,
An hour I've squandered that was due to you,
And to our common country. I have seen
The Danish camp.

*Oddune.*— Their camp, my liege!

*Alfred.*— Have stood

In Guthrum's very presence! That disguise
Will tell thee how. They'd fall an easy prey
To half our numbers. Friends! a royal stake
I've laid upon your heads, that you will win
The day!

*Oddune.*— What stake, my liege?

*Alfred.*— Your prince and queen!
They're in the spoiler's power. I might, indeed,
Have ransomed them, but what he asked, your king
Could not afford to pay.

*Oddune.*— What was't, my liege?

*Alfred.*—My people, Oddune!

*Egbert.*— In the spoiler's power
Our prince and queen! What wait we for?

*Oddune.*— For nothing,
But the king's word to move upon the foe!

*Alfred.*—Upon him, then! Now think you on the things
You most do love! Husbands and fathers on
Their wives and children—lovers upon their mistresses—
And all upon their country! When you use
Your weapons, think on the beseeching eyes
To whet them could have lent you tears for water.
Oh, now be men or never! From your hearths
Thrust the unbidden feet, that from their nooks
Your aged fathers drove—your wives and babes!
The couches your fair-handed daughters used
To spread, let not the vaunting stranger press,
Weary from spoiling you! Your roofs that hear
The wanton riot of the intruding guest
That mocks their masters—clear them for the sake
Of the manhood, to which all that's precious, clings,
Else perishes. The land that bore you—oh!
Do honor to her! Let her glory in
Your breeding!—Rescue her—revenge her, or
Ne'er call her mother more! Come on, my friends!

And where you take your stand upon the field,
Thence, howsoever you advance, resolve
A foot you'll ne'er recede; while from the tongues
Of womanhood and childhood, helplessness
Invokes you to be strong. Come on! Come on!
I'll bring you to the foe! And when you meet him
Strike hard! Strike home! Strike while a blow
Is in an arm! Strike till you're free, or fall!

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## 43. THOMAS De QUINCEY—(1785-1859).

The childhood of De Quincey was surrounded by all good influences. On account of his puny frame and delicate health he was the pet of the family. He was unusually precocious; for at the age of thirteen he wrote Greek with ease, and at fifteen spoke it fluently.

His dislike of the Grammar School at Manchester was so great that, after going there a year, he ran away from home, wandered around in Wales for a time, and then drifted to London. As he was ashamed to make himself known, although well-qualified for a classical proof-reader—he was sixteen years old at the time—he never thought of seeking any employment, and so suffered great privations. In fact, he nearly starved to death. He was at length recognized by a friend; obtained pecuniary aid; became reconciled to his guardians; and went to Oxford. It was at Oxford, in 1806, that he first began to use opium.

De Quincey grew into "a little, pale-faced, wo-begone, and attenuated man." He was one of the most eccentric men that ever lived. Although capable of giving good practical advice to others, he never could apply his teachings to

himself. He did not seem to have any idea of the care of money or of the management of his personal affairs. He was exceedingly careless about his dress. No one ever knew where to find him. He never kept an appointment, never returned a borrowed book, was absent-minded, was in the habit of taking long walks at midnight and sleeping in the open air, and was so extravagantly generous that, when asked by a beggar, he always gave away every shilling he had.

De Quincey was simple in his tastes and very gentle and courteous in manners. He was an omnivorous reader, and had a wonderful memory. By an exercise of will power almost unparalleled, he overcame the dreadful habit of opium eating. He was exceedingly fortunate in having a family that knew how to care for him properly.

As a writer, De Quincey was a master of English prose. His only fault, if in his case it can be called one, was diffuseness. The nervous energy of his style is remarkable.

He divided his somewhat voluminous writings into three classes: (1) Papers to interest and amuse. (2) Speculative and philosophical essays. (3) Prose-poetry. In the last class he places his best known work—*The Confessions of an English Opium Eater.*

The following selection is taken from the essay entitled *Modern Superstition.* It illustrates very clearly one phase of superstition that dates back far into antiquity.

## BIRDS AS OMENS.

Birds are familiarly associated with ominous warnings. This chapter in the great volume of superstition was indeed cultivated with unusual solicitude amongst the pagans—*ornithomancy*[1] grew into an elaborate science. But if every rule and distinction upon the number and the position of birds, whether to the right or the left, had been collected from our own village matrons amongst ourselves, it would appear that

no more of this pagan science had gone to wreck than must naturally follow the difference between a believing and a disbelieving government. Magpies are still of awful authority in village life, according to their number, etc.; for a striking illustration of which we may refer the reader to Sir Walter Scott's *Demonology*, reported not at second hand, but from Sir Walter's personal communication with some seafaring fellow-traveler in a stage-coach.

Among the ancient stories of the same class is one which we shall repeat — having reference to that Herod Agrippa, grandson of Herod the Great, before whom St. Paul made his famous apology at Cæsarea.[2] This Agrippa, overwhelmed by debts, had fled from Palestine to Rome in the latter years of Tiberius.[3] His mother's interest with the widow of Germanicus[4] procured him a special recommendation to her son Caligula.[5] Viewing this child, the heir of the popular Germanicus, as the rising sun, Agrippa had been too free in his language. True, the uncle of Germanicus was the reigning prince; but he was old, and breaking up. True, the son of Germanicus was not yet on the throne, but he soon would be, and Agrippa was rash enough to call the emperor a *superannuated old fellow*, and even to wish for his death. Sejanus[6] was now dead and gone; but there was no want of spies; and a certain Macro reported his words to Tiberius. Agrippa was in consequence arrested, the emperor himself condescending to point out the noble Jew to the officer on duty. The case was a gloomy one if Tiberius should happen to survive much longer; and the story of the omen proceeds thus: "Now, Agrippa stood in his bonds before the imperial palace, and in his affliction leaned against a certain tree, upon the boughs of which it happened that a bird had alighted which the Romans call *bubo*, or the owl. All this was steadfastly observed by a German prisoner, who asked a soldier what might be the name and offense of that man habited in purple. Being told that the man's name was Agrippa,

and that he was a Jew of high rank who had given a personal offense to the emperor, the German asked permission to go near and address him, which being granted, he spoke thus: 'This disaster, I doubt not, young man, is trying to your heart; and perhaps you will not believe me when I announce to you beforehand the providential deliverance which is impending. However, this much I will say,—and for my sincerity let me appeal to my native gods, as well as to the gods of this Rome who have brought us both into trouble,—that no selfish objects prompt me to this revelation; for a revelation it is, and to the following effect: It is fated that you shall not long remain in chains. Your deliverance will be speedy; you shall be raised to the very highest rank and power; you shall be the object of as much envy as now you are of pity; you shall retain your prosperity till death; and you shall transmit that prosperity to your children. But'—and then the German paused. Agrippa was agitated; the bystanders were attentive; and, after a time, the German, pointing solemnly to the bird, proceeded thus: 'But this remember heedfully, that, when next you see the bird which now perches above your head, you will have only five days longer to live. This event will be surely accomplished by that same mysterious god who has thought fit to send the bird as a warning sign; and you, when you come to your glory, do not forget me that foreshadowed it in your humiliation.'" The story adds that Agrippa affected to laugh when the German concluded; after which it goes on to say that, in a few weeks, being delivered by the death of Tiberius, being released from prison by the very prince on whose account he had incurred the risk, being raised to a tetrarchy[7] and afterwards to the kingdom of all Judea,[8] coming into all the prosperity which had been promised to him by the German, and not losing any part of his interest at Rome through the assassination of his patron, Caligula, he began to look back respectfully to the words of the German, and forwards with anxiety

to the second coming of the bird. Seven years of sunshine had now slipped away as silently as a dream. A great festival, shows and vows, was on the point of being celebrated in honor of Claudius Cæsar,[9] at Strato's Tower, otherwise called Cæsarea, the Roman metropolis of Palestine. Duty and policy alike required that the king of the land should go down and unite in this mode of religious homage to the emperor. He did so; and on the second morning of the festival, by way of doing more conspicuous honor to the great solemnity, he assumed a very sumptuous attire of silver armor, burnished so highly as to throw back a dazzling glare from the sun's morning beams upon the upturned eyes of the vast multitude around him. Immediately from the sycophantish part of the crowd, of whom a vast majority were pagans, ascended a cry of glorification as to some manifestation of Deity. Agrippa, gratified by this success of his new apparel, and by this flattery, not unusual in the case of kings, had not the firmness (though a Jew, and conscious of the wickedness, greater in himself than in the heathen crowd) to reject the blasphemous homage. Voices of adoration continued to ascend; when suddenly, looking upward to the vast awnings prepared for screening the audience from the noonday heats, the king perceived the same ominous bird which he had seen at Rome in the day of his affliction, seated quietly, and looking down upon himself. In that same moment an icy pang shot through his intestines. He was removed into the palace; and, at the end of five days, completely worn out by pain, Agrippa expired, in the fifty-fourth year of his age and the seventh of his sovereign power.

NOTES.

1 *Ornithomancy.* Determining omens by means of birds.

2 *Cæsarea.* On the Mediterranean, 55 miles northwest of Jerusalem.

3 *Tiberius*, the second emperor of Rome, died A. D. 37. He was a great soldier, but cruel and profligate.

4 *Germanicus.* See note on page 103.

5 *Caligula.* The youngest son of Germanicus. He succeeded Tiberius as emperor. His name is symbolical of every cruelty and infamy.

6 *Sejanus.* A leading general under Tiberius, of whom he became a great favorite. He had sole charge of the empire for five years.

7 *Tetrarchy.* The fourth part of a Roman province.

8 *Judea.* The southern division of Palestine.

9 *Claudius Cæsar.* The successor of Caligula as emperor.

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## 44. MARY RUSSELL MITFORD — (1786–1855).

Miss Mitford would, probably, never have developed her genius to the best advantage had not her father, Dr. Mitford, squandered his fortune and become dependent upon her. She had been well educated, and had shown, when quite young, a talent for literary composition. At the age of twenty she published three volumes of poems in the style of Scott's poetical romances; but, like all imitations, though popular at the time they were written, they display few marks of genius. In 1812 she adopted literature as a profession. As a writer of short tales, descriptive of rural life and scenery, she is one of the foremost of English authors. She grouped these tales under the titles of: *Our Village*, *Belford Regis*, *Country Stories*, *Finden's Tableaux*, and *Atherston and Other Tales.*

It is as a dramatist, however, that Miss Mitford's genius is seen at its best. Nearly every school-boy knows *Rienzi's Address to the Romans*, an extract from the most popular of her dramas. This fine play was reproduced upon the stage with great success in 1886. Besides *Rienzi*, Miss Mitford is the author of *Foscari*, *Julian*, *Charles the First*, *Inez de Castro*, and *Otto of Wittelsbach.*

The following selection is taken from *Charles the First*, a few passages being omitted which are not considered essential to this lesson. The extract is from Act III. Scene 1.

## THE TRIAL OF CHARLES I.

[*The soldiers, etc., as the king walks to his chair, cry: Justice! Justice!*]

*Crier.*—PEACE! silence in the court!

*Bradshaw.*[1]—Ye shall have justice.
My Lords commissioners, while I stood pausing
How fittest to disclose our mighty plea,
Dallying with phrase and form, yon eager cry
Shot like an arrow to the mark, laying bare
The very core of our intent. Sirs, we
Are met to render justice, met to judge
In such a cause as scarce the lucent sun
That smiles upon us from his throne hath seen
Since light was born. We sit to judge a king,
Arraigned by his own people; to make inquest
Into the innocent blood which hath been spilled
Like water; into crime and tyranny,
Treason and murder. Look that we be pure,
My brethren! that we cast from out our hearts
All blinding passions; Fear that blinks and trembles
At shadows ere they come; Pride that walks dazzled
In the light of her vain glory; feeble Pity,
Whose sight is quenched in tears; and grim Revenge,
Her fierce eyes sealed with gore. Look that we chase
Each frail affection, each fond hidden sin,
Each meaner virtue from our hearts, and cling
To justice, only justice! Now for thee,
Charles Stuart, king of England: thou art here
To render compt of awful crimes, of treason,
Conspiracy, and murder. Answer!

*Cook.*— First
May it please you hear the charge?

*King.*— Stop! who are ye
That dare to question me?
*Bradshaw.*— Thy judges.
*King.*— Say
My subjects. I am a king, whom none may judge
On earth. Who sent ye here?
*Bradshaw.*— The Commons.[2]
*King.*— What!
Be there no traitors, no conspirators,
No murderers save kings, that they dare call
Stern justice down from Heaven! Sir, I fling back
The charge upon their heads, the guilt, the shame,
The eternal infamy—on them who sowed
The tares of hate in fields of love; who armed
Brother 'gainst brother, breaking the sweet peace
Of country innocence; the holy ties
Of nature breaking; making war accursed
As that Egyptian plague, the worst and last,
When the first-born were slain. I have no answer
For them or ye. I know ye not.
*Bradshaw.*— Be warned:
Plead to the accusation.
*King.*— I will die
A thousand deaths, rather than by my breath
Give life to this new court against the laws
And liberties of England.
*Bradshaw.*— Sir, we know
Your love of liberty and England. Call
The witnesses. Be they in court?
*Cook.*— They wait
Without.
*Bradshaw.*— Send for them quickly. Once again,
King, wilt thou plead?
*King.*— Thou hast my answer, never!
*Bradshaw.*—We wait too long.

*Cook.*— My Lord,[3] the witnesses——
*Bradshaw.*—Call any man. Within our bleeding land
There lives not one so blest in ignorance
As not to know this treason. None so high
But the storm overtopped him; none so low
But the wind stooped to root him up. Call any man;
The judge upon the bench, the halberdier
That guards the door.
*Cook.*— Oliver Cromwell!
*Cromwell.*[4]— Ay!
*Cook.*—No need to swear him; he hath ta'en already
The judge's oath.
*Cromwell.*— The judge's oath, not this.
Omit no form of guardian law; remember
The life of man hangs on our lips.
*King.*— Smooth traitor!

[*Cromwell is sworn.*]

*Cook.*—Lieutenant-General Cromwell, wast thou present
In the great fight of Naseby?[5]
*Cromwell.*— Was I present?
Why, I think ye know that I was.
*Cook.*— Didst see
The prisoner in the battle?
*Cromwell.*— Many times.
He led his army: in a better cause,
I should have said right gallantly. I saw him
First in the onset, last in the retreat.
That justice let me pay the king.
*Bradshaw.*— Raised he
His banner 'gainst his people? Didst thou see
The royal standard in the field?
*Cromwell.*— My Lord,
It rose full in the center of their host,
Floating upon the heavy air.

*Cook.*— The arms
Of England?
*Cromwell.*— Ay, the very lion shield
That waved at Crécy[6] and at Agincourt[7]
Triumphant. None may better know than I,
For it so pleased the Ruler of the Field,
The Almighty King of Battles, that my arm
Struck down the standard-bearer, and restored
The English lion to the lion hearts
Of England.
*Cook.*— Please you, sir, retire. Now summon—
*King.*—Call not another. What I have done boldly,
In the face of day and of the nation, that,
Nothing repenting, nothing derogating
From the king's high prerogative, as boldly
As freely I avow—to you—to all men.
I own ye not as judges. Ye have power
As pirates or land-robbers o'er the wretch
Entrapped within their den,—a power to mock
Your victim with a form of trial, to dress
Plain murder in a mask of law. As judges
I know ye not.
*Bradshaw.*— Enough that you confess
The treason——
*King.*— Stop! Sir, I appeal to them
Whence you derive your power.
*Bradshaw.*— The people? King,
Thou seest them here in us.
*King.*— Oh, that my voice
Could reach my loyal people! That the winds
Could waft the echoes of this groinéd roof
So that each corner of the land might hear,
From the fair southern valleys to the hills
Of my own native North, from the bleak shores
Of the great ocean to the channeled West,

Their rightful monarch's cry. Then should ye hear
From the universal nation, town and plain,
Forest and village, the stern, awful shout
Of just deliverance, mighty and prolonged,
Deafening the earth, and piercing Heaven, and smiting
Each guilty conscience with such fear as waits
On the great Judgment-Day. The wish is vain—
Ah! vainer than a dream! I and my people
Are overmastered. Yet, sir, I demand
A conference with these masters. Tell the Commons
The King would speak with them.

*Bradshaw.*— We have no power
To stay the trial.

*Cook.*— The haughty prisoner
Denies your jurisdiction. I call on ye
For instant judgment.

*Bradshaw.*— Sir, for the last time
I ask thee, wilt thou plead?

*King.*— Have I not answered?

*Cook.*—Your judgment, good my Lords!

*Bradshaw.*— All ye who deem
Charles Stuart guilty, rise!

[*The judges all stand up.*]

*King.*— What, all!

*Bradshaw.*— Not one
Is wanting. Clerk, record him guilty.

*Cook.*— Now,
The sentence!

*Queen* (*from the gallery*).—Traitors, hold!

*Cromwell* (*to Ireton*[8]).—Heard'st thou a scream?

*Ireton.*—'T is the malignant wife of Fairfax.

*Cromwell.*— No!
A greater far than she.

*Queen.*—Hold, murderers!

*Cromwell.*— Lead
Yon railing woman from her seat. My Lord,
Please you proceed.

*Queen* (*rushing to the King*).—Traitors! here is my seat—
I am the Queen!—here is my place, my seat,
My Lord and Sovereign—here at thy feet.
I claim it with a prouder, humbler heart,
A lowlier duty, a more loyal love
Than when the false and glittering diadem
Encircled first my brow, a queenly bride.
Put me not from thee! scorn me not! I am
Thy wife.

*King.*— Oh, true and faithful wife! Yet leave me,
Lest the strong armor of my soul, her patience,
Be melted by thy tears. Oh, go! go! go!
This is no place for thee.

*Queen.*— Why, thou art here!
Who shall divide us?

*Ireton.*— Force her from him, guards!
Remove her!

*King.*— Tremble ye who come so near
As but to touch her garments. Cowards! slaves!
Though the king's power be gone, yet the man's strength
Remains unwithered. She's my wife; my all.

*Cromwell.*—None thinks to harm the lady. Good my Lord,
The hour wears fast with these slight toys.

*Queen.*— I come
To aid ye, not impede. If in this land
To wear the lineal crown, maintain the laws,
Uphold the insulted Church, be crimes, then I
Am guilty, guiltier than your King. 'Twas I
That urged the war—ye know he loved me; I
That prompted his bold counsels; edged and whetted
His great resolves, spurred his high courage on
Against ye, rebels! I that armed my knight

And sent him forth to battle. Mine the crime—
Be mine the punishment! Deliver him,
And lead me to the block. Pause ye? My blood
Is royal too. Within my veins the rich
Commingled stream of princely Medici
And regal Bourbon[9] flows; 't will mount as high,
'T will stain your ax as red, 't will feed as full
Your hate of kings.

*Cromwell.*— Madam, we wage no war
On women.

*Queen.*— I have warred on ye, and now—
Take heed how ye release me! He is gentle,
Patient, and kind; he can forgive. But I
Shall roam a frantic widow through the world,
Counting each day for lost that hath not gained
An enemy to England, a revenger
Of this foul murder.

*Harrison.*[10]— Woman, peace! The sentence!

*Queen.*— *Your* sentence, bloody judges! As ye deal
With your anointed King, the red right arm
Of heaven shall avenge him; here on earth
By clinging fear, and black remorse, and death,
Unnatural, ghastly death, and then the fire,
The eternal fire, where panting murderers gasp
And can not die, that deepest Hell which holds
The regicide.

*Bradshaw.*— Peace! I have overlong
Forgotten my great office. Hence! or force
Shall rid us of thy frenzy. Know'st thou not
That curses light upon the curser's head
As surely as the cloud which the sun drains
From the salt sea returns into the wave
In stormy gusts or plashing showers? Remove her!

*Queen.*—Oh, mercy! mercy! I'll not curse; I'll
Be as gentle as a babe. You can not doom him

Whilst I stand by. Even the hard headsman veils
His victim's eyes before he strikes, afeard
Lest his heart fail. And could ye, being men,
Not fiends, abide a wife's keen agony
Whilst—I 'll not leave thee, Charles! I 'll never leave thee!

*King.*—This is the love stronger than life,—the love
Of woman. Henrietta, listen. Loose
Thy arms from round my neck; here is no ax;
This is no scaffold. We shall meet anon,
Untouched, unharmed; I shall return to thee
Safe, safe,—shall bide with thee. Listen, my dear one;
Thy husband prays, thy King commands thee—Go!
Go! Lead her gently, very gently.

NOTES.

1 *Bradshaw.* John Bradshaw was an eminent lawyer, who was selected as presiding officer of the 150 judges selected by Parliament to try the king. He never regretted the part he took in the trial.

2 *The Commons.* The house of Parliament composed of representatives of the *common* people. Its power is practically supreme.

3 *My Lord.* Here used because Bradshaw was acting as chief judge.

4 The characterization of Cromwell throughout this play is in accordance with the popular conception previous to the publication of Carlyle's *Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell.*

5 *Naseby.* This battle was fought near the village of Naseby, in central England, in 1645. The royal army was defeated.

6 *Crécy.* The famous battle fought at this place in north-central France, in which Edward III. of England won a great victory.

7 *Agincourt.* This great battle was fought by Henry V. of England against the king of France. The French army outnumbered the English at least five to one. The defeat of the French was complete.

8 *Ireton.* Son-in-law of Cromwell, and one of the leading men during the Commonwealth. He signed the death-warrant of the king.

9 The Queen, Henrietta Maria, was the daughter of Henry IV. of France (House of Bourbon) and Maria de Medici.

10 *Harrison.* John Harrison was one of the king's judges. He was a colonel in the parliamentary army, and afterwards a major-general.

## 45. MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY — (1791–1865).

Mrs. Sigourney was born at Norwich, Connecticut. She became one of the foremost poets of America.

Before her marriage, in 1819, she was a teacher. She was an indefatigable writer, being the author or compiler of nearly sixty volumes in prose and verse.

In style, Mrs. Sigourney is direct and simple. There is a deep vein of religious fervor and pathos running through all her poetry. She is almost entirely destitute of a sense of humor. Her imagination is warm and pleasant, but her imagery never glows with intensity. She, therefore, is deficient in energy and brilliancy. The effect produced upon the reader is always quieting and sympathetic.

The following poem is an excellent example of her style.

### NO CONCEALMENT.

Think'st thou to be concealed, thou little stream!
That through the lowly vale dost wind thy way,
Loving beneath the darkest arch to glide
Of woven branches, blent with hillocks gray?
The mist doth track thee, and reveal thy course
Unto the dawn, and a bright line of green
Tingeth thy marge, and the white flocks that haste
At summer noon, to drink thy crystal sheen,
Make plain thy wanderings to the eye of day;
And then thy smiling answer to the moon,
Whose beams so freely on thy bosom sleep,
Unfold thy secret, even to night's dull noon.
How could'st thou hope, in such a world as this,
To shroud thy gentle path of beauty and of bliss?

Think'st thou to be concealed, thou little seed!
That in the bosom of the earth art cast,
And there, like cradled infant, sleep'st a while,
Unmoved by trampling storm, or thunder blast?
Thou bid'st thy time, for herald spring shall come
And wake thee, all unwilling as thou art,
Unhood thine eyes, unfold thy clasping sheath,
And stir the languid pulses of thy heart.
The loving rains shall woo thee, and the dews
Weep o'er thy bed, till, ere thou art aware,
Forth steals the tender leaf, the wiry stem,
The trembling bud, the flower that scents the air;
And soon, to all, thy ripened fruitage tells
The evil or the good that in thy nature dwells.

Think'st thou to be concealed, thou little thought!
That in the curtained chamber of the soul
Dost wrap thyself so close, and dream to do
A hidden work? Look to the hues that roll
O'er the changed brow, the moving lip behold.
Linking thee unto sound, the feet that run
Upon thine errands, and the deeds that stamp
Thy likeness plain before the noonday sun.
Look to the pen that writes thy history down
In those tremendous books that ne'er unclose
Until the Day of Doom; and blush to see
How vain thy trust in darkness to repose,
Where all things tend to judgment. So beware,
Oh erring human heart, what thoughts thou lodgest there.

NOTE.

The principal suggestion of this admirable little poem is well worth fixing in the memory. We can sin even in thought and thus leave a stain upon our souls that never can be effaced, and must at last be disclosed.

## 46. CAPTAIN FREDERICK MARRYAT—(1792–1848).

MARRYAT entered the English navy as a midshipman at the age of fourteen, and remained in service until he had taken part in fifty battles. For bravery and skill in battle he was given honors, and was promoted until he reached the title by which he is so familiarly known. He was, therefore, admirably qualified as a writer on sea life, and in this field he has never had a superior. His novels are always full of incident and thrilling adventures, and generally, are well written.

In 1829, Marryat published his first novel—*Frank Mildmay*. Altogether he published about thirty volumes. Of these, *Jacob Faithful* and *Midshipman Easy* are probably his best, and *Peter Simple* is the most amusing.

Captain Marryat made a trip to America in 1837. He had done some successful fighting against this country in the war of 1812. He was not favorably impressed either with the government or the people of the United States.

During the same year as his trip to this country he published a very valuable work, entitled *A Code of signals for Vessels Employed in the Merchant Service;* which was adopted by England and other countries.

His last years were spent among country gentlemen on a farm in Norfolk. As a farmer he was not successful.

The following selection is taken from *Midshipman Easy*.

Midshipman Jack Easy, and his companion, Gascoigne, having got into a scrape, decide to run away and remain until the affair blows over. They engage passage with the the master of a Sicilian *speronare*.[1] Easy excites the cupidity of the crew by showing his money, and they attempt to murder him, but are themselves killed. Thus Easy and Gascoigne are left in sole possession of the boat.

## A NARROW ESCAPE.

"Do you know, Jack, that I wish we were back and alongside of the *Harpy;*[2] I've had cruising enough."

"My cruises are so unfortunate," replied Jack; "they are too full of adventure; but then, I have never yet had a cruise on shore. Now, if we could only get to Palermo, we should be out of all our difficulties."

"The breeze freshens, Jack," replied Gascoigne; "and it begins to look very dirty[3] to windward. I think we shall have a gale."

"Pleasant; I know what it is to be short-handed in a gale; however, there 's one comfort, we shall not be blown off shore this time."

"No; but we may be wrecked on a lee shore.[4] She can not carry her whole sail, Easy; we must lower it down, and take in a reef; the sooner the better, for it will be dark in an hour. Go forward and lower it down, and then I'll help you."

Jack did so, but the sail went into the water, and he could not drag it in.

"Avast heaving," said Gascoigne, "till I throw her up and take the wind out of it."

This was done; they reefed the sail, but could not hoist it up; if Gascoigne left the helm to help Jack, the sail filled; if he went to the helm and took the wind out of the sail, Jack was not strong enough to hoist it. The wind increased rapidly, and the sea got up, the sun went down, and with the sail half hoisted, they could not keep to the wind, but were obliged to run right for the land. The speronare flew, rising on the crest of the waves with half her keel clear of the water: the moon was already up and gave them light enough to perceive that they were not five miles from the coast, which was lined with foam.

"At all events, they can't accuse us of running away with the boat," observed Jack, "for she's running away with us."

"Yes," replied Gascoigne, dragging at the tiller with all his strength; "she has taken the bit between her teeth."

"I wouldn't care if I had a bit between mine," replied Jack, "for I feel very hungry again. "What do you say, Ned?"

"With all my heart," replied Gascoigne; "but do you know, Easy, it may be the last meal we ever make."

"Then I vote it's a good one; but why so, Ned?"

"In half an hour, or thereabouts, we shall be on shore."

"Well, that's where we want to go."

"Yes, but the sea runs high, and the boat may be dashed to pieces on the rocks."

"Then we shall be asked no questions about her or the men."

"Very true; but a lee shore is no joke; we may be knocked to pieces, as well as the boat,—even swimming may not help us. If we could find a cove or sandy beach, we might, perhaps, manage to get on shore."

"Well," replied Jack, "I have not been long at sea, and of course can not know much about these things. I have been blown off shore, but I never have been blown on. It may be as you say, but I do not see the great danger; let's run her right up on the beach at once."

"That's what I shall try to do," replied Gascoigne, who had been four years at sea and knew very well what he was about.

Jack handed him a huge piece of bread, and sausage.

"Thank ye; I can not eat."

"I can," replied Jack, with his mouth full.

Jack ate while Gascoigne steered, and the rapidity with which the speronare rushed to the beach was almost frightful. She darted like an arrow from wave to wave, and appeared as if mocking their attempts as they curled their summits al-

most over her narrow stern. They were within a mile of the beach, when Jack, who had finished his supper and was looking at the foam boiling on the coast, exclaimed—

"That's very fine—very beautiful, upon my soul!"

"He cares for nothing," thought Gascoigne; "he appears to have no idea of danger."

"Now, my dear fellow," said Gascoigne, "in a few minutes we shall be on the rocks. I must continue at the helm, for the higher she is forced up, the better chance for us; but we may not meet again, so if we do not, good-bye, and God bless you!"

"Gascoigne," said Jack, "you are hurt and I am not; your shoulder is stiff, and you can hardly move your left arm. Now I can steer for the rocks as well as you. Do you go to the bow, and there you will have a better chance. By the bye," continued he, picking up his pistols and sticking them into his waist, "I won't leave them; they've served us too good a turn already. Gascoigne, give me the helm."

"No, no, Easy."

"I say yes," replied Jack in a loud, authoritative tone, "and what's more, I will be obeyed, Gascoigne. I have nerve, if I haven't knowledge, and at all events I can steer for the beach. I tell you, give me the helm. Well, then, if you won't, I must take it."

Easy wrested the tiller from Gascoigne's hand, and gave him a shove forward.

"Now do you look out ahead, and tell me how to steer." Whatever may have been Gascoigne's feelings at this behavior of our hero, it immediately occurred to him that he could not do better than to run the speronare to the safest point, and that, therefore, he was probably more advantageously employed than if he were at the helm. He went forward and looked at the rocks, covered at one moment with the tumultuous waters, and then pouring down cascades from

their sides as the waves recoiled. He perceived a chasm right ahead, and he thought if the boat was steered for that, she must be thrown up so as to enable them to get clear of her, for, at every other part, escape appeared impossible.

"Starboard a little! that'll do. Steady! Port it is—port! Steer small for your life, Easy! Steady now! mind the yard don't hit your head—hold on!"

The speronare was at this moment thrown into a large cleft in a rock, the sides of which were nearly perpendicular; nothing else could have saved them, as, had they struck the rock outside, the boat would have been dashed to pieces and its fragments have disappeared in the undertow. As it was, the cleft was not four feet more than the width of the boat, and as the waves hurled her up into it, the yard of the speronare was thrown fore and aft with great violence; and had not Jack been warned, he would have been struck overboard without a chance of being saved; but he crouched down, and it passed over him. As the water receded, the boat struck, and was nearly dry between the rocks; but another wave followed, dashing the boat farther up, but, at the same time, filling it with water. The bow of the boat was now several feet higher than the stern where Jack held on, and the weight of the water in her, with the force of the returning waves, separated her right across abaft the mast. Jack perceived that the after part of the boat was going out again with the wave; he caught hold of the yard which had swung fore and aft, and as he clung to it, the part of the boat on which he had stood disappeared from under him, and was swept away by the returning current.

Jack required the utmost of his strength to maintain his position, until another wave floated him and dashed him higher up; but he knew his life depended on holding on to the yard, which he did, although under water, and advanced several feet. When the wave receded, he found footing on the rock; and, still clinging, he walked until he had gained

the fore part of the boat, which was wedged firmly into a narrow part of the cleft. The next wave was not very large, and he had gained so much that it did not throw him off his legs. He reached the rock, and as he climbed up the side of the chasm to gain the ledge above, he perceived Gascoigne standing above him and holding out his hand to his assistance.

"Well," says Jack, shaking himself to get rid of the water, "here we are, ashore at last,—I had no idea of anything like this. The rush back of the water was so strong that it has almost torn my arms out of their sockets. How very lucky I sent you forward with your disabled shoulder. By the bye, now that it's all over, and you must see that I was right, I beg to apologize for my rudeness."

"There needs no apology for saving my life, Easy," replied Gascoigne; "and no one but you would ever have thought of making one at such a moment."

"I wonder whether the ammunition's dry," said Jack; "I put it all in my hat."

Jack took off his hat, and found the cartridges had not suffered.

"Now, then, Gascoigne, what shall we do?"

"I hardly know," replied Gascoigne.

"Suppose, then, we sit down and argue the point."

"No, I thank you, there will be too much cold water thrown upon our arguments; let us walk on."

"With all my heart," said Jack. "It's very steep, but I can argue up hill or down hill, wet or dry—I'm used to it—for, as I told you before, Ned, my father is a philosopher, and so am I."

"You most assuredly are," replied Gascoigne, as he walked on.

NOTES.

1 *Speronare.* A large, open boat having a single sail.

2 *Harpy.* The name of the vessel in which Easy was midshipman.

3 *Dirty.* Threatening a storm.

4 *Lee shore.* The shore towards which the wind is blowing.

## 47. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT—(1794–1878).

William Cullen Bryant was a noted American poet, journalist, critic, and orator. He was born at Cummington, Massachusetts. He began to write verses when quite young. *The Embargo*, a political satire that enjoyed considerable popularity, was published when he was only fourteen years old. Although he spent only two years at Williams College, at Williamstown, Massachusetts, he subsequently became an excellent scholar and linguist.

Bryant was not nineteen years of age when his reputation became fully established by the publication of *Thanatopsis*. This early effort he never surpassed. It properly marks the beginning of American poetry.

After leaving college Bryant studied law and soon acquired a good reputation as a lawyer; but his tastes for a literary life were stronger than his ambition to succeed in the practice of law. He removed to New York in 1825 and began his career as a journalist. In 1826, he became one of the editors of the *New York Evening Post*, and in 1828 its chief editor. From this time to the day of his death he managed this paper with such success that it deservedly ranked as one of the foremost newspapers in the United States.

Bryant's life was uneventful. A record of his literary work will include nearly all that is to be told of him. Besides his poems, he published in 1852, *Letters of a Traveler*, containing an account of his earlier visits to Europe; and, in 1870–71, a translation of Homer's *Iliad*, in blank verse.

In choice of words and accuracy of expression, Bryant is an excellent model. His imagination lacks warmth, but his pictures, especially of natural scenery, are accurate in detail and perfectly true to nature. Like Wordsworth, he is a philosopher. The following is one of Bryant's best descriptive poems.

## THE PRAIRIES.

These are the gardens of the Desert, these
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England has no name—
The Prairies. I behold them for the first,
And my heart swells, while the dilated sight
Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo! they stretch,
In airy undulations, far away,
As if the ocean, in his gentlest swell,
Stood still, with all his rounded billows fixed
And motionless forever.—Motionless?
No—they are all unchained again. The clouds
Sweep over with their shadows, and, beneath,
The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye;
Dark hollows seem to glide along, and chase
The sunny ridges. Breezes of the South!
Who toss the golden and the flame-like flowers,
And pass the prairie-hawk that, poised on high,
Flaps his broad wings, yet moves not—ye have played
Among the palms of Mexico and vines
Of Texas, and have crisped the limpid brooks
That from the fountains of Sonora glide
Into the calm Pacific—have ye fanned
A nobler or a lovelier scene than this?
Man hath no power in all this wondrous work:
The hand that built the firmament hath heaved
And smoothed these verdant swells, and sown their slopes
With herbage, planted them with island groves,
And hedged them round with forests. Fitting floor
For this magnificent temple of the sky—
With flowers whose glory and whose multitude
Rival the constellations! The great heavens
Seem to stoop down upon the scene in love,—

A nearer vault, and of a tenderer blue,
Than that which bends above our eastern hills.

As o'er the verdant waste I guide my steed,
Among the high, rank grass that sweeps his sides,
The hollow beating of his footstep seems
A sacriligious sound. I think of those
Upon whose rest he tramples. Are they here—
The dead of other days?—and did the dust
Of these fair solitudes once stir with life
And burn with passion? Let the mighty mounds
That overlook the rivers, or that rise
In the dim forest crowded with old oaks,
Answer. A race, that long has passed away,
Built them; a disciplined and populous race,
Heaped, with long toil, the earth, while yet the Greek
Was hewing the Pentelicus [1] to forms
Of symmetry, and rearing on its rock
The glittering Parthenon. [2] These ample fields
Nourished their harvests; here their herds were fed,
When haply by their stalls the bison lowed,
And bowed his manéd shoulder to the yoke.
All day this desert murmured with their toils,
Till twilight blushed, and lovers walked and wooed
In a forgotten language, and old tunes,
From instruments of unremembered form,
Gave the soft winds a voice. The red man came—
The roaming hunter tribes, warlike and fierce,
And the mound-builders vanished from the earth.
The solitude of centuries untold
Has settled where they dwelt. The prairie-wolf
Hunts in their meadows, and his fresh-dug den
Yawns by my path. The gopher [3] mines the ground
Where stood their swarming cities. All is gone;
All—save the piles of earth that hold their bones,

The platforms where they worshiped unknown gods,
The barriers which they builded from the soil
To keep the foe at bay—till o'er the walls
The wild beleaguers broke, and, one by one,
The strongholds of the plain were forced, and heaped
With corpses. The brown vultures of the wood
Flocked to those vast uncovered sepulchers,
And sat unscared and silent at their feast.
Haply some solitary fugitive,
Lurking in marsh and forest, till the sense
Of desolation and of fear became
Bitterer than death, yielded himself to die.
Man's better nature triumphed then. Kind words
Welcomed and soothed him; the rude conquerors
Seated the captive with their chiefs; he chose
A bride among their maidens; and at length
Seemed to forget—yet ne'er forgot—the wife
Of his first love, and her sweet little ones,
Butchered, amid their shrieks, with all his race.

Thus change the forms of being. Thus arise
Races of living things, glorious in strength,
And perish, as the quickening breath of God
Fills them, or is withdrawn. The red man, too,
Has left the blooming wilds he ranged so long,
And, nearer to the Rocky Mountains, sought
A wilder hunting ground. The beaver builds
No longer by these streams, but far away,
On waters whose blue surface ne'er gave back
The white man's face—among Missouri's springs,
And pools whose issues swell the Oregon—
He rears his little Venice.[4] In these plains
The bison feeds no more. Twice twenty leagues
Beyond remotest smoke of hunter's camp,
Roams the majestic brute in herds that shake

The earth with thundering steps—yet here I meet
His ancient foot-prints stamped beside the pool.
Still, this great solitude is quick with life.
Myriads of insects, gaudy as the flowers
They flutter over, gentle quadrupeds,
And birds, that scarce have learned the fear of man,
Are here, and sliding reptiles of the ground,
Startlingly beautiful. The graceful deer
Bounds to the wood at my approach. The bee,
A more adventurous colonist than man,
With whom he came across the eastern deep,
Fills the savannas with his murmurings,
And hides his sweets, as in the golden age,
Within the hollow oak. I listen long
To his domestic hum, and think I hear
The sound of that advancing multitude
Which soon shall fill these deserts. From the ground
Comes up the laugh of children, the soft voice
Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn hymn
Of Sabbath worshipers. The low of herds
Blends with the rustling of the heavy grain
Over the dark-brown furrows. All at once
A fresher wind sweeps by, and breaks my dream,
And I am in the wilderness alone.

NOTES.

1 *Pentilicus.* The mountain forming the northeastern boundary of Athens.

2 *Parthenon.* The temple on the Acropolis at Athens containing the statues of all the gods of the Greeks.

3 *Gopher.* Here means the prairie-squirrel.

4 *His little Venice.* This metaphor correlates the numerous nests or houses of a beaver colony, which are separated from each other by the water of the beaver dam, with the squares or blocks of Venice, which are separated by canals, instead of streets.

## 48. THOMAS CARLYLE—(1795–1881).

Thomas Carlyle was one of the most contradictory characters in literature. He was blunt in manners, yet really very modest and self-distrustful; he despised affectation, yet in his own use of language he is often affected; he thoroughly detested tyranny and despotism, yet greatly admired the force of will and character of both tyrant and despot; he was independent both in life and thought, yet chafed under criticism; he was extremely fastidious about others, yet was deficient in fastidiousness himself; he was a fine scholar and a man of genius, yet despised everything that belonged to the present time—philanthropy, political economy, science, and art.

Carlyle was born at Ecclefechan, Dumfrieshire, Scotland. His father was a stone-mason by occupation, whose sturdy intellectual power the son very much admired; his mother was remarkable for her sincere piety.

School life was exceedingly unpleasant to Carlyle, for he was "a shy, thoughtful boy, shrinking generally from rough companions," and was therefore subject to much persecution. At the age of fourteen he entered the University of Edinburgh. Although it was nearly one hundred miles from his home, according to the custom of poor scholars at that time he walked all the way, and depended upon the hospitality of the people along the road for his subsistence. His course through college and his life for some years after graduating were full of struggle and privation. His parents were anxious for him to become a minister, but after a conscientious examination of himself he decided that he was unqualified for such a profession. He then studied law, but his repugnance to that soon manifested itself. His work as a teacher was merely for subsistence.

Carlyle's first purely literary work was a *Life of Schiller*, in 1823. From this time until 1864 he was an indefatigable worker. No author ever lived who was more conscientious and painstaking in research. He became a historian, biographer, translator, moralist, and satirist. From 1834 until his death, he resided at Chelsea, near London.

The principal works of Carlyle are *Sartor Resartus*, published in 1833; *The French Revolution*, 1837; *Heroes and Hero-Worship*, 1840; and *Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell*, 1845.

Of no English author except Carlyle can it be said that his health gave a decided color to his writings. At the age of twenty-three, probably on account of poverty, and ignorance of simple hygienic laws, Carlyle became a dyspeptic. From this time on he became a pessimist. Even his humor has a grimness about it that, in his own Scotch dialect, would be called uncanny.

Up to the time of the writing of *Sartor Resartus*, Carlyle's English was remarkable for purity, elegance, and strength of expression; after this, it assumed an affected form, half English, half German, that will inevitably prevent his retaining that popularity which his genius deserves.

In vigor and magnificence of imagination Carlyle is by far the foremost of English writers of this generation. He excelled in picturesque narrative and in the delineation of character. Of his forty critical and biographical essays, at least twenty are unsurpassed.

Although patient and exhaustive in historical research, Carlyle was defective as a historian; for he was deficient in logical exactness. His *French Revolution*, a masterpiece of its kind, is only a fine succession of historical pictures that can not be properly appreciated unless the reader is first familiar with the subject.

The following selection is from Carlyle's review of Lockhart's *Life of Burns*.

## BYRON AND BURNS.

All that remains of Burns, the writings he has left, seem to us no more than a poor mutilated fraction of what was in him; brief, broken glimpses of a genius that could never show itself complete; that wanted all things for completeness: culture, leisure, true effort, nay, even length of life. His poems are, with scarcely any exception, mere occasional effusions poured forth with little premeditation, expressing, by such means as offered, the passions, opinion, or humor of the hour.

He loved poetry warmly, and in his heart; could he but have loved it purely, and with his whole undivided heart, it had been well. For poetry, as Burns could have followed it, is but another form of wisdom, of religion; is itself wisdom and religion. But this also was denied him. His poetry is a stray, vagrant gleam, which will not be extinguished within him, yet rises not to be the true light of his path, but is often a wildfire that misleads him. It was not necessary for Burns to be rich, to be or seem "independent"; but it *was* necessary for him to be at one with his own heart; to place what was highest in his nature, highest also in his life; "to seek within himself for that consistency and sequence which external events would forever refuse him." He was born a poet; poetry was the celestial element of his being, and should have been the soul of his whole endeavors. Lifted into that serene ether, whither he had wings given him to mount, he would have needed no other elevation: poverty, neglect, and all evil, save the desecration of himself and his art, were a small matter to him; the pride and the passions of the world lay far beneath his feet; and he looked down alike on noble and slave, on prince and beggar, and all that wore the stamp of man, with clear recognition, with brotherly affection, with sympathy, with pity. Nay, we question whether for his cult-

ure as a poet, poverty and much suffering for a season were not absolutely advantageous. Great men, in looking back over their lives, have testified to that effect. "I would not for much," says Jean Paul, "that I had been born richer." And yet Paul's birth was poor enough; for in another place he adds: "The prisoner's allowance is bread and water; and I had often only the latter." But the gold that is refined in the hottest furnace comes out the purest; or, as he has himself expressed it, "the canary bird sings sweeter the longer it has been trained in a darkened cage."

A man like Burns might have divided his hours between poetry and virtuous industry; industry which all true feeling sanctions, nay, prescribes, and which has a beauty, for that cause, beyond the pomp of thrones; but to divide his hours between poetry and rich men's banquets, was an ill-starred and inauspicious attempt. How could he be at ease at such banquets? What had he to do there, mingling his music with the coarse roar of altogether earthly voices, and brightening the thick smoke of intoxication with fire lent him from heaven? Was it his aim to *enjoy* life? To-morrow he must go drudge as an exciseman! We wonder not that Burns became moody, indignant, and at times an offender against certain rules of society; but rather that he did not grow utterly frantic, and run *a-muck* against them all. How could a man, so falsely placed, by his own or other's fault, ever know contentment or peaceable diligence for an hour? What he did, under such perverse guidance, and what he forbore to do, alike fill us with astonishment at the natural strength and worth of his character.

Doubtless there was a remedy for this perverseness; but not in others, only in himself; least of all in simple increase of wealth and worldly "respectability." We hope we have now heard enough about the efficacy of wealth for poetry, and to make poets happy. Nay, have we not seen another instance of it in these very days? Byron, a man of endowment con-

siderably less ethereal than that of Burns, is born in the rank not of a Scottish plowman, but of an English peer; the highest worldly honors, the fairest worldly career, are his by inheritance; the richest harvest of fame he soon reaps, in another province, by his own hand. And what does all this avail him? Is he happy, is he good, is he true? Alas, he has a poet's soul, and strives towards the infinite and the eternal; and soon feels that all this is but mounting to the house-top to reach the stars! Like Burns, he is only a proud man; might, like him, have "purchased a pocket-copy of Milton to study the character of Satan"; for Satan also is Byron's grand exemplar, the hero of his poetry, and the model, apparently, of his conduct. As in Burns's case, too, the celestial element will not mingle with the clay of earth; both poet and man of the world he must not be; vulgar ambition will not live kindly with poetic adoration; he *can not* serve God and Mammon. Byron, like Burns, is not happy; nay, he is the most wretched of all men. His life is falsely arranged; the fire that is in him is not a strong, still, central fire, warming into beauty the products of a world; but it is the mad fire of a volcano; and now—we look sadly into the ashes of a crater which ere long will fill itself with snow.

Byron and Burns were sent forth as missionaries to their generation, to teach it a higher doctrine, a purer truth: they had a message to deliver which left them no rest till it was accomplished; in dim throes of pain this divine behest lay smoldering within them; for they knew not what it meant, and felt it only in mysterious anticipation, and they had to die without articulately uttering it. They are in the camp of the unconverted. Yet not as high messengers of rigorous, though benignant truth, but as soft, flattering singers, and in pleasant fellowship, will they live there; they are first adulated, then persecuted; they accomplish little for others; they find no peace for themselves, but only death and the peace of the grave. We confess, it is not without a certain mourn-

ful awe that we view the fate of these noble souls, so richly gifted, yet ruined to so little purpose with all their gifts. It seems to us there is a stern moral taught in this piece of history—*twice* told us in our own time! Surely, to men of like genius, if there be any such, it carries with it a lesson of deep, impressive significance. Surely it would become such a man, furnished for the highest of all enterprises, that of being the poet of his age, to consider well what it is that he attempts, and in what spirit he attempts it. For the words of Milton are true in all times, and were never truer than in this: "He who would write heroic poems, must make his whole life a heroic poem."

If he can not first so make his life, then let him hasten from this arena; for neither its lofty glories nor its fearful perils are for him. Let him dwindle into a modish ballad-monger; let him worship and be-sing the idols of his time, and the time will not fail to reward him—if, indeed, he can endure to live in that capacity! Byron and Burns could not live as idol-priests, but the fire of their own hearts consumed them; and better it was for them that they could not. For it is not in the favor of the great or of the small, but in a life of truth, and in the inexpugnable citadel of his own soul, that a Byron's or a Burns's strength must lie. Let the great stand aloof from him, or know how to reverence him. Beautiful is the union of wealth with favor and furtherance for literature, like the costliest flower-jar inclosing the loveliest amaranth. Yet let not the relation be mistaken. A true poet is not one whom they can hire by money or flattery to be a minister of their pleasures, their writer of occasional verses, their purveyor of table-wit; he can not be their menial, he can not even be their partisan. Will a courser of the sun work softly in the harness of a dray-horse? His hoofs are of fire, and his path is through the heavens, bringing light to all lands; will he lumber on mud highways, dragging ale for earthly appetites, from door to door?

## 49. WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT — (1796–1859).

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT was born at Salem, Massachusetts. As his father, an eminent judge and lawyer, was in easy circumstances, Prescott had the most favorable opportunities to fit himself for the execution of his great literary work.

A serious accident during his senior year at Harvard, in 1814, which resulted in almost total blindness, had no effect in extinguishing his enthusiasm for study. He had begun to collect materials for the history of Ferdinand and Isabella, when his sight entirely failed him. For two years he could not use his eyes. Not discouraged, he employed a reader and secured a writing frame such as was then used by the blind. Thus he was enabled to continue his labor. After ten years of patient plodding *Ferdinand and Isabella* was finished; but his diffidence was such that, before he risked presenting his history to the public, he had a few copies privately printed, and submitted them to such friends as were well qualified to form a just opinion of its merits. Their encouragement was flattering, so a three-volume edition was published in 1838. It became extremely popular at once, not only in this country but also in England.

After five years more of research and careful composition, Prescott published his *Conquest of Mexico*. *The Conquest of Peru* required four years of steady labor.

The popularity of these histories was wonderful. They were translated into other languages, and were soon read by every civilized nation in the world. Honors were heaped upon their author. He was given honorary degrees by Columbia College, New York, and the University of Oxford, England. He was made a member of nearly all the principal literary bodies in Europe.

At the time of his death Prescott was at work on a history of Philip II. Only three of the intended six volumes were completed. In addition to his histories, Prescott wrote a number of essays on miscellaneous subjects; most of these were written before he began *Ferdinand and Isabella.*

Prescott was one of the most methodical of men. He did everything by rule. His clothing was all weighed and he dressed according to the elevation or depression of the thermometer. He walked five miles a day for exercise; in the open air if possible, if not, in the house, but dressed as for out-of-doors. Five hours a day, divided into three nearly equal parts, were devoted to composition. Two hours a day were given to novels. He thought that listening to good works of fiction stimulated his imagination. His accounts were kept with the utmost exactness. One tenth of his income was set apart for charity. From the middle of November to the middle of June he resided at Boston; the summer he spent at Nahant (in his last years at Swampscott); and the autumn he always passed at Pepperell.

By means of his frame he wrote with great rapidity, but his writing was illegible except to his secretary and himself. When a chapter was finished, it was copied in a fair, round hand, read to him several times, revised and corrected, then copied again and sent to the printer.

Prescott's imagination is pleasant, and sufficiently vivid for good historical work. It needs something like the excitement of a battle to stimulate it into activity. His simple, narrative style is interesting, but inclined to monotony except when given energy by his imagination. It has been said of Prescott, that he was "full at once of good sense and acuteness, was never deceived in the choice of documents, and his discernment is as remarkable as his good faith."

The following selection is taken from Book V. Chapter IV. of *The Conquest of Mexico.* On the seventh day after his expulsion from the city of Mexico, Cortes had not been able,

with his little band, to get more than thirty miles on his way to the country of the Tlascalans, where he expected a refuge until he could make preparations for another campaign. A large army of native Mexicans had assembled in the valley of Otompan to cut off his retreat. He was, therefore, compelled to cut his way through, or perish in the attempt.

## THE BATTLE OF OTUMBA.

It was a solemn moment—that in which the devoted little band, with steadfast countenances, and their usual intrepid step, descended on the plain to be swallowed up, as it were, in the vast ocean of their enemies. The latter rushed on with impetuosity to meet them, making the mountains ring to their discordant yells and battle-cries, and sending forth volleys of stones and arrows which for a moment shut out the light of day. But, when the leading files of the two armies closed, the superiority of the Christians was felt, as their antagonists, falling back before the charges of cavalry, were thrown into confusion by their own numbers who pressed on them from behind. The Spanish infantry followed up the blow, and a wide lane was opened in the ranks of the enemy, who, receding on all sides, seemed willing to allow a free passage for their opponents. But it was to return on them with accumulated force, as, rallying, they poured upon the Christians, enveloping the little army on all sides, which, with its bristling array of long swords and javelins, stood firm, — in the words of a contemporary, — like an islet against which the breakers, roaring and surging, spend their fury in vain. The struggle was desperate of man against man. The Tlascalan seemed to renew his strength, as he fought almost in view of his own native hills; as did the Spaniard, with the horrible doom of the captive before his eyes. Well did the cavaliers do their duty on that day; charging, in little bodies of four or five abreast, deep into the

enemy's ranks, riding over the broken files, and by this temporary advantage giving strength and courage to the infantry. Not a lance was there which did not reek with the blood of the infidel. Among the rest, the young captain, Sandoval, is particularly commemorated for his daring prowess. Managing his fiery steed with easy horsemanship, he darted, when least expected, into the thickest of the mêlée, overturning the staunchest warriors, and rejoicing in danger as if it were his natural element.

But these gallant displays of heroism served only to ingulf the Spaniards deeper and deeper in the mass of the enemy, with scarcely any more chance of cutting their way through his dense and interminable battalions, than of hewing a passage with their swords through the mountains. Many of the Tlascalans and some of the Spaniards had fallen, and not one but what had been wounded. Cortes himself had received a second cut on the head, and his horse was so much injured that he was compelled to dismount and take one from the baggage-train, a strong-boned animal, who carried him well through the turmoil of the day. The contest had now lasted several hours. The sun rode high in the heavens, and shed an intolerable fervor over the plain. The Christians, weakened by previous sufferings, and faint by loss of blood, began to relax in their desperate exertions. Their enemies, constantly supported by fresh relays from the rear, were still in good heart, and, quick to perceive their advantage, pressed with redoubled force on the Spaniards. The horse fell back, crowded on the foot; and the latter, in vain seeking a passage amidst the dusky throngs of the enemy, who now closed up the rear, were thrown into some disorder. The tide of battle was setting rapidly against the Christians. The fate of the day would soon be decided; and all that now remained for them seemed to be to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

At this critical moment, Cortes, whose restless eye had been roving round the field in quest of any object that might

offer him the means of arresting the coming ruin, rising in his stirrups, descried at a distance in the midst of the throng, the chief who, from his dress and military *cortége*, he knew must be the commander of the barbarian forces. He was covered with a rich surcoat of feather-work; and a panache[1] of beautiful plumes, gorgeously set in gold and precious stones, floated above his head. Rising above this, and attached to his back between the shoulders, was a short staff bearing a golden net for a banner,—the singular, but customary symbol of authority for an Aztec commander. The cacique,[2] whose name was Cihuaca, was borne on a litter, and a body of young warriors, whose gay and ornamented dresses showed them to be the flower of the Indian nobles, stood round as a guard of his person and the sacred emblem.

The eagle eye of Cortes no sooner fell on this personage than it lighted up with triumph. Turning quickly round to the cavaliers at his side, among whom were Sandoval, Olid, Alvarado, and Avila, he pointed out the chief, exclaiming: "There is our mark! Follow and support me!" Then crying his war-cry and striking his iron heel into his weary steed, he plunged headlong into the thickest of the press. His enemies fell back, taken by surprise and daunted by the ferocity of the attack. Those who did not were pierced through with his lance, or borne down by the weight of his charger. The cavaliers followed close in the rear. On they swept, with the fury of a thunder-bolt, cleaving the solid ranks asunder, strewing their path with the dying and the dead, and bounding over every obstacle in their way. In a few minutes they were in the presence of the Indian commander, and Cortes, overturning his supporters, sprung forward with the strength of a lion, and, striking him through with his lance, hurled him to the ground. A young cavalier, Juan de Salamanca, who had kept close by his general's side, quickly dismounted and despatched the fallen chief. Then tearing away his banner, he presented it to Cortes as a trophy

to which he had the best claim. It was all the work of a moment. The guard, overpowered by the suddenness of the onset, made little resistance, but, flying, communicated their own panic to their comrades. The tidings of the loss soon spread over the field. The Indians, filled with consternation, now thought only of escape. In their blind terror their numbers augmented their confusion. They trampled on one another, fancying it was the enemy in their rear.

The Spaniards and Tlascalans were not slow to avail themselves of the marvelous change in their affairs. Their fatigue, their wounds, hunger, thirst, all were forgotten in the eagerness for vengeance; and they followed up the flying foe, dealing death at every stroke, and taking ample retribution for all they had suffered in the bloody marshes of Mexico.

NOTES.

1 *Panache.* Here means a kind of cap. The literal meaning is *plume.*

2 *Cacique.* An Aztec or native Mexican chief or king.

The military genius of Cortes is admirably illustrated in the description of this battle. By doing the politic thing at the proper moment, he saved his little army from destruction.

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## 50. THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY—(1800–1859).

In pure narrative power, the power of a story-teller, Macaulay has never been equaled, except by Sir Walter Scott; but he lacked the true historical spirit, because of his superficial nature. He could not investigate any subject in a truly philosophical manner. His historical work, therefore, although it may be always read, will have little influence in shaping historical opinions. His motive indicates the great

defect of his work. He says: "I shall not be satisfied until I produce something which shall, for a few days, supersede the last fashionable novel on the tables of young ladies."

Macaulay was born in the village of Rothley in Leicestershire. His father was a rigid Scotch Presbyterian; his mother, of Quaker descent. His affection for his mother was so great, that, while at school, he never entirely got over his homesickness. He entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1818. At college he disliked mathematics and the sciences, but was passionately fond of literature. His first notable literary production was his essay *Milton*, published in 1825.

His life was a very busy one. He was called to the bar in 1826; was made commissioner of bankruptcy in 1828; elected to parliament in 1830, where he soon distinguished himself as an orator; after his father's failure in business, took the care of the family upon himself; went to India in 1834, where he assisted in drawing up the *Penal Code* and the *Code of Criminal Procedure;* after his return, in 1838, went back into parliament; and acted for a time as Secretary of War.

Up to 1844 he was a regular contributor to the *Edinburgh Review;* and in 1847, after his withdrawal from politics, he began work in earnest upon his *History of England.* The first two volumes were published in 1848; the fifth, after his death. The time it treats of is from 1685 to 1701. The *History* is, therefore, a brief fragment of what, if carried down to the reign of George IV., would have required fifty volumes to complete.

As Macaulay gave to everything he wrote the effect of oratorical brilliancy, his style is perfectly original. It is natural, and remarkable for wonderful clearness. Although he studied to be diffuse, he is always full of animation.

It is a singular fact that Macaulay wrote some very popular critical essays, in spite of his assertion, "I have a strong

enjoyment of works of the imagination, but I have never habituated myself to dissect them."

In character, Macaulay was a notable man. He hated vice, meanness, and charlatanism; despised oppression in every shape; was magnanimous under trying circumstances; and did not have an author's vanity. He was honest, brave, a good citizen, and a true friend. "He was benevolent, but unsympathetic; cared nothing for the beauty of nature; detested dogs; and, except a narrow group of relations and friends, he cared not for men." He was a great talker, an omnivorous reader, and possessed a marvelous memory.

The following selection is taken from the *History of England*, Chapter III.

## STATE OF ENGLAND IN 1685.

It is pleasing to reflect that the public mind of England has softened while it has ripened, and that we have in the course of ages become not only a wiser, but also a kinder, people. There is scarcely a page of the history or lighter literature of the seventeenth century which does not contain some proof that our ancestors were less humane than their posterity. The discipline of workshops, of schools, of private families, though not more efficient than at present, was infinitely harsher. Masters, well-born and bred, were in the habit of beating their servants. Pedagogues knew no way of imparting knowledge but by beating their pupils. Husbands, of decent station, were not ashamed to beat their wives. The implacability of hostile factions was such as we can scarcely conceive. If an offender was put into the pillory, it was well if he escaped with life from the shower of brickbats and paving stones. If he was tied to the cart's tail, the crowd pressed around him, imploring the hangman to give it to the fellow well, and make him howl. Gentlemen arranged parties of pleasure to Bridewell[1] on court days,

for the purpose of seeing the wretched women who beat hemp there, whipped. A man pressed to death for refusing to plead, a woman burned for coining, excited less sympathy than is now felt for a galled horse or an overdriven ox. Fights, compared with which a boxing match is a refined and humane spectacle, were among the favorite diversions of a large part of the town. Multitudes assembled to see gladiators hack each other to pieces with deadly weapons, and shouted with delight when one of the combatants lost a finger or an eye. The prisons were hells on earth, seminaries of every crime and of every disease. At the assizes the lean and yellow culprits brought with them from their cells to the dock an atmosphere of stench and pestilence which sometimes avenged them signally on bench, bar, and jury. But on all this misery society looked with profound indifference. Nowhere could be found that sensitive and restless compassion which has, in our time, extended a powerful protection to the factory child, to the Hindoo widow, to the negro slave; which pries into the stores and watercasks of every emigrant ship; which winces at every lash laid on the back of a drunken soldier; which will not suffer the thief in the hulks to be ill-fed or overworked, and which has repeatedly endeavored to save the life even of the murderer. It is true that compassion ought, like all other feelings, to be under the government of reason, and has, for want of such government, produced some ridiculous and some deplorable effects. But the more we study the annals of the past the more shall we rejoice that we live in a merciful age, in an age in which cruelty is abhorred, and in which pain, even when deserved, is inflicted reluctantly and from a sense of duty. Every class, doubtless, has gained largely by this great moral change; but the class which has gained most is the poorest, the most dependent, and the most defenseless.

The general effect of the evidence which has been submitted to the reader, seems hardly to admit of doubt. Yet, in

spite of evidence, many will still image to themselves the England of the Stuarts as a more pleasant country than the England in which we live. It may at first sight seem strange that society, while constantly moving forward with eager speed, should be constantly looking backward with tender regret. But these two propensities, inconsistent as they may appear, can easily be resolved into the same principle. Both spring from our impatience of the state in which we actually are. That impatience, while it stimulates us to surpass preceding generations, disposes us to overrate their happiness. It is, in some sense, unreasonable and ungrateful in us to be constantly discontented with a condition which is constantly improving. But, in truth, there is constant improvement precisely because there is constant discontent. If we were perfectly satisfied with the present, we should cease to contrive, to labor, and to save with a view to the future. And it is natural that, being dissatisfied with the present, we should form a too favorable estimate of the past.

In truth, we are under a deception similar to that which misleads the traveler in the Arabian desert. Beneath the caravan, all is dry and bare; but, far in advance, and far in the rear, is the semblance of refreshing waters.[2] The pilgrims hasten forward and find nothing but sand where, an hour before, they had seen a lake. They turn their eyes and see a lake where, an hour before, they were toiling through sand. A similar illusion seems to haunt nations through every stage of the long progress from poverty and barbarism to the highest degrees of opulence and civilization. But, if we resolutely chase the mirage backward, we shall find it recede before us into the regions of fabulous antiquity. It is now the fashion to place the golden age of England in times when noblemen were destitute of comforts the want of which would be intolerable to a modern footman; when farmers and shopkeepers breakfasted on loaves the very sight of which would raise a riot in a modern work-house; when men died

faster in the purest country air than they now die in the most pestilential lanes of our towns; and when men died faster in the lanes of our towns than they now die on the coast of Guiana. We too, shall, in our turn, be outstripped, and in our turn be envied. It may well be, in the twentieth century, that the peasant of Dorsetshire may think himself miserably paid with fifteen shillings a week; that the carpenter at Greenwich[3] may receive ten shillings a day; that laboring men may be as little used to dine without meat as they now are to eat rye bread; that sanitary police and medical discoveries may have added several more years to the average length of human life; that numerous comforts and luxuries which are now unknown, or confined to a few, may be within the reach of every diligent and thrifty workingman. And yet it may then be the mode to assert that the increase of wealth and the progress of science have benefited the few at the expense of the many, and to talk of the reign of Queen Victoria as the time when England was truly merry England, when all classes were bound together by brotherly sympathy, when the rich did not grind the faces of the poor, and when the poor did not envy the splendor of the rich.

## NOTES.

1 *Bridewell.* A noted London prison for the incarceration of women. It was demolished in 1862.

2 *The semblance of refreshing waters.* A remarkable optical illusion called the *mirage*, occasioned by an unusual refraction of light when passing through atmospheric strata of different densities.

3 *Dorsetshire; Greenwich.* As these allusions would apply equally to many other localities, it is doubtful whether any special significance was intended.

The brilliant contrast between two hundred years ago and the present time, although highly colored, suggests strongly the moral improvement of the English people by reason of the advancement of scientific knowledge. The people are slowly getting better all the time instead of worse, as is so often said.

## 51. MARY HOWITT—(1805–1888).

Mary Botham Howitt was born in Staffordshire, of Quaker parents. Her literary life properly began soon after her marriage, in 1823. Her husband, William Howitt, also of the Society of Friends, was a more prolific writer than herself, and both enjoyed considerable popularity. *The Forest Minstrel, and Other Poems*, was the first of several works that husband and wife wrote together.

It is as a writer of books for children that Mary Howitt is best known. As a poet, her best work is in ballad form. She was the author of several novels of not much merit; also of a work entitled *Birds and their Nests;* and *Biographical Sketches of the Queens of England.*

Mary Howitt was the first to make English readers acquainted with the once very popular novels of the Swedish novelist, Frederika Bremer. She also translated Hans Christian Andersen's *Improvisatore.*

As a writer, Mrs. Howitt is always interesting. Her style is plain, direct, and natural. Her imagination lacks warmth, hence her imagery is not brilliant; but it is very appropriate for the ballad, and for children's stories. She was one of the pioneers in writing for children, and would now be considered old-fashioned by them.

### THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

Men build to thee no shrine,
Yet every holy place is filled with thee:
Dim groves and mountain-tops alike art thine,
Spirit of Poetry!
Island and ocean-peak;
Seas where the keel of ships shall never go;

Cots, palaces, and graves; whate'er can speak
Of human love or woe;

All are the shrines where thou
Broodest with power, not visible, yet strong;
Like odor from the rose, we know not how
Borne to the sense along.
Oh! Spirit which art pure,
Mighty, and holy, and of God art sprung,
Which teachest to aspire and to endure,
As ne'er taught human tongue,

What art thou? A glad spirit
Sent down, like Hope, when Eden was no more,
From the high heavenly place thou didst inherit,
An Eden to restore;
Sent down to teach as never
Taught worldly wisdom; to make known the right;
And the strong armor of sublime endeavor
To gird on for the fight.

I see whom thou hast called;
The mighty men, the chosen of the earth;
Strong minds invincible and disenthralled,
Made freemen at their birth.
I see, on spirit wings
How thou hast set them high, each like a star,
More royal than the loftiest names of kings,
Mightier than conquerors are;

How thou hast cast a glory
Over the dust of him, sublimely wise,
The blind old man,[1] with his immortal story
Of a lost Paradise;
How thou, by mountain-streams,

Met'st the poor peasant,[2] and from passion's leaven
Refined his soul, wooing with holy themes
In Mary's voice from heaven.[3]

'T was thou did'st give the key
Of human hearts to Goethe[4] to unlock
Their sealed-up depths, like that old mystery
Of the wand-stricken rock.[5]
All these I see, and more;
All crowned with glory, loftier than their race;
And, trembling, I shrink back, abashed and poor,
Unworthy of thy grace.

For what am I, that thou
Shouldst visit me in love, and give me might
To touch, like these, man's heart, his pride to bow;
Or, erring, lead him right?
Oh! dost thou visit me?
Is it thy spirit that I feel in all,
Thy light, yet brighter than the sun's, I see?
Is thine this spiritual call?

It is! it is! Though weak
And poor my spirit, thou dost condescend
Thy beauty to unveil, and with me speak
As gentle friend with friend.
With thee I walk the ways
Of daily life; and, human tears and sighs
Interpreting, so learn to love my race,
And with them sympathize.

Hence is it that all tears
Which human sorrow sheds, are dear to me;
That the soul struggling with its mortal fears,
Moveth me mightily.

Hence is it that the hearts
Of little children and unpracticed youth
So gladden me with their unworldly arts,
Their kindness, and their truth.

Hence is it that the eye
And sunken cheeks of poverty so move,
Seen only by a glimpse in passing by,
My soul to human love.
Spirit, I will not say
Thou dost not visit me; nor yet repine,
Less mighty though I be, less great than they
Whom thou hast made divine.

NOTES.

1 *The blind old man.* The poet Milton.

2 *The poor peasant.* The poet Burns.

3 An allusion to Burns' poem "To Mary in Heaven."

4 *Goethe.* The patriarch of German literature,—remarkable as a poet, dramatist, and novelist.

5 An allusion to Exodus, Chapter XVII, verse 6.

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## 52. GEORGE BANCROFT—(1800-——).

A YOUNG man who should now enter Harvard University at the age of thirteen, make a special study of metaphysics, and be fond of the idealistic philosophy of Plato; who should graduate at seventeen, enter the University of Göttingen, study German, French, and Italian literature, the oriental languages, ancient and modern history, antiquities and Greek philosophy; and before he was twenty receive the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, would be considered a prodigy. Yet

this is what George Bancroft did without much comment being made about it.

He was born at Worcester, Massachusetts, his father being a Unitarian clergyman in that city. For his preparatory training he was sent to Exeter, New Hampshire.

In 1821, after leaving the University of Göttingen, Bancroft traveled through various parts of Europe and became acquainted with some of the most celebrated scholars and literary men of the day. He returned to the United States in 1822, was a tutor of Greek at Harvard for one year, preached a few sermons with the expectation of becoming a clergyman, established a school in Northampton in 1823, and fairly began his literary labor by some translations from the German and the publication of a small volume of poems.

Although Bancroft has done considerable miscellaneous work, his reputation as an author will depend almost entirely upon his *History of the United States.* It has been the one great literary task of his life, and although he is now eighty-nine years of age, it is still unfinished.

Bancroft has held some very responsible public offices, and has always discharged his duties creditably. He was made collector of the port of Boston in 1838; Secretary of the Navy in 1845; Minister to Great Britain, in 1846; Minister to Russia in 1867; to the North German Confederation in 1868, and to the German Empire in 1871.

Bancroft's *History of the United States* is a recognized authority upon that subject. It has been translated into several European languages, and is remarkably popular in Germany.

Bancroft's writing is stately in style, and while his history exhibits a tendency to discursiveness, the meaning of his sentences is always direct and clear. Although he has made some mistakes, he has rectified many errors and misstatements of previous writers.

The following selection is taken from Vol. I. Chapter IX. of the *History of the United States.*

## ROGER WILLIAMS.

WILLIAMS was left alone, absolutely alone. Anticipating the censures of the colonial churches, he declared himself no longer subjected to their spiritual jurisdiction. "My own voluntary withdrawing from all these churches, resolved to continue in persecuting the witnesses of the Lord, presenting light unto them, I confess it was mine own voluntary act; yea, I hope the act of the Lord Jesus, sounding forth in me the blast, which shall, in his own holy season, cast down the strength and confidence of those inventions of men." Summoned in October (1635) to appear before the general court, he avowed his convictions in the presence of the representatives of the State, "maintained the rocky strength of his grounds," and declared himself "ready to be bound and banished, and even to die in New England," rather than renounce the opinions which had dawned upon his mind in the clearness of light. At a time when Germany was desolated by the implacable wars of religion; when even Holland could not pacify vengeful sects; when France was still to go through the fearful struggle with bigotry; when England was gasping under the despotism of intolerance almost half a century before William Penn became an American proprietary; and two years before Descartes founded modern philosophy on the method of free reflection, Roger Williams asserted the great doctrine of intellectual liberty. It became his glory to found a state[1] upon that principle, and to stamp himself upon its rising institutions, in characters so deep that the impress has remained to the present day, and can never be erased without the total destruction of the work. The principles which he first sustained amidst the bickerings of a colonial parish, next asserted in the general court of Massachusetts, and then introduced into the wilds of Narragansett Bay, he soon found occasion to publish to the world, and

to defend as the basis of the religious freedom of mankind; so that, borrowing the rhetoric employed by his antagonist in derision, we may compare him to the lark, the pleasant bird of the peaceful summer, that, "affecting to soar aloft, springs upward from the ground, takes his rise from pale to tree," and at last, surmounting the highest hills, utters his clear carols through the skies of morning. He was the first person in modern Christendom to assert in its plenitude the doctrine of the liberty of conscience, the equality of opinions before the law; and in its defence he was the harbinger of Milton, the precursor and the superior of Jeremy Taylor.[2] For Taylor limited his toleration to a few Christian sects; the philanthropy of Williams compassed the earth. Taylor favored partial reform, commended lenity, argued for forbearance, and entered a special plea in behalf of each tolerable sect; Williams would permit persecution of no opinion, of no religion, leaving heresy unharmed by law, and orthodoxy unprotected by the terrors of penal statutes. Taylor clung to the necessity of positive regulations enforcing religion and eradicating error, like the poets, who first declare their hero to be invulnerable, and then clothe him in earthly armor; Williams was willing to leave Truth alone, in her own panoply of light, believing that if, in the ancient feud between Truth and Error, the employment of force could be entirely abrogated, Truth would have much the best of the bargain. It is the custom of mankind to award high honors to the successful inquirer into the laws of nature, to those who advance the bounds of human knowledge. We praise the man who first analyzed the air, or resolved water into its elements, or drew the lightning from the clouds, even though the discoveries may have been as much the fruits of time as of genius. A moral principle has a much wider and nearer influence on human happiness; nor can any discovery of truth be of more direct benefit to society than that which establishes a perpetual religious peace, and spreads tranquil-

lity through every community and every bosom. If Copernicus is held in perpetual reverence, because, on his deathbed, he published to the world that the sun is the center of our system; if the name of Kepler is preserved for his sagacity in detecting the laws of the planetary motion; if the genius of Newton has been almost adored for dissecting a ray of light, and weighing heavenly bodies as in a balance,—let there be for the name of Roger Williams a place among those who have advanced moral science and made themselves the benefactors of mankind.

But if the opinion of posterity is no longer divided, the members of the general court of that day pronounced against him the sentence of exile; yet not by a very numerous majority. Some, who consented to his banishment, would never have yielded but for the persuasions of Cotton;[3] and the judgment was vindicated, not as a punishment for opinion, or as a restraint on freedom of conscience, but because the application of the new doctrine to the construction of the patent, to the discipline of the churches, and to the "oaths for making tryall of the fidelity of the people," seemed about "to subvert the fundamental state and government of the country."

Winter was at hand; Williams obtained permission to remain till spring, intending then to begin a plantation in Narragansett Bay. But the affections of the people of Salem revived; they thronged to his home to hear him whom they were so soon to lose forever; "many of the people were much taken with the apprehension of his godliness"; his opinions were contagious; the infection spread widely. It began to be rumored that he could not safely be allowed to found a new state in the vicinity; it was therefore resolved to remove him to England in a ship that was just ready to set sail. A warrant was accordingly sent to him to come to Boston and embark. For the first time, he declined the summons of the court. A pinnace was sent for him; the

officers repaired to his house; he was no longer there. Three days before, he had left Salem, in winter snow and inclement weather, of which he remembered the severity even in his late old age. "For fourteen weeks he was sorely tost in a bitter season, not knowing what bread or bed did mean." Often in the stormy night he had neither fire, nor food, nor company; often he wandered without a guide, and had no house but a hollow tree. But he was not without friends. The same scrupulous respect for the rights of others which had led him to defend the freedom of conscience, had made him the champion of the Indians. He had already learned their language so well that he could debate with them in their own dialect. During his residence at Plymouth he had often been the guest of the neighboring sachems; and now, when he came in winter to the cabin of the chief of Pokanoket, he was welcomed by Massasoit; and "the barbarous heart of Canonicus, the chief of the Narragansetts, loved him as his son to the last gasp." "The ravens," he relates, "fed me in the wilderness." And in requital for their hospitality, he was ever through his long life their friend and benefactor; the apostle of Christianity to them without hire, or weariness, or impatience at their idolatry; the pacificator of their own feuds; the guardian of their rights whenever Europeans attempted an invasion of their soil.

NOTES.

1 The state he founded is Rhode Island.

2 *Jeremy Taylor.* A celebrated English author and clergyman during the time of the Commonwealth. His sermons are considered among the finest in the language.

3 *Cotton.* John Cotton was one of the first ministers of the Boston colony. He had fled from England on account of religious persecution, but was himself intolerant of religious views differing from his own.

## 53. HARRIET MARTINEAU — (1802 – 1876).

HARRIET MARTINEAU won her place in English literature not by vividness of imagination or beauty of expression, not by ingenuity of construction or originality of diction, but by plain, straightforward, vigorous intellectual power. She was one of very few women to whom political economy was not only an easily comprehensible, but also a delightful, study; and she did more to make the subject popular than any other writer.

She was frail of body, and was exceedingly timid, shy, nervous, and unhappy; there was scarcely a day during which she did not shed tears. Sympathy was not given her because she never asked for it; she thought nobody cared anything for her, and therefore spent all the leisure time she had, alone. Such a child would naturally be considered very disagreeable, and certainly not much of an intellectual prodigy.

What saved Harriet Martineau from becoming a good-for-nothing, was her extreme conscientiousness. With her, all through life, duty came first; pleasure, afterwards. She was born at Norwich, England. Her father was a descendant of an old Huguenot family; her mother was an Englishwoman. They knew nothing about bringing up a girl of such an organization. She did not know what filial love was; with her, it was filial fear; and she never got over it.

In 1829, not very long after her father's death, Miss Martineau adopted literature as a profession. She soon after planned her first prominent literary work. It was a series of tales entitled *Illustrations of Political Economy*. Her object was to bring the subjects of protection and free trade, taxation, the poor laws, and kindred topics within the comprehension of the working classes. At first she had great

difficulty in finding a publisher, and it was only by securing a subscription that would insure the publisher against loss, that she obtained one at all. As it was a time of political excitement upon the topics she discussed, and as her views were so fair, so clear, and so sound, the success of the work was immediate.

It was in 1834, after the completion of this work, that Miss Martineau visited the United States. She staid two years, and became familiar with the social and political institutions of this country. Her *Society in America*, the first of the two works she published concerning her visit, is as accurate, fair, and impartial as could ever be expected from a foreigner. What makes this book the more remarkable is the fact that she could not hear without the aid of an ear-trumpet, and was also deficient in the senses of taste and smell.

Miss Martineau was a very voluminous writer. She published 103 different volumes, was a constant contributor to various periodicals, and carried on through life a large correspondence. During the last twenty years of her life she was constantly prepared for death, owing to enlargement of the heart. Her home was at Ambleside, in full view of Rydal Mount, where the poet Wordsworth resided. She was buried, by her own request, at Birmingham.

Miss Martineau's estimate of herself is, perhaps, more valuable than that of any critic. In her *Autobiography*, which is written in the third person, she says of her novels or tales: "The artistic aim and qualifications were absent; she had no power of dramatic construction; nor the poetic inspiration on the one hand, nor critical cultivation on the other, without which no work of the imagination can be worthy to live." She was, essentially, a philosophical observer, who saw all things clearly and knew how to express them clearly.

The following selection is from Vol. III. Chapter III. of *Society in America*.

## THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

THE instruction furnished is not good enough for the youth of such a country, with such a responsibility and such a destiny awaiting them as the working-out the first democratic organization that the world has witnessed in practice. The information provided is both meager and superficial. There is not even any systematic instruction given on political morals: an enormous deficiency in a republic. But it must be remembered how young the society is; how far it has already gone beyond most other countries; and how great is the certainty that the majority, always ultimately in the right, will gradually exalt the character of the instruction which it has been already wise enough to provide. It must be remembered, too, how much farther the same kind and degree of instruction goes in a democracy than elsewhere. The alphabet itself is of little or no value to a slave, while it is an inestimable treasure to a conscious young republican. One needs but go from a charity school in an English county to a free school in Massachusetts, to see how different the bare acquisition of reading and writing is to children who, if they look forward at all, do it languidly, and into a life of mechanical labor merely, and to young citizens who are aware that they have their share of the work of self-government to achieve. Elderly gentlemen in the country may smile, and foreigners of all ages may scoff at the self-confidence and complacency of young men who have just exercised the suffrage for the first time; but the being secure of the dignity, the certainty of being fully and efficaciously represented, the probability of sooner or later filling some responsible political office, are a stimulus which goes far to supply the deficiencies of the instruction imparted. It is much to be wished that this stimulus were as strong and as virtuous in one or two colleges whose inmates are on the

very verge of the exercise of their political rights, as in some of even the primary schools.

Some persons plead that there is less occasion for school instruction in the principles of politics, than for an improved teaching of some other things; because children are instructed in politics every day of their lives by what they hear at home, and wherever they go. But they hear all too little of principles. What they hear is argumentation about particular men, and immediate measures. The more sure they are of learning details elsewhere, the more necessary it is that they should here be exercised in those principles by which the details are to be judged and made available as knowledge. They come to school with their heads crammed with prejudices, and their memories with words which it should be part of the work of school to reduce to truth and clearness, by substituting principles for the one, and annexing ideas to the other.

The early republican consciousness of which I have spoken, and the fact of the more important place which the children occupy in a society whose numbers are small in proportion to its resources, are the two circumstances which occasion that freedom of manners in children of which so much complaint has been made by observers, and on which so much remonstrance has been wasted;—I say "wasted," because remonstrance is of no avail against a necessary fact. Till the United States cease to be republican, and their vast area is fully peopled, the children there will continue as free and easy and important as they are. For my own part, I delight in the American children. There are instances, as there are everywhere, of spoiled, pert, and selfish children. Parents' hearts are pierced there, as elsewhere. But the independence and fearlessness of children were a perpetual charm in my eyes. To go no deeper, it is a constant amusement to see how the speculations of young minds issue, when they take their own way of thinking, and naturally say all they think.

## 54. HUGH MILLER — (1802–1856).

Hugh Miller was born at Cromarty, in the northern part of Scotland. His father was a sea-faring man who was drowned at sea in 1807. All the education at school that he acquired was obtained in the elementary schools of his native village. His uncles, who were his guardians, were anxious to educate him for the church; but he felt unfitted for such a profession and he was apprenticed to a stone-mason.

During the sixteen years that he was a mason, Miller was an indefatigable student, nourishing the hope that literature or science would ultimately prove to be his real vocation.

In 1835 Miller became an accountant in the bank at Cromarty. Shortly after this he married a handsome and accomplished young woman, who must have been a source of inspiration to him in his subsequent career. In 1840 he was made editor of a bi-weekly paper called *The Witness*, and removed to Edinburgh. From this time to the time of his suicide, he devoted himself to geology and literature. The cause which led to his violent death was an overtaxed brain.

Hugh Miller is, probably, the most fascinating writer upon the subject of geology that ever lived. He had a poetic imagination, and therefore saw beauty and grandeur where a coldly philosophic mind would have seen nothing. "His enthusiasm and word-painting were irresistible. He was in geology what Carlyle was in history."

In 1841 Miller published his *Old Red Sandstone*, from which the following selection is taken. This was followed, in 1848, by *First Impressions of England and Its People*. His third work was *Footprints of the Creator*, published in 1850; his fourth, in 1854, *My Schools and Schoolmasters*. *The Testimony of the Rocks*, *The Cruise of the Betsy*, and *Sketch Book of Popular Geology* were published after his death.

## THE APPROXIMATE AGE OF THE EARTH.

I HAVE listened to the controversies of opposite schools of geologists, who, from the earth's strata, extract registers of the earth's age of an amount amazingly different. One class, regarding the geological field as if under the influence of those principles of perspective which give to the cottage in front more than the bulk and altitude of the mountain behind, would assign to the present scene of things its thousands of years, but to all the extinct periods united merely their few centuries; while, with their opponents, the remoter periods stretch out far into the bygone eternity, and the present scene seems but a narrow strip running along the foreground. Both classes appeal to facts; and, leaving them to their disputes, I have gone out to examine and judge for myself. The better to compare the present with the past, I have regarded the existing scene merely as a *formation*—not as a superficies, but as depth; and have sought to ascertain the extent to which, in different localities, and under different circumstances, it has overlaid the surface.

The slopes of an ancient forest incline towards a river that flows sluggishly onwards through a deep alluvial plain, once an extensive lake. A recent landslip has opened up one of the hanging thickets. Uprooted trees, mingled with bushes, lie at the foot of the slope, half buried in broken masses of turf; and we see above, a section of the soil from the line of vegetation to the bare rock. There is an under bed of clay and an upper belt of gravel, neither of which contains anything organic; and overtopping the whole we may see a dark-colored bar of mold, barely a foot in thickness, studded with stumps and interlaced with roots. Mark that narrow bar: it is the geological representative of six thousand years. A stony bar of similar appearance runs through the strata of the Wealden; it, too, has its dingy color, its stumps, and its

interlacing roots; but it forms only a very inconsiderable portion of one of the least considerable of all the formations; and yet who shall venture to say that it does not represent a period as extended as that represented by the dark bar in the ancient forest, seeing there is not a circumstance of difference between them?

We descend to the river side. The incessant action of the current has worn a deep channel through the leaden-colored silt; the banks stand up perpendicularly over the water, and downwards, for twenty feet together,—for such is the depth of the deposit,—we may trace layer after layer of reeds, and flags, and fragments of drift-wood, and find here and there a few fresh-water shells of the existing species. In this locality, six thousand years are represented by twenty feet. The depth of the various fossiliferous formations united, is at least fifteen hundred times as great.

We pursue our walk, and pass through a morass. Three tiers of forest trees appear in the section laid open by the stream, the one above the other. Overlying these there is a congeries of the remains of aquatic plants, which must have grown and decayed on the spot for many ages after the soil had so changed that trees could be produced by it no longer; and over the whole there occur layers of mosses that must have found root on the surface after the waters had been drained away by the deepening channel of the river. The six thousand years are here represented by that morass, its three succeeding forests, its beds of aquatic vegetation, its bands of moss, and the thin stratum of soil which overlies the whole. Well, but it forms, notwithstanding, only the mere beginning of a formation. Pile up twenty such morasses, the one over the other; separate them by a hundred such bands of alluvial silt as we have just examined a little higher up the stream; throw in some forty or fifty thick beds of sand to swell the amount; and the whole together will but barely equal the Coal Measures, one of many formations.

But the marine deposits of the present creation have been, perhaps, accumulating more rapidly than those of our lakes, forests, or rivers? Yes, unquestionably, in friths and estuaries, in the neighborhood of streams that drain vast tracts of country, and roll down the soil and clay swept by the winter rains from thousands of hillsides; but what is there to lead to the formation of sudden deposits in those profounder depths of the sea, in which the water retains its blue transparency all the year round, let the waves rise as they may? And do we not know that, along many of our shores, the process of accumulation is well nigh as slow as on the land itself? The existing creation is represented in the little land-locked bay, where the crustacea harbor so thickly, by a deposit hardly three feet in thickness. In a more exposed locality, on the opposite side of the promontory, it finds its representative in a deposit of barely nine inches. It is surely the present scene of things that is in its infancy! Into how slender a bulk have the organisms of six thousand years been compressed!

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## 55. RALPH WALDO EMERSON — (1803–1882).

A WRITER like Macaulay elaborates a thought so completely that the reader has nothing to do but to receive what is given him; an author like Emerson throws his reader upon his own resources, and merely suggests trains of thought which can be elaborated or not at the reader's pleasure. Emerson is, indeed, the most purely suggestive of all English writers. There is no logical continuity of thought, no system of any kind of philosophical speculation, not even any intellectual hobbies to be found in his writings. He never argues; he merely states conclusions which the reader can

argue if he chooses. He never writes without having something to say which is of importance to the welfare of mankind, and he says it with a conciseness that is remarkable, because often full of poetic imagery.

Ralph Waldo Emerson is, therefore, one of the controlling minds of the present age, and his influence is a healthy one because he looks on the bright side of things much more frequently than on the dark side, in this respect being just the opposite of Carlyle.

Emerson was born in Boston, of parents whose ancestors for generations had been noted for their intellectuality. A writer says of him: "Emerson thus inherited the accumulated culture and heresies of two hundred years." His father was Reverend William Emerson, the seventh, in succession, of a line of ministers.

Emerson entered Harvard College in 1817 and was graduated in 1821. Although Class-Poet at his graduation, he did not stand high in scholarship. He was conspicuous, however, for his literary attainments. After teaching school for five years he became a clergyman, but did not begin to preach till 1829, when he was ordained as a colleague of Henry Ware, in the Second Unitarian Church of Boston. He resigned this position and withdrew from the ministry in 1832; went to Europe, where he remained for nearly a year, becoming acquainted with most of the prominent literary men, especially Carlyle; returned home; and in the winter began his career as a lecturer, thus becoming the originator of the lyceum system in America. From this time Emerson's life was of a purely literary character. In 1835 he made his permanent home at Concord, Massachusetts, 18 miles northwest of Boston, a village noted not only for its historical associations, but also as the residence of Hawthorne, Thoreau, Margaret Fuller, and Louisa M. Alcott.

Emerson delivered courses of lectures upon biography, history, culture, human life, the present age, the times, nat-

ure. Of the nine volumes that he published, all consist of essays except *English Traits*, which contains observations made during his second visit to Europe.

This selection is taken from the essay entitled *Nature*.

## LANGUAGE AND NATURE.

It is not words only that are emblematic, it is things which are emblematic. Every natural fact is a symbol of some spiritual fact. Every appearance in nature corresponds to some state of the mind. And that state of the mind can only be described by presenting that natural appearance as its picture. An enraged man is a lion, a cunning man is a fox, a firm man is a rock, a learned man is a torch. A lamb is innocence, a snake is subtle spite, flowers express to us the delicate affections. Light and darkness are our familiar expressions for knowledge and ignorance, and heat for love. Visible distance, behind and before us, is respectively our image of memory and hope. Who looks upon a river in a meditative hour, and is not reminded of the flux of all things? Throw a stone into the stream, and the circles that propagate themselves are the beautiful type of all influence. Man is conscious of a universal soul within or behind his intellectual life, wherein, as in a firmament, the natures of Justice, Truth, Love, Freedom, arise and shine. This universal soul he calls Reason; it is not mine, or thine, or his, but we are its; we are its property and men. And the blue sky in which the private earth is buried, the sky with its eternal calm and full of everlasting orbs, is the type of Reason. That which, intellectually considered, we call Reason, considered in relation to nature, we call spirit. Spirit is the creator. Spirit hath life in itself. And man in all ages and countries embodies it in his language, as the Father.

It is easily seen that there is nothing lucky or capricious in these analogies, but that they are constant, and pervade

nature. These are not the dreams of a few poets, here and there, but man is an analogist, and studies relations in all objects. He is placed in the center of beings, and a ray of relation passes from every other being to him. And neither can man be understood without these objects, nor these objects without man. All the facts of natural history taken by themselves have no value, but are barren like a single sex. But marry it to human history, and it is full of life. Whole floras, all Linnæus's and Buffon's volumes are but dry catalogues of facts; but the most trivial of these facts, the habits of a plant, the organs, or work, or noise of an insect applied to the illustration of a fact in intellectual philosophy, or in any way associated to human nature, affects us in the most lively and agreeable manner. The seed of a plant,—to what affecting analogies in the nature of man is that little fruit made use of, in all discourse, up to the voice of Paul, who calls the human corpse a seed,—"It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body." The motion of the earth around its axis, and around the sun, makes the day and the year. These are certain amounts of brute light and heat. But is there no intent of an analogy between man's life and the seasons? And do the seasons gain no grandeur or pathos from that analogy? The instincts of the ant are very unimportant considered as the ant; but the moment a ray of relation is seen to extend from it to man and the little drudge is seen to be a monitor, a little body with a mighty heart, then all its habits, even that said to be recently observed, that it never sleeps, become sublime.

Because of this radical correspondence between visible things and human thoughts, savages who have only what is necessary, converse in figures. As we go back in history, language becomes more picturesque until its infancy, when it is all poetry; or, all spiritual facts are represented by natural symbols. The same symbols are found to make the original elements of all languages. It has, moreover, been

observed that the idioms of all languages approach each other in passages of the greatest eloquence and power. And as this is the first language, so is it the last. This immediate dependence of language upon nature, this conversion of an outward phenomenon into a type of somewhat in human life, never loses its power to affect us. It is this which gives that piquancy to the conversation of a strong-natured farmer or backwoodsman, which all men relish.

Thus is nature an interpreter, by whose means man converses with his fellow man. A man's powers to connect his thoughts with its proper symbol, and so utter it, depends on the simplicity of his character, that is, upon his love of truth and his desire to communicate it without loss. The corruption of man is followed by the corruption of language. When simplicity of character and the sovereignty of ideas is broken up by the prevalence of secondary desires, the desire of riches, the desire of power, the desire of praise,—and duplicity and falsehood take the place of simplicity and truth, the power over nature as an interpreter of the will, is in a degree lost; new imagery ceases to be created, and old words are perverted to stand for things which are not; a paper currency is employed when there is no bullion in the vaults. In due time the fraud is manifest, and words lose all power to stimulate the understanding or the affections. Hundreds of writers may be found in every long civilized nation, who for a short time believe, and make others believe, that they see and utter truths, who do not of themselves clothe one thought in its natural garment, but who feed unconsciously upon the language created by the primary writers of the country, those, namely, who hold primarily on nature.

But wise men pierce this rotten diction and fasten words again to visible things; so that picturesque language is at once a commanding certificate that he who employs it is a man in alliance with truth and God. The moment our discourse rises above the ground-line of familiar facts and is influenced

by passion or exalted by thought, it clothes itself in images. A man conversing in earnest, if he watch his intellectual processes, will find that always a material image, more or less luminous, rises in his mind, contemporaneous with every thought, which furnishes the vestment of the thought. Hence, good writing and brilliant discourse are perpetual allegories. This imagery is spontaneous. It is the blending of experience with the present action of the mind. It is proper creation. It is the working of the original cause through the instruments he has already made. These facts may suggest the advantage which a country life possesses for a powerful mind, over the artificial and curtailed life of cities.

We know more from nature than we can at will communicate. Its light flows into the mind evermore, and we forget its presence. The poet, the orator, bred in the woods, whose senses have been nourished by their fair and appeasing changes year after year, without design and without heed,—shall not lose their lesson altogether, in the roar of cities or the broil of politics. Long hereafter,—amidst agitation and terror in national councils,—these solemn images shall reappear in their morning luster as fit symbols and words of the thoughts which the passing event shall awaken. At the call of a noble sentiment, again the woods wave, the pines murmur, the river rolls and shines, and the cattle low upon the mountains as he saw and heard them in his infancy. And with these forms the spells of persuasion, the keys of power, are put into his hands.

NOTE.

There are several suggestions well worth noting: (1) Language and nature are interwoven by necessity:—(2) The words and thoughts suggested by nature have a priority over those suggested by civilization, hence are stronger and purer:—(3) During the period of growth of a powerful mind the country furnishes more room to grow, if not a better opportunity:—(4) The influence of nature over language is a permanent one.

## 56. NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE — (1804–1864).

HAWTHORNE was born on the 4th of July, at Salem, Massachusetts. His father was the master of a ship, who died in a foreign port when Hawthorne was only four years old. After her husband's death Hawthorne's mother lived in absolute seclusion as a mourner for more than thirty years. From her he must have inherited those traits that made him one of the most eccentric literary men that ever lived.

Hawthorne received his degree of A. B. at Bowdoin College in 1825, after which he lived in Salem a life of meditation and study. He took his walks at night and spent his days in writing. In 1837 he collected a number of the short sketches he had published in various periodicals, and gave them to the world under the title *Twice Told Tales*. The second volume, published in 1842, was received in the same quiet, passive, but rather kindly way as the first, but it was very little read outside of New England.

It is true that the popularity of Hawthorne was of slow growth, but that growth was sure. This could not be otherwise, for he was the most original man of letters in America. Besides, his style is simple, beautiful, clear, pure, humorous, and his descriptions of scenery are exquisite.

In 1839 he was made a weigher and gauger in the custom house at Boston. For a few months in 1841 he was one of the colony of theorists who vainly hoped to find an Arcadia at Brook Farm in West Roxbury. Thence he returned to Boston and continued there till 1843. In this year he married Miss Sophia Peabody, and moved to the "Old Manse" in Concord. It was here that he wrote *Mosses from an Old Manse*, which he published in 1845.

In 1846 Hawthorne was made Surveyor of the Port of Salem, and moved there. If he "came as a phantom to the

'Old Manse' and as a phantom dwelt there," his strange and reserved habits at Salem gave him the reputation of a man who was haunted by an evil conscience. Yet he made an efficient and popular public officer, in spite of his naturally timid reserve, not only at Salem, but as Consul to Liverpool from 1853 to 1857. After traveling two years in France and Italy, he returned to Concord in 1860, where he remained until his death.

Hawthorne was quite a voluminous writer. The complete edition of his works published in 1873 comprises twenty-one volumes. Besides his sketches, he wrote several novels, the best of which are *The Scarlet Letter*, *The Marble Faun*, and *The House of the Seven Gables*.

The following selection is taken from *Twice Told Tales*, *Second Series*.

## NIGHT SKETCHES BENEATH AN UMBRELLA.

From hence I tread upon firm pavements into the center of the town. Here there is almost as brilliant an illumination as when some great victory has been won, either on the battle-field or at the polls. Two rows of shops, with windows nearly down to the ground, cast a glow from side to side, while the black night hangs overhead like a canopy, and thus keeps the splendor from diffusing itself away. The wet side-walks gleam with a broad sheet of red light. The rain-drops glitter, as if the sky were pouring down rubies. The spouts gush with fire. Methinks the scene is an emblem of the deceptive glare which mortals throw around their footsteps in the moral world, thus bedazzling themselves till they forget the impenetrable obscurity that hems them in, and that can be dispelled only by radiance from above. And, after all, it is a cheerless scene, and cheerless are the wanderers in it. Here comes one who has so long been familiar with tempest-

uous weather that he takes the bluster of the storm for a friendly greeting, as if it should say, "How fare ye, brother?" He is a retired sea-captain, wrapped in some nameless garment of the pea-jacket order, and is now laying his course toward the Marine Insurance Office, there to spin yarns of gale and shipwreck, with a crew of old sea-dogs like himself. The blast will put in its word among their hoarse voices, and be understood by all of them. Next I meet an unhappy, slip-shod gentleman, with a cloak flung hastily over his shoulders, running a race with boisterous winds, and striving to glide between the drops of rain. Some domestic emergency or other has blown this miserable man from his warm fireside, in quest of a doctor! See that little vagabond—how carelessly he has taken his stand right underneath a spout, while staring at some object of curiosity in a shop-window! Surely the rain is his native element; he must have fallen with it from the clouds, as frogs are supposed to do.

Here is a picture, and a pretty one. A young man and a girl, both enveloped in cloaks, and huddled beneath the scanty protection of a cotton umbrella. She wears rubber over-shoes, but he is in his dancing-pumps; and they are on their way, no doubt, to some cotillion-party, or subscription-ball at a dollar a head, refreshments included. Thus they struggle against the gloomy tempest, lured onward by a vision of festal splendor. But, ah! a lamentable disaster. Bewildered by the red, blue, and yellow meteors in an apothecary's window, they have stepped upon a slippery remnant of ice, and are precipitated into a confluence of swollen floods, at the corner of two streets. Luckless lovers! Were it my nature to be other than a looker-on in life, I would attempt your rescue. Since that may not be, I vow, should you be drowned, to weave such a pathetic story of your fate as shall call forth tears enough to drown you both anew. Do ye touch bottom, my young friends? Yes, they emerge like a water nymph and a river deity, and paddle, hand in hand,

out of the depths of the dark pool. They hurry homeward, dripping, disconsolate, abashed, but with love too warm to be chilled by cold water. They have stood a test which proves too strong for many. Faithful, though over head and ears in trouble!

Onward I go, deriving a sympathetic joy or sorrow from the varied aspect of mortal affairs, even as my figure catches a gleam from the lighted windows, or is blackened by an interval of darkness. Not that mine is altogether a chameleon spirit, with no hue of its own. Now I pass into a more retired street, where the dwellings of wealth and poverty are intermingled, presenting a range of strongly contrasted pictures. Here, too, may be found the golden mean. Through yonder casement I discern a family circle—the grandmother, the parents, and the children—all flickering, shadow-like, in the glow of a wood fire. Bluster, fierce blast, and beat, thou wintry rain, against the window-panes! Ye can not damp the enjoyment of that fireside. Surely my fate is hard, that I should be wandering homeless here, taking to my bosom night and storm and solitude, instead of wife and children. Peace, murmurer! Doubt not that darker guests are sitting round the hearth, though the warm blaze hides all but blissful images. Well; here is a still brighter scene. A stately mansion, illuminated for a ball, with cut-glass chandeliers and alabaster lamps in every form, and sunny landscapes hanging round the walls. See! a coach has stopped, whence emerges a slender beauty, who, canopied by two umbrellas, glides within the portal and vanishes amid lightsome thrills of music. Will she ever feel the night-wind and the rain? Perhaps—perhaps! And will Death and Sorrow ever enter that proud mansion? As surely as the dancers will be gay within its halls to-night. Such thoughts sadden, yet satisfy my heart; for they teach me that the poor man, in this mean, weather-beaten hovel, without a fire to cheer him, may call the rich his brother—brethren by Sorrow, who must be an

inmate of both their households—brethren by Death, who will lead them both to other homes.

Onward, still onward, I lounge into the night. Now have I reached the utmost limits of the town, where the last lamp struggles feebly with the darkness, like the farthest star that stands sentinel on the borders of uncreated space. It is strange what sensations of sublimity may spring from a very humble source. Such are suggested by this hollow roar of a subterranean cataract, where the mighty stream of a kennel precipitates itself beneath an iron grate, and is seen no more on earth. Listen a while to its voice of mystery, and fancy will magnify it till you start and smile at the illusion. And now another sound—the rumbling of wheels—as the mail-coach, outward bound, rolls heavily off the pavements and splashes through the mud and water of the road. All night long the poor passengers will be tossed to and fro between drowsy watch and troubled sleep, and will dream of their own quiet beds, and will awake to find themselves still jolting onward. Happier my lot, who will straightway hie me to my familiar room and toast myself comfortably before the fire, musing, and fitfully dozing, and fancying a strangeness in such sights as all may see. But first let me gaze at this solitary figure who comes hitherward with a tin lantern, which throws the circular pattern of its punched holes on the ground about him. He passes fearlessly into the gloom, whither I will not follow him.

This figure shall supply me with a moral, wherewith, for lack of a more appropriate one, I may wind up my sketch. He fears not to tread the dreary path before him, because his lantern, which was kindled at the fireside of his home, will light him back to that same fireside again. And thus we, night-wanderers through a stormy and dismal world, if we bear the lamp of Faith, enkindled at a celestial fire, it will surely lead us home to that Heaven whence its radiance was borrowed.

## 57. EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON — (1805–1873).

Bulwer, as Lord Lytton is familiarly called, was the most versatile author of the present century. He was a poet, dramatist, novelist, essayist. His career is the more remarkable because he was brought up in affluence, and had no incentive, save his ambition, to subject himself to hard work of any kind. As his genius developed slowly, and as he was very sensitive to adverse criticism, his persistence in literary labor during years when his life as a politician and statesman would have been considered a busy one without it, entitles him to the very highest praise.

His father was General Bulwer, his mother an accomplished woman of the ancient family of Lytton. Upon the death of his mother, in 1843, he succeeded to her estate, and took the name of Lytton.

Bulwer was educated by private tutors until prepared for college. In 1825 he won a gold medal at Cambridge for the best English poem. His college vacations were spent in traveling through England, Scotland, and France. He was graduated in 1826.

Bulwer's literary tastes developed themselves when he was quite young. It is said he wrote verses before he was six years old. His first book was a volume of poems, published at the age of fifteen. Although for years he made an occasional effort at poetical composition, publishing during his life about six volumes of poems, the poetic faculty was not strong enough within him to admit of much development. Yet he possessed a poetic imagination, as is repeatedly manifested in the many brilliant descriptions running through his novels.

Bulwer published five plays, three of which were remarkably successful and still hold their place on the stage. These

are *The Lady of Lyons*, *Richelieu*, and *Money*. The other two were failures.

It is, however, as a novelist that Bulwer takes rank among the literary men of his day. His novels cover a wide range of subjects and are of very unequal merit; but his best are among the very best in the language. "He is the most brilliant of story-tellers, the most comprehensive of social philosophers. His glance takes in all society, not to find out its defects, not to represent its humors only, with no specialty of class or purpose, but with a large and extended vision, less intense, perhaps, than that of some writers in a more limited circle, but broader and fuller than any."

His twenty-five novels naturally group themselves into four classes: romances of crime, tales of magic and mystery, historical romances, and stories of life and manners. In the first class, the best is *Eugene Aram;* in the second, *Zanoni;* in the third, *The Last of the Barons;* in the fourth, *My Novel.*

Bulwer is most skillful in delineating the upper and middle classes of society; especially successful in describing "the accomplished, polished, able, experienced, clear-sighted, and selfish man of the world." Besides his failure to get within the range of the poor, he never fully succeeded in his portraiture of women. Perhaps a pardonable fault is his frequent disposition to make an exhibition of his scholarship.

The following selection is from Book IV. Chapter XIX. of *My Novel.* This work of fiction justly ranks among the foremost in the English language.

Leonard Fairfield, one of the heroes of the story, is Dr. Riccabocca's gardener. He devotes his evenings to systematic study and makes remarkable progress. The Mechanic's Institute having offered a prize for the best essay on "The Diffusion of Knowledge," Leonard competes for it and wins. The Institute publishes his essay, and the young author is extravagantly praised. Parson Dale fears that the effect of this flattery will be injurious to Leonard, so induces Dr.

Riccabocca to go with him to Mrs. Fairfield's cottage, in order to restore Leonard's mind to a healthy equilibrium.

Leonard is found alone with his books—French and Latin—his mother having retired.

Knowledge is *not* power, is the text of *My Novel.*

## "KNOWLEDGE IS POWER."

*Parson.*—You take for your motto this aphorism—"Knowledge is Power."—*Bacon.*

*Riccabocca.*—Bacon make such an aphorism! The last man in the world to have said anything so pert and so shallow.

*Leonard* (*astonished*).—Do you mean to say, sir, that the aphorism is not in Lord Bacon? Why, I have seen it quoted as his in almost every newspaper, and in almost every speech in favor of popular education.

*Riccabocca.*—Then that should be a warning to you never again to fall into the error of the would-be scholar, viz., quote second hand. Lord Bacon wrote a great book to show in what knowledge is power, how that power should be defined, in what it might be mistaken. And, pray, do you think so sensible a man ever would have taken the trouble to write a great book upon the subject if he could have packed up all he had to say into the portable dogma, "Knowledge is Power"? Pooh! no such aphorism is to be found in Bacon, from the first page of his writings to the last.

*Parson* (*candidly*).—Well, I supposed it was Lord Bacon's, and I am very glad to hear that the aphorism has not the sanction of his authority.

*Leonard* (*recovering from his surprise*).—But why so?

*Parson.*—Because it either says a great deal too much, or just—nothing at all.

*Leonard.*—At least, sir, it seems to me undeniable.

*Parson.*—Well, grant that it is undeniable. Does it prove much in favor of knowledge? Pray, is not ignorance power?

*Riccabocca.*—And a power that has had much the best end of the quarter-staff. [1]

*Parson.*—All evil is power, and does its power make it anything the better?

*Riccabocca.*—Fanaticism is power—and a power that has often swept away knowledge like a whirlwind. The Mussulman burns the library of a world, and forces the Koran and the sword from the schools of Byzantium to the colleges of Hindustan.

*Parson* (*bearing on with a new column of illustration*).—Hunger is power. The barbarians, starved out of their forests by their own swarming population, swept into Italy and annihilated letters. The Romans, however degraded, had more knowledge, at least, than the Gaul and the Visigoth.

*Riccabocca* (*bringing up the reserve*).—And even in Greece, when Greek met Greek, [2] the Athenians—our masters in all knowledge—were beat by the Spartans, who held learning in contempt.

*Parson.*—Wherefore you see, Leonard, that, though knowledge be power, it is only *one* of the powers of the world; that there are others as strong, and often much stronger; and the assertion either means but a barren truism, not worth so frequent a repetition, or it means something that you would find it very difficult to prove.

*Leonard.*—One nation may be beaten by another that has more physical strength and more military discipline; which last, permit me to say, sir, is a species of knowledge;——

*Riccabocca.*—Yes; but your knowledge-mongers at present call upon us to discard military discipline, and the qualities that produce it, from the list of the useful arts. And in your own Essay, you insist upon knowledge as the great disbander of armies, and the foe of all military discipline!

*Parson.*—Let the young man proceed. Nations, you say, may be beaten by other nations less learned and civilized?

*Leonard.*—But knowledge elevates a class. I invite the

members of my own humble order to knowledge, because knowledge will lift them into power.

*Riccabocca.*—What do you say to that, Mr. Dale?

*Parson.*—In the first place, is it true that the class which has the most knowledge gets the most power? I suppose philosophers, like my friend Dr. Riccabocca, think they have the most knowledge. And pray, in what age have philosophers governed the world? Are they not always grumbling that nobody attends to them?

*Riccabocca.*—*Per Bacco*, if people had attended to us, it would have been a droll sort of world by this time!

*Parson.*—Very likely. But, as a general rule, those have the knowledge who give themselves up to it the most. Let us put out of the question philosophers (who are often but ingenious lunatics,) and speak only of erudite scholars, men of letters and practical science, professors, tutors, and fellows of colleges. I fancy any member of parliament would tell us that there is no class of men which has less actual influence on public affairs. These scholars have more knowledge than manufacturers and ship-owners, squires and farmers; but do you find that they have more power over the Government and the votes of the House of Commons?

*Leonard.*—They ought to have.

*Parson.*—Ought they? we 'll consider that later. Meanwhile, you must not escape from your own proposition, which is, that knowledge *is* power—not that it *ought* to be. Now, even granting your corollary, that the power of a class is therefore proportioned to its knowledge—pray, do you suppose that while your order, the operatives, are instructing themselves, all the rest of the community are to be at a standstill? Diffuse knowledge as you may, you will never produce equality of knowledge. Those who have most leisure, application, and aptitude for learning, will still know the most. Nay, by a very natural law, the more general the appetite for knowledge, the more the increased competition

will favor those most adapted to excel by circumstance and nature. At this day there is a vast increase of knowledge spread over all society, compared with that in the Middle Ages; but is there not a still greater distinction between the highly educated gentleman and the intelligent mechanic, than there was then between the baron who could not sign his name, and the churl at the plow? between the accomplished statesman, versed in all historical lore, and the voter whose politics are formed by his newspaper, than there was between the legislator who passed laws against witches, and the burgher who defended his guild from some feudal aggression? between the enlightened scholar and the dunce of to-day, than there was between the monkish alchemist and the blockhead of yesterday? Peasant, voter, and dunce of this century are no doubt wiser than the churl, burgher, and blockhead of the twelfth. But the gentleman, statesman, and scholar of the present age are at least quite as favorable a contrast to the alchemist, witch-burner, and baron of old. As the progress of enlightenment has done hitherto, so will it ever do. Knowledge is like capital: the more there is in a country, the greater the disparities in wealth between one man and another. Therefore, if the working class increase in knowledge, so do the other classes; and if the working class rise peacefully and legitimately into power, it is not in proportion to their own knowledge alone, but rather according as it seems to the knowledge of the other orders of the community, that such augmentation of proportional power is just, and safe, and wise.

*Leonard.*—If you thus speak of knowledge, why have you encouraged me to know?

*Parson.*—Ah, my son! if I wished to prove the value of religion, would you think I served it much if I took as my motto, "Religion is power"? Would not that be a base and sordid view of its advantages? And would you not say, he who regards religion as a power intends to abuse it?

*Riccabocca.*—Well put!

*Leonard.*—Wait a moment—let me think! Ah—I see, sir!

*Parson.*—If the cause be holy, do not weigh it in the scales of the market; if its objects be peaceful, do not seek to arm it with the weapons of strife; if it is to be the cement of society, do not vaunt it as the triumph of class against class.

*Leonard* (*ingenuously*).—You correct me nobly, sir. Knowledge is power, but not in the sense in which I have interpreted the saying.

*Parson.*—Knowledge is one of the powers in the moral world, but one that, in its immediate result, is not always of the most worldly advantage to the possessor. It is one of the slowest, because one of the most durable, of agencies. It may take a thousand years for a thought to come into power, and the thinker who originated it might have died in rags.

NOTES.

[1] *Quarter-staff.* A stick used as a weapon. It was grasped in the middle with one hand, the other, when necessary, seizing it half-way between the middle and the end towards the body. Both ends were used in giving blows.

[2] *Greek met Greek.* The correct quotation is:—*Greek joins Greek.*

THE plot of *The Lady of Lyons*, briefly told, is as follows: Claude Melnotte is a peasant youth, who loves Pauline Deschappelles, a beautiful lady of Lyons. She becomes a source of inspiration to him, and he devotes himself to study. He sends her a copy of some original verses, and they are returned to him with contempt. At this moment two disappointed lovers of Pauline induce him to enter into a contract to personate the Prince of Como, to marry her, and take her to his mother's cottage, they to furnish all the means. After his work is done remorse seizes him. He enters the army of Napoleon, and in two years rises to the rank of Colonel. He returns to Lyons just in time to prevent Pauline

from sacrificing herself by marriage to one of her old suitors, in order to save her father from financial ruin.

The selection represents the feelings of Pauline when she finds that she has been deceived.

## MELNOTTE MAKES REPARATION.

*Pauline.*—Her son—her son!
*Melnotte.*— Now, lady, hear me.
*Pauline.*— Hear thee!
Ay, speak—her son! have fiends a parent? speak,
That thou may'st silence curses—speak!
*Melnotte.*— No, curse me:
Thy curse would blast me less than thy forgiveness.
*Pauline* (*laughing wildly*).—"This is thy palace, where the perfumed light
Steals through the mist of alabaster lamps,
And every air is heavy with the sighs
Of orange-groves, and music from sweet lutes,
And murmurs of low fountains, that gush forth
I' the midst of roses!" Dost thou like the picture?
*This* is my bridal home, and *thou* my bridegroom.
O fool—O dupe—O wretch! I see it all—
The by-word and the jeer of every tongue
In Lyons. Hast thou in thy heart one touch
Of human kindness? if thou hast, why kill me,
And save thy wife from madness. No, it can not—
It can not be: this is some horrid dream:
I shall wake soon—[*touching him*]. Art flesh? art man? or but
The shadows seen in sleep? It is too real.
What have I done to thee? how sinned against thee,
That thou should'st crush me thus.
*Melnotte.*— Pauline, by pride
Angels have fallen ere thy time; by pride—

That sole alloy of thy most lovely mold—
The evil spirit of a bitter love,
And a revengeful heart, had power upon thee.
From my first years my soul was filled with thee;
I saw thee midst the flowers the lowly boy
Tended, unmarked by thee—a spirit of bloom,
And joy, and freshness, as if Spring itself
Were made a living thing, and wore thy shape!
I saw thee, and the passionate heart of man
Entered the breast of the wild-dreaming boy.
And from that hour I grew—what to the last
I shall be—thine adorer! Well, this love,
Vain, frantic, guilty, if thou wilt, became
A fountain of ambition and bright hope;
I thought of tales that by the winter hearth
Old gossips tell—how maidens sprung from kings
Have stooped from their high sphere; how love, like death,
Levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's crook
Beside the scepter. Thus I made my home
In the soft palace of a fairy Future!
My father died, and I, the peasant-born,
Was my own lord. Then did I seek to rise
Out of the prison of my mean estate;
And, with such jewels as the exploring mind
Brings from the caves of knowledge, buy my ransom
From those twin jailors of the daring heart—
Low birth and iron fortune. Thy bright image
Glassed in my soul, took all the hues of glory,
And lured me on to those inspiring toils
By which man masters men! For thee I grew
A midnight student o'er the dreams of sages.
For thee I sought to borrow from each grace,
And every muse, such attributes as lend
Ideal charms to love. I thought of thee,
And passion taught me poesy—of thee,

And on the painter's canvas grew the life
Of beauty! Art became the shadow
Of the dear starlight of thy haunting eyes!
Men called me vain—some mad—I heeded not;
But still toiled on—hoped on—for it was sweet,
If not to win, to feel more worthy thee!

*Pauline.*—Has he a magic to exorcise hate?

*Melnotte.*—At last, in one mad hour, I dared to pour
The thoughts that burst their channels, into song,
And sent them to thee—such a tribute, lady,
As beauty rarely scorns, even from the meanest.
The name—appended by the burning heart
That longed to show its idol what bright things
It had created—yea, the enthusiast's name,
That should have been thy triumph, was thy scorn!
That very hour, when passion turned to wrath
Resembled hatred most—when thy disdain
Made my whole soul a chaos—in that hour
The tempters found me a revengeful tool
For their revenge! Thou hadst trampled on the worm—
It turned and stung thee!

*Pauline.*— Love, sir, hath no sting.
What was the slight of a poor, powerless girl
To the deep wrong of this most vile revenge?
Oh, how I loved this man!—a serf!—a slave!

*Melnotte.*—Hold, lady! No, not slave! Despair is free!
I will not tell thee of the throes—the struggles—
The anguish—the remorse; no, let it pass!
And let me come to such most poor atonement
Yet in my power. Pauline!——[*About to take her hand.*

*Pauline.*— No, touch me not!
I know my fate. You are, by law, my tyrant;
And I—O Heaven!—a peasant's wife! I'll work—
Toil—drudge—do what thou wilt—but touch me not;
Let my wrongs make me sacred!

*Melnotte.*— Do not fear me.
Thou dost not know me, madam; at the altar
My vengeance ceased—my guilty oath expired!
Henceforth, no image of some marble saint,
Niched in cathedral aisles, is hallowed more
From the rude hand of sacrilegious wrong.
I am thy husband—nay, thou needst not shudder;—
Here, at thy feet, I lay a husband's rights.
A marriage thus unholy—unfulfilled—
A bond of fraud—is, by the laws of France,
Made void and null. To-night sleep—sleep in peace.
To-morrow, pure and virgin as this morn
I bore thee, bathed in blushes, from the shrine,
Thy father's arms shall take thee to thy home.
The law shall do thee justice, and restore
Thy right to bless another with thy love.
And when thou art happy, and hast half forgot
Him who so loved—so wronged thee, think at least
Heaven left some remnant of the angel still
In that poor peasant's nature!
Ho! my mother!

[*Enter Mrs. Melnotte.*]

Conduct this lady—(she is not my wife;
She is our guest—our honored guest, my mother)—
To the poor chamber, where the sleep of virtue,
Never, beneath my father's honest roof,
Even villains dared to mar! Now, lady, now,
I think thou wilt believe me. Go, my mother!

*Mrs. Melnotte.*—She is not thy wife!

*Melnotte.*— Hush, hush! for mercy's sake!
Speak not, but go.

[*Mrs. Melnotte ascends stairs; Pauline follows, but turns to look back.*]

*Melnotte* (*sinking down*).—All angels bless and guard her!

## 58. WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS—(1806–1870).

William Gilmore Simms is the most popular and versatile writer that the South has yet produced.

He was born at Charleston, South Carolina; began the study of law at the age of eighteen, and was admitted to the bar and published his first volume of poems at the age of twenty-one. Literature had stronger attractions for him than the law had, so, at the end of a year he became editor and part proprietor of the Charleston City *Gazette*. He vigorously opposed nullification. The result of taking such an unpopular side was bankruptcy to him. This was in 1833.

After a brief residence in Massachusetts he returned to South Carolina and made his permanent home on a plantation near Midway, seventy-two miles from Charleston. Book after book issued from his fluent pen. He wrote a large number of poems, two plays, thirty novels, two historical works, four biographies, and many miscellaneous articles.

Although now entirely out of print, his poems best represent the genius of the man. Some of his novels, such as *The Yemassee*, *The Partisan*, *Guy Rivers*, *The Foragers*, and *Eutaw*, are still popular. All of them contain passages of great vigor, as well as beautiful and realistic descriptions of natural scenery; but they are deficient in construction, and in development of character, and probability is often sacrificed for melodramatic effect.

As Simms was a man of marked individuality and of much more than ordinary ability, he deserves a permanent place among our best American authors.

*The Yemassees* were one of a number of Indian tribes who treacherously attacked the South Carolina settlements in 1715. This outbreak is the historical basis of Mr. Simms' romance. Gabriel Harrison, the hero of the romance and

the moving spirit among the colonists, was captured by the Indians just before the attack. The following selection describes his escape by the aid of an Indian woman, Matiwan, whom he had befriended.

## LIBERATION OF THE CAPTIVE.

THE torchers were either burnt out or decaying, and scattered over the ground. The noise was over — the crowd dispersed and gone. Silence and sleep had resumed their ancient empire.

Matiwan went forward, and the prison-house of the Englishman under the shelter of a venerable oak—the growth of several silent centuries—rose dimly before her. Securely fastened with stout thongs on the outside, the door was still farther guarded by a couple of warriors lying upon the grass before it. One of them seemed to sleep soundly, but the other was wakeful. He lay at full length, however, his head upraised, and resting upon one of his palms—his elbow lifting it from the ground. Receding, therefore, to a little distance, she carefully sheltered herself in a small clustering clump of bush and brush, at a convenient distance for her purpose, and proceeded more definitely to the adjustment of her design.

Meanwhile, the yet wakeful warrior looked round upon his comrade, who lay in a deep slumber between himself and the prison-entrance. Fatigue and previous watchfulness had done their work with the veteran. The watcher himself began to feel these influences stealing upon him. As he looked around, his ear detecting with difficulty the drowsy motion of the zephyr among the thick branches overhead—as if that slept also—his drowsiness crept more and more upon his senses. Nature is thronged with sympathies, and the undiseased sense finds its kindred at all hours and in every situation.

Suddenly, as he mused, a faint chirp, that of a single cricket, swelled upon his ear from the neighboring grove. He answered it, for great were his imitative faculties. He answered it, and from an occasional note, it broke out into a regular succession of chirpings, sweetly timed, and breaking the general silence of the night with an effect utterly indescribable, except to watchers blessed with a quick imagination. To these, still musing and won by the interruption, he sent back a similar response; and his attention was suspended, as if for some return. But the chirping died away in a click scarcely perceptible. It was succeeded after a brief interval, by the faint note of a mock-bird—a sudden note, as if the minstrel, starting from sleep, had sent it forth unconsciously, or, in a dream, had thus given utterance to some sleepless emotion. It was soft and gentle as the breathings of a flower. Again came the chirping of a cricket—a broken strain—capricious in time, and now seeming near at hand, now remote and flying. Then rose the whizzing hum, as of a tribe of bees suddenly issuing from the hollow of some neighboring tree; and then, the clear, distinct tap of the woodpecker—once, twice, and thrice. Silence, then,—and the burden of the cricket was resumed, at the moment when a lazy stir of the breeze in the branches above the half-drowsy warrior seemed to solicit the torpor from which it occasionally started. Gradually, the successive sounds, so natural to the situation, and so grateful and congenial to the ear of the hunter, hummed his senses into slumber. For a moment his eyes were half re-opened, and he looked round vacantly upon the woods, and upon the dying flame of the scattered torches, and then upon his fast-sleeping comrade. The prospect gave additional stimulus to the dreamy nature of the influences growing about and gathering upon him. Finally, the trees danced away from his vision, the clouds came down close to his face, and, gently accommodating his arm to the support of his dizzy and sinking head, he gradually and uncon-

sciously sank beside his companion, and, in a few moments, enjoyed a slumber as oblivious.

With the repose to slumber of the warrior, the cricket and the bee, the mock-bird and the woodpecker, all at once grew silent. A few moments only had elapsed, when, cautious in approach, they made their simultaneous appearance from the bush in the person of Matiwan. It was her skill that had charmed the spirit of the watcher into sleep, by the employment of associations so admirably adapted to the spirit of the scene. With that ingenuity which is an instinct with the Indians, she had imitated, one after another, the various agents, whose notes, duly timed, had first won, then soothed, and then relaxed and quieted the senses of the prison-keeper.

She emerged from her place of concealment and approached in the dim, flickering light, cast from the decaying torches which lay scattered without order along the ground. A few paces only divided her from the watchers, and she continued to approach, when one of them turned with a degree of restlessness which led her to apprehend that he had awakened. She sank back like a shadow, as fleet and silently, once more into the cover of the brush. But he still slept. She again approached—and the last flare of the torch burning most brightly before, quivered, sent up a little gust of flame, and then went out, leaving her only the star-light for her further guidance. Carefully placing her feet so as to avoid the limbs of the sleeping guard, who lay side by side and directly across the door-way, a design only executed with great difficulty, she at length reached the door; and, drawing from her side a knife, she separated the thick thongs of skin which had otherwise well secured it. In another moment she was in the center of the apartment and in the presence of the captive.

He lay at length, though not asleep, upon the damp floor of the prison. A gust aroused him. The person of Matiwan was before him, a dim outline, undistinguishable in feat-

ure by his darkened and disordered sight. Her voice, like a murmuring water lapsing away among the rushes, fell soothingly upon his senses.

"Ah! the Coosah-moray-te shall go," she said, in broken English.

"Who—what is this?" responded the captive, as he felt rather than understood the kindness of the tones that met his ear; and he now more closely approached the speaker.

"Hush,"—she placed her hand upon his wrist, and whisperingly urged him to caution.

"Take the knife, English—take the knife!"

She handed it to him with a shiver as she gave it up; then, telling him to follow, and at the same time pressing her hand upon his arm by way of caution, she led the way to the entrance, which she had carefully closed after her on first entering. With as much, if not more caution than before, slowly unclosing it, she showed him, in the dim light of the stars, the extended forms of the two keepers. Just at that moment, a sudden restless movement of one of the sleepers warned them to be heedful. Quick as thought, in that motion, Matiwan sank back into the shadow of the prison, closing the door with the same impulse.

He pressed her hand warmly, but his lips refused all other acknowledgment. Then, once more unclosing the entrance, she stepped successfully over the two sleeping sentinels.

He followed her, but with less good fortune. Whether it was that he saw indistinctly in that unaccustomed light, and brushed one of the men with his foot, or whether the latter had been restless before, and only in an imperfect slumber just then broken, may not now be said; but at that inauspicious moment he awakened. He knew his prisoner at a glance, and grappled him, as he lay, by the leg. Harrison, with an instinct quite as ready, dashed his unobstructed heel into the face of the warrior, and, though released, would have followed up his blow by a stroke from his uplifted and

bared knife; but his arm was held back by Matiwan. Her instinct was gentler and wiser. In broken English, she bade him fly for his life. His own sense taught him in an instant the propriety of this course, and before the aroused Indian could recover from the blow of his heel, and while he strove to waken his comrade, the Englishman bounded down, with a desperate speed, along the great thoroughfare leading to the river. The warriors were soon at his heels, but the generous mood of Matiwan did not rest with what she had already done. She threw herself in their way, and thus gained him some little additional time. But they soon put her aside, and their quick tread in the pathway taken by the fugitive warned him to the exercise of all his efforts. Harrison was swift of foot, few of the whites were better practised or more admirably formed for the events and necessities of forest life. But the Indian has a constant exercise which makes him a prodigy in the use of his legs. In a journey of day after day, he can easily outwind any horse. Harrison knew this, but then he thought of his knife. They gained upon him, and, as he clutched the weapon firmly in his grasp, his teeth grew tightly fixed, and he began to feel the rapturous delirium which makes the desire for the strife. Still, the river was not far off.

"Could I gain that,"—he muttered to himself,—"could I gain that, I were safe. Of God's surety, I may."

A look over his shoulder, and a new start. They were behind him, but not so close as he had thought. Coolly enough he bounded on. In another moment he was upon the banks of the river; and there, propitiously enough, a few paces from the shore, lay a canoe tied to a pole that stood upright in the stream. He blessed his stars as he beheld it, and pausing not to doubt whether a paddle lay in its bottom or not, he plunged incontinently forward, wading almost to his middle before he reached it. He was soon snug enough in its bottom, and had succeeded in cutting the thong with

his knife when the Indians appeared upon the bank. Dreading their arrows, for the broad glare of the now rising moon gave them sufficient light for their use had they been provided with them, he stretched himself at length along the bottom of the boat, and left it to the current, which set strongly downward. But a sudden plunge into the water, of one and then the other of his pursuers, left him without the hope of getting off so easily. Just at that instant a third plunge into the water, as of some prodigious body, called for the attention of all parties anew. The pursuers now became the fugitives, as their quick senses perceived a new and dangerous enemy in the black mass surging towards them, with a power and rapidity which taught them the necessity of instant flight, and with no half effort. They well knew the fierce appetite and the tremendous jaws of the native alligator,—the American crocodile,—one of the largest of which now came looming towards them. The captive was forgotten altogether in their own danger; and swimming with all their strength, and with all their skill, in a zigzag manner, so as to compel their unwieldy pursuer to make frequent and sudden turns in the chase, occasionally pausing to splash the water with as much noise as possible—a practice known to discourage his approach when not overhungry—they contrived to baffle his pursuit; and half exhausted, the two warriors reached and clambered up the banks, just as their ferocious pursuer, close upon their heels, had opened his tremendous jaws, with an awful compass, ready to engulf them. They were safe, though actually pursued up the banks by the voracious and possibly half-starved monster. Their late captive, the fugitive, was now safe also. Paddling as well as he could with a broken flap-oar lying in the bottom of the boat, he shaped his course to strike at a point as far down the river as possible. In an hour, which seemed to him an age, he reached the opposite shore a few miles from the Block House, not very much fatigued, and in perfect safety.

## 59. CHARLES JAMES LEVER—(1806–1872).

Charles Lever was born in Dublin, Ireland. When old enough he selected medicine for a profession, and studied first at Trinity College, Dublin, and afterwards at Göttingen, in Hanover. In 1832, during the cholera, he was assigned to a large district in northern Ireland, including Londonderry, and his success as a physician was remarkable. It was in 1834 that he sent the first chapters of *Harry Lorrequer* to the *Dublin University Magazine.* The popularity of the novel increased with each monthly installment. In 1837 Lever went to Brussels as physician to the British embassy, and while there he finished *Harry Lorrequer.* The success of this book determined his career. He became a novelist. From the publication of *Harry Lorrequer* until his death he published about thirty novels, besides doing a great deal of miscellaneous work.

From 1842 to 1845, Lever was editor of the *Dublin University Magazine.* He became tired of this kind of work and went abroad. He lived a number of years at Florence, Italy. In 1858 he was made Consul at Spezzia. In 1867 he was transferred to Trieste, where he died.

Lever's first works are not nearly so finished and artistic as his later ones, but they are, nevertheless, his best. The rollicking humor, recklessness, dash, indifference to artistic fitness, make the reader himself indifferent to everything but the story itself. As delineations of a certain phase of life, *Harry Lorrequer*, *Charles O'Malley*, *Tom Burke of Ours*, and *The Dodd Family Abroad* are unequaled in our literature.

Lever's powers of description were remarkable. No novelist has ever surpassed him in battle scenes.

The following selection includes Chapter CII. from *Charles O'Malley.*

## THE STORMING OF CIUDAD RODRIGO.

Whatever the levity of the previous moment, the scene before us now repressed it effectually. The deep-toned bell of the cathedral tolled seven, and scarcely were its notes dying away in the distance when the march of the columns was heard stealing along the ground. A low, murmuring whisper ran along the advanced files of the forlorn hope; stocks were loosened, packs and knapsacks thrown to the ground; each man pressed his cap more firmly down upon his brow, and, with lip compressed and steadfast eye, waited for the word to move.

It came at last: the word "March!" passed in whispers from rank to rank, and the dark mass moved on. What a moment was that, as we advanced to the foot of the breach! The consciousness that, at the same instant, from different points of that vast plain similar parties were moving on; the feeling that, at a word, the flame of the artillery and the flash of steel would spring from that dense cloud, and death and carnage in every shape our imagination can conceive be dealt on all sides; the hurried, fitful thought of home; the years long passed pressed into one minute's space; the last adieu of all we've loved mingling with the muttered prayer to Heaven, with, high above all, the deep pervading sense that earth has no temptation strong enough to turn us from that path whose ending must be a sepulcher!

Each heart was too full for words. We followed noiselessly along the turf, the dark figure of our leader guiding us through the gloom. On arriving at the ditch, the party with the ladders moved to the front. Already some haypacks were thrown in, and the forlorn hope sprang forward.

All was still and silent as the grave. "Quietly, my men—quietly!" said McKinnon; "don't press." Scarcely had he spoken, when a musket, whose charge, contrary to orders,

had not been drawn, went off. The whizzing bullet could not have struck the wall, when suddenly a bright flame burst forth from the ramparts and shot upwards towards the sky. For an instant the whole scene before us was bright as noonday. On one side, the dark ranks and glistening bayonets of the enemy; on the other, the red uniform of the British columns; compressed like some solid wall, they stretched along the plain.

A deafening roll of musketry from the extreme right announced that the third division was already in action, while the loud cry of our leader, as he sprang into the trench, summoned us to the charge. The leading sections, not waiting for the ladders, jumped down, others pressing rapidly behind them, when a loud rumbling thunder crept along the earth, a hissing, crackling noise followed, and from the dark ditch a forked and livid lightning burst like the flame from a volcano, and a mine exploded. Hundreds of shells and grenades scattered along the ground were ignited at the same moment; the air sparkled with the whizzing fuses, the musketry plied incessantly from the walls, and every man of the leading company of the stormers was blown to pieces. While this dreadful catastrophe was enacting before our eyes, the different assaults were made on all sides; the whole fortress seemed girt around with fire. From every part arose the yells of triumph and the shouts of the assailants. As for us, we stood upon the verge of the ditch, breathless, hesitating, and horror-struck. A sudden darkness succeeded to the bright glare, but from the midst of the gloom the agonizing cries of the wounded and the dying rent our very hearts.

"Make way, there! make way! here comes Mackie's party," cried an officer in the front, and as he spoke the forlorn hope of the eighty-eighth came forward at a run; jumping recklessly into the ditch, they made towards the breach; the supporting division of stormers gave one inspiring cheer

and sprang after them. The rush was tremendous; for scarcely had we reached the crumbling ruins of the rampart, when the vast column, pressing on like some mighty torrent, bore down upon our rear.

Now commenced a scene to which nothing I ever before conceived of war could in any degree compare: the whole ground, covered with combustibles of every deadly and destructive contrivance, was rent open with a crash; the huge masses of masonry bounded into the air like things of no weight; the ringing clangor of the iron howitzers, the crackling of the fuses, the blazing splinters, the shouts of defiance, the more than savage yells of those in whose ranks alone the dead and the dying were numbered, made up a mass of sights and sounds almost maddening with their excitement. On we struggled, the mutilated bodies of the leading files almost filling the way.

By this time the third division had joined us, and the crush of our thickening ranks was dreadful; every moment some well-known leader fell dead or mortally wounded, and his place was supplied by some gallant fellow, who, springing from the leading files, would scarcely have uttered his cheer of encouragement ere he himself was laid low. Many a voice, with whose notes I was familiar, would break upon my ear in tones of heroic daring, and the next moment burst forth in a death-cry.

For above an hour the frightful carnage continued, fresh troops continually advancing, but scarcely a foot of ground was made; the earth belched forth its volcanic fires, and that terrible barrier did no man pass. In turn the bravest and the boldest would leap into the whizzing flame, and the taunting cheers of the enemy triumphed in derision at the effort.

"Stormers, to the front! only the bayonet! trust to nothing but the bayonet!" cried a voice, whose almost cheerful accents contrasted strangely with the death notes around,

and Gurwood, who led the forlorn hope of the fifty-second, bounded into the chasm; all the officers sprang simultaneously after him; the men pressed madly on; a roll of withering musketry crashed upon them; a furious shout replied to it. The British, springing over the dead and dying, bounded like blood-hounds on their prey.

Meanwhile the ramparts trembled beneath the tramp of the light division, who, having forced the lesser breach, came down upon the flank of the French. The garrison, however, thickened their numbers and bravely held their ground. Man to man now was the combat. No cry for quarter. No supplicating look for mercy; it was the death-struggle of vengeance and despair. At this instant, an explosion louder than the loudest thunder shook the air; the rent and torn up ramparts sprang into the sky; the conquering and the conquered were alike the victims; for one of the greatest magazines had been ignited by a shell; the black smoke, streaked with a lurid flame, hung above the dead and the dying.

The artillery and the murderous musketry were stilled, paralyzed, as it were, by the ruin and devastation before them; both sides stood leaning upon their arms; the pause was but momentary; the cries of wounded comrades called upon their hearts. A fierce burst of vengeance rent the air; the British closed upon the foe; for one instant they were met; the next, the bayonets gleamed upon the ramparts, and Ciudad Rodrigo was won.

NOTE.

*Ciudad Rodrigo* is a fortified town in west-central Spain, fifteen miles from the boundary of Portugal. It was captured from the Spanish by the French under Massena in 1810, after a siege of forty days. The attack, as above related, occurred January 19, 1812. Wellington was the British commander. The fighting was as desperate and destructive as Lever here describes.

## 60. HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

(1807–1882).

Longfellow was born February 27, 1807, in Portland, Maine. His father was Stephen Longfellow, an eminent lawyer. At the age of fifteen he entered Bowdoin College, at Brunswick, thirty miles from Portland, and received his degree of A. B. four years afterwards. While at college he contributed poems and criticisms to several American periodicals. Among the poems were the *Hymn of the Moravian Nuns*, the *Spirit of Poetry*, the *Woods in Winter*, and *Sunrise on the Hills*.

After leaving college Longfellow entered his father's law-office, but the next year, before he was twenty, was appointed professor of Modern Languages at Bowdoin, with the privilege of going to Europe to study. For three years he was a diligent student in France, Spain, Italy, and Germany. After his return he remained five years at Bowdoin. In 1835 he was appointed professor of Modern Languages and Literature at Harvard. Before entering upon his duties he again visited Europe. He returned in 1836 and held his professorship for seventeen years.

Longfellow's literary career properly begins in 1833, with a translation from the Spanish, entitled *Coplas de Manrique*. Two prose works, *Outre Mer* and *Hyperion*, followed, the former in 1835, the latter in 1839.

In 1839 his first collection of poems, entitled *Voices of the Night*, appeared. From this date until 1878, his pen was never idle. In 1854 he resigned his professorship, but continued to reside in Cambridge. His residence was the house which Washington had used as his headquarters during the Revolution.

In 1868–69 Longfellow revisited Europe, where he received

marked attention, especially in England. There his works are, perhaps, more generally known and more popular than those of any other American author.

Longfellow's imagination is deficient in strength, but is exquisitely delicate. His conceptions are always pure, and are clothed in the most beautiful verbal forms. There is nothing harsh or morbid in his imagination. It evidently had a dominant effect over his intellect; for, although he was one of the finest scholars America has produced, this scholarship was made subordinate to the delicate imagery that came from his pen. His style, especially in all his longer poems, has one serious defect. It is too diffuse; in fact, it is often painfully verbose. Still, it is clear, scholarly, beautiful. Of course it is deficient in strength. His apparent seeking after mere metrical effects, as in *Evangeline*, *Miles Standish*, and *Hiawatha*, is unpleasantly artificial to the careful reader. Had these poems been written in terse, vigorous heroic verse, they would have stood upon a much higher plane than they do. Of the unsuitableness of hexameter verse, the form in which *Evangeline* and *Miles Standish* are written, he himself said in his preface to *Ballads and Other Poems*, published in 1841: "that inexorable hexameter, in which, it must be confessed, the motions of the English muse are not unlike those of a prisoner dancing to the music of his chains."

Longfellow, in spite of his defects of style, is the foremost of American poets. In the exquisite delicacy of his poetical conceptions he is superior to any of his English contemporaries. His prose is remarkable for smoothness, elegance, and scholarship. As a translator he has never had a superior.

His most popular poems are *The Wreck of the Hesperus*, *Skeleton in Armor*, *Building of the Ship*, *Courtship of Miles Standish*, *Hiawatha*, and *Evangeline*. The last was Longfellow's favorite poem.

The following selections are taken from *Voices of the Night.*

## PRELUDE.

PLEASANT it was, when woods were green,
And winds were soft and low,
To lie amid some sylvan scene,
Where, the long drooping boughs between,
Shadows dark and sunlight sheen
Alternate come and go;

Or where the denser grove receives
No sunlight from above,
But the dark foliage interweaves
In one unbroken roof of leaves,
Underneath whose sloping eaves
The shadows hardly move.

Beneath some patriarchal tree
I lay upon the ground;
His hoary arms uplifted he,
And all the broad leaves over me
Clapped their little hands in glee,
With one continuous sound;—

A slumberous sound,—a sound that brings
The feelings of a dream,—
As of innumerable wings,
As, when a bell no longer swings,
Faint the hollow murmur rings
O'er meadow, lake, and stream.

And dreams of that which can not die,
Bright visions, came to me,
As lapped in thought I used to lie,
And gaze into the summer sky,
Where the sailing clouds went by,
Like ships upon the sea;

Dreams that the soul of youth engage
Ere fancy has been quelled;
Old legends of the monkish page,
Traditions of the saint and sage,
Tales that have the rime of age,
And chronicles of Eld.

And, loving still these quaint old themes,
Even in the city's throng
I feel the freshness of the streams,
That, crossed by shades and sunny gleams,
Water the green land of dreams,
The holy land of song.

Therefore, at Pentecost, which brings
The Spring, clothed like a bride,
When nestling buds unfold their wings,
And bishop's-caps have golden rings,
Musing upon many things,
I sought the woodlands wide.

The green trees whispered low and mild;
It was a sound of joy!
They were my playmates when a child,
And rocked me in their arms so wild!
Still they looked at me and smiled,
As if I were a boy;

And ever whispered, mild and low,
"Come, be a child once more!"
And waved their long arms to and fro,
And beckoned solemnly and slow;
O, I could not choose but go
Into the woodlands hoar;

Into the blithe and breathing air,
Into the solemn wood,
Solemn and silent everywhere!
Nature with folded hands seemed there,
Kneeling at her evening prayer!
Like one in prayer I stood.

Before me rose an avenue
Of tall and sombrous pines;
Abroad their fan-like branches grew,
And, where the sunshine darted through,
Spread a vapor soft and blue,
In long and sloping lines.

And, falling on my weary brain,
Like a fast-falling shower,
The dreams of youth came back again,
Low lispings of the summer rain,
Dropping on the ripened grain,
As once upon the flower.

Visions of childhood! Stay, O stay!
You were so sweet and wild!
And distant voices seemed to say,
"It can not be! They pass away!
Other themes demand thy lay;
Thou art no more a child!

"The land of Song within thee lies,
Watered by living springs;
The lids of Fancy's sleepless eyes
Are gates unto that Paradise;
Holy thoughts, like stars, arise,
Its clouds are angels' wings.

"Learn that henceforth thy song shall be,
Not mountains capped with snow,
Nor forests sounding like the sea,
Nor rivers flowing ceaselessly,
Where the woodlands bend to see
The bending heavens below.

"There is a forest where the din
Of iron branches sounds!
A mighty river roars between,
And whosoever looks therein,
Sees the heavens all black with sin,
Sees not its depths, nor bounds.

"Athwart the swinging branches cast,
Soft rays of sunshine pour;
Then comes the fearful wintry blast;
Our hopes, like withered leaves, fall fast,
Pallid lips say, 'It is past!
We can return no more!'

"Look, then, into thine heart, and write!
Yes, into Life's deep stream!
All forms of sorrow and delight,
All solemn Voices of the Night,
That can soothe thee, or affright,—
Be these henceforth thy theme."

## FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

When the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight,

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful firelight
Dance upon the parlor wall,

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved ones, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more;

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the Being Beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
  Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
  Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
  All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
  Such as these have lived and died!

NOTES.

In the *Prelude*, the leading thought is:—although the innocent, fresh, hopeful dreams of childhood disappear after reaching maturity, yet human life, with its many joys and sorrows, is a broader and grander theme for the poet.

In *Footsteps of Angels*, the memories of dead loved ones, during evening musings, are brought before the imagination very delicately and beautifully. Especially is it so with the image of the loved one far dearer than the children who have passed away.

OUTRE MER, "A Pilgrimage beyond the Sea," the first work in prose that Longfellow published, is a delightful book of travels through parts of France, Spain, and Italy. It is unconventional and poetical. No traces of the guide-book are to be found, and the imagery in his descriptions is almost as rich as in his poems.

The following selection is taken from *Outre Mer*, and is a description of the famous cemetery of Paris.

PÉRE LA CHAISE.

I NOW stood in the most populous part of this city of tombs. Every step awakened a new train of thrilling recollections; for at every step my eye caught the name of some one whose glory had exalted the character of his native land, and resounded across the waters of the Atlantic. Philoso-

phers, historians, musicians, warriors, and poets slept side by side around me; some beneath the gorgeous monument, and some beneath the simple headstone.

Among these graves of genius I observed here and there a splendid monument, which had been raised by the pride of family over the dust of men who could lay no claim either to the gratitude or remembrance of posterity. Their presence seemed like an intrusion into the sanctuary of genius. What had wealth to do there? Why should it crowd the dust of the great? That was no thoroughfare of business,—no mart of gain! There were no costly banquets there; no silken garments, nor gaudy liveries, nor obsequious attendants! "What servants," says Jeremy Taylor, "shall we have to wait upon us in the grave? what friends to visit us? what officious people to cleanse away the moist and unwholesome cloud reflected upon our faces from the sides of the weeping vaults, which are the longest weepers for our funerals?" Material wealth gives a factitious superiority to the living, but the treasures of intellect give a real superiority to the dead; and the rich man, who would not deign to walk the street with the starving and penniless man of genius, deems it an honor, when death has redeemed the fame of the neglected, to have his own ashes laid beside him, and to claim with him the silent companionship of the grave.

I continued my walk through the numerous winding paths, as chance or curiosity directed me. Now I was lost in a little green hollow, overhung with thick-leaved shrubbery, and then came out upon an elevation, from which, through an opening in the trees, the eye caught glimpses of the city, and the little esplanade, at the foot of the hill, where the poor lie buried. There poverty hires its grave, and takes but a short lease of the narrow house. At the end of a few months, or, at most, of a few years, the tenant is dislodged to give place to another, and he in turn to a third. "Who," says Dr. Thomas Browne, "knows the fate of his bones, or

how often he is to be buried? Who hath the oracle of his ashes, or whither they are to be scattered?"

Yet, even in that neglected corner, the hand of affection had been busy in decorating the hired house. Most of the graves were surrounded with a slight wooden paling, to secure them from the passing footstep; there was hardly one so deserted as not to be marked with its little wooden cross, and decorated with a garland of flowers; and here and there I could perceive a solitary mourner, clothed in black, stooping to plant a shrub on the grave, or sitting in motionless sorrow beside it.

As I passed on, amid the shadowy avenues of the cemetery, I could not help comparing my own impressions with those which others have felt when walking alone among the dwellings of the dead. Are, then, the sculptured urn and storied monument nothing more than symbols of family pride? Is all I see around me a memorial of the living more than of the dead?—an empty show of sorrow, which thus vaunts itself in mournful pageant and funeral parade? Is it indeed true, as some have said, that the simple wild-flower, which springs spontaneously upon the grave, and the rose, which the hand of affection plants there, are fitter objects wherewith to adorn the narrow house? No! I feel that it is not so! Let the good and the great be honored even in the grave. Let the sculptured marble direct our footsteps to the scene of their long sleep; let the chiseled epitaph repeat their names, and tell us where repose the nobly good and wise! It is not true that all are equal in the grave. There is no equality even there. The mere handful of dust and ashes,—the mere distinction of prince and beggar,—of a rich winding-sheet and a shroudless burial,—of a solitary grave and a family vault,—were this all, then, indeed, it would be true that death is a common leveler. Such paltry distinctions as those of wealth and poverty are soon leveled by the spade and mattock; the damp breath of the grave blots

them out forever. But there are other distinctions which even the mace of death can not level or obliterate. Can it break down the distinction of virtue and vice? Can it confound the good with the bad? the noble with the base? All that is truly great, and pure, and godlike with all that is scorned, and sinful, and degraded? No! Then death is not a common leveler! Are all alike beloved in death and honored in their burial? Is that ground holy where the bloody hand of the murderer sleeps from crime? Does every grave awaken the same emotions in our hearts? and do the footsteps of the stranger pause as long beside each funeral-stone? No! Then all are not equal in the grave! And so long as the good and evil deeds of men live after them, so long will there be distinctions, even in the grave. The superiority of one over another is in the nobler and better emotions which it excites; in its more fervent admonitions to virtue; in the livelier recollection which it awakens of the good and the great, whose bodies are crumbling to dust beneath our feet!

If, then, there are distinctions in the grave, surely it is not unwise to designate them by the external marks of honor. These outward appliances and memorials of respect,—the mournful urn,—the sculptured bust,—the epitaph eloquent in praise,—can not indeed create these distinctions, but they serve to mark them. It is only when pride or wealth builds them to honor the slave of mammon or the slave of appetite, when the voice from the grave rebukes the false and pompous epitaph, and the dust and ashes of the tomb seem struggling to maintain the superiority of mere worldly rank, and to carry into the grave the baubles of earthly vanity,—it is then, and then only that we feel how utterly worthless are all the devices of sculpture, and the empty pomp of monumental brass!

After rambling leisurely about for some time, reading the inscriptions on the various monuments which attracted my curiosity, and giving way to the different reflections they sug-

gested, I sat down to rest myself on a sunken tombstone. A winding gravel-walk, overshaded by an avenue of trees, and lined on both sides with richly sculptured monuments, had gradually conducted me to the summit of the hill, upon whose slope the cemetery stands. Beneath me in the distance, and dim-discovered through the misty and smoky atmosphere of evening, rose the countless roofs and spires of the city. Beyond, throwing his level rays athwart the dusky landscape, sank the broad, red sun. The distant murmur of the city rose upon my ear; and the toll of the evening bell came up, mingled with the rattle of the paved street and the confused sounds of labor. What an hour for meditation! What a contrast between the metropolis of the living and the metropolis of the dead!

Before I left the graveyard the shades of evening had fallen, and the objects around me grown dim and indistinct. As I passed the gateway, I turned to take a parting look. I could distinguish only the chapel on the summit of the hill, and here and there a lofty obelisk of snow-white marble, rising from the black and heavy mass of foliage around, and pointing upward to the gleam of the departed sun, that still lingered in the sky, and mingled with the soft starlight of a summer evening.

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## 61. JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER—(1807-——).

WHITTIER, although not what is considered a scholar, is the most vigorous of American poets. He has been a poet with a mission. That mission was freedom. His ancestors belonged to the once hateful sect called Quakers. Persecution in its most terrible forms was familiar to them. Whittier himself has always been a member of that sect. They call

themselves Friends. It requires a knowledge of the effects of tyranny to appreciate freedom thoroughly. Whittier had this knowledge, and the best years of his life were devoted to the establishment of freedom in this country. His most fiery, inspiriting poems are upon this subject. As a poet, however, his best talent lies in description. He can tell a simple story in verse with more poetical effect than any of his contemporaries.

Whittier was born on a farm three miles northeast of Haverhill, Massachusetts. His advantages for education were limited. When quite a small boy he began to write verses, but it was not till he was nineteen years old that he saw his first poem in print. Its subject was *The Deity*, and it was of nearly equal merit to Bryant's *Thanatopsis*. After he had sent several of his poems to *The Free Press*, edited by William Lloyd Garrison, Garrison visited him at his home, and encouraged him to adopt literature as a profession.

Whittier did not have the opportunity to acquire much of a scholastic education. In 1827 he was a pupil in Haverhill Academy. While here he read history very thoroughly. In 1829 he began his editorial career. In the winter of that year he was editor of *The Boston Manufacturer;* in 1830 of *The Haverhill Gazette;* after six months, of *The New England Weekly Review*, during the absence, for eighteen months, of George D. Prentice, the editor; in 1838 and 1839 of *The Pennsylvania Freeman;* and from 1847 to 1859 he was associate editor of *The Washington National Era.*

In 1831 Whittier published his first volume of poems. They were entitled *Legends of New England*, and did not show the merits of his genius. In 1835 and 1836 he was a member of the State Legislature. The year 1836 is marked by his publication of *Mogg Megone*, and his removal to Philadelphia as Secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society. He sold the old farm near Haverhill in 1840, and removed to Amesbury, nine miles nearer to the sea.

In 1847 he published a prose work entitled *Supernaturalism of New England;* in 1849, *Voices of Freedom;* in 1853, *Songs of Labor;* in 1862, *Snow Bound;* and in 1867, *The Tent on the Beach.*

Whittier's most popular poems are: *Maud Muller*, *Barbara Frietchie*, and *The Witch's Daughter.* Most of his poems, however, are read with pleasure by all lovers of poetry.

In form, Whittier is slender and delicate. He has dark hair and eyes. By nature he is silent and brooding, gentle, compassionate, and religious. He loves freedom and hates oppression. An author has fitly said: "His strength lies in his moral nature, and in his power to tell a story melodiously, simply, and sweetly."

## THE MISSIONARY.

"Say, whose is this fair picture, which the light
From the unshuttered window rests upon
Even as a lingering halo?—Beautiful!
The keen, fine eye of manhood, and a lip
Lovely as that of Hylas,[1] and impressed
With the bright signet of some brilliant thought—
That broad expanse of forehead, clear and high,
Marked visibly with characters of mind,
And the free locks around it, raven black,
Luxuriant and unsilvered—who was he?"
A friend, a more than brother. In the spring
And glory of his being he went forth
From the embraces of devoted friends,
From ease and quiet happiness, from more—
From the warm heart that loved him with a love
Holier than earthly passion, and to whom
The beauty of his spirit shone above
The charms of perishing nature. He went forth
Strengthened to suffer,—gifted to subdue

The might of human passion—to pass on
Quietly to the sacrifice of all
The lofty hopes of boyhood, and to turn
The high ambition written on that brow,
From its first dream of power and human fame,
Unto a task of seeming lowliness—
Yet God-like in its purpose. He went forth
To bind the broken spirit—to pluck back
The heathen from the wheel of Juggernaut[2]—
To place the spiritual image of a God
Holy and just and true, before the eye
Of the dark-minded Brahmin[3]—and unseal
The holy pages of the Book of Life,[4]
Fraught with sublimer mysteries than all
The sacred tomes of Vedas[5]—to unbind
The widow from her sacrifice[6]—and save
The perishing infant from the worshiped river![7]
"And, lady, where is he?"
He slumbers well
Beneath the shadow of an Indian palm.
There is no stone above his grave. The wind,
Hot from the desert, as it stirs the leaves
Of neighboring bananas, sighs alone
Over his place of slumber.
"God forbid
That he should die alone!"
Nay, not alone.
His God was with him in that last dread hour—
His great arm underneath him, and His smile
Melting into a spirit full of peace.
And one kind friend, a human friend, was near—
One whom his teachings and his earnest prayers
Had snatched as from the burning.[8] He alone
Felt the last pressure of his failing hand,
Caught the last glimpses of his closing eye,

And laid the green turf over him with tears,
And left him with his God.
"And was it well,
Dear lady, that this noble mind should cast
Its rich gifts on the waters? That a heart
Full of all gentleness and truth and love
Should wither on the suicidal shrine
Of a mistaken duty? If I read
Aright the fine intelligence which fills
That amplitude of brow, and gazes out
Like an indwelling spirit from that eye,
He might have born him loftily among
The proudest of his land, and with a step
Unfaltering ever, steadfast and secure,
Gone up the paths of greatness,—bearing still
A sister spirit with him, as some star,
Pre-eminent in Heaven, leads steadily up
A kindred watcher, with its fainter beams
Baptized in its great glory. Was it well
That all this promise of the heart and mind
Should perish from the earth and leave no trace,
Unfolding like the Cereus[9] of the clime
Which hath its sepulcher but in the night
Of pagan desolation—was it well?"

Thy will be done, O Father!—it *was* well.
What are the honors of a perishing world
Grasped by a palsied finger? The applause
Of the unthoughtful multitude which greets
The dull ear of decay?—the wealth that loads
The bier with costly drapery, and shines
In tinsel on the coffin, and builds up
The cold, substantial monument? Can these
Bear up the sinking spirit in that hour
When heart and flesh are failing, and the grave

Is opening under us? Oh, dearer then
The memory of a kind deed done to him
Who was our enemy, one grateful tear
In the meek eye of virtuous suffering,
One smile called up by unseen charity
On the wan cheek of hunger, or one prayer
Breathed from the bosom of the penitent—
The stained with crime and outcast, unto whom
Our mild rebuke and tenderness of love
A merciful God hath blessed.

"But, lady, say,
Did he not sometimes almost sink beneath
The burden of his toil, and turn aside
To weep above his sacrifice, and cast
A sorrowing glance upon his childhood's home—
Still green in memory? Clung not to his heart
Something of earthly hope uncrucified,
Of earthly thought unchastened? Did he bring
Life's warm affections to the sacrifice—
Its loves, hopes, sorrows—and become as one
Knowing no kindred but a perishing world,
No love but of the sin-endangered soul,
No hope but of the winning back to life
Of the dead nations, and no passing thought
Save of the errand wherewith he was sent
As to a martyrdom?"

Nay, though the heart
Be consecrated to the holiest work
Vouchsafed to mortal effort, there will be
Ties of the earth around it, and, through all
Its perilous devotion, it must keep
Its own humanity. And it is well.
Else why wept He,—who with our nature veiled
The spirit of a God,—o'er lost Jerusalem,
And the cold grave of Lazarus? And why

In the dim garden rose His earnest prayer,
That from his lips the cup of suffering
Might pass, if it were possible?
My friend
Was of a gentle nature, and his heart
Gushed like a river-fountain of the hills,
Ceaseless and lavish, at a kindly smile,
A word of welcome, or a tone of love.
Freely his letters to his friends disclosed
His yearning for the quiet haunts of home—
For love and its companionship, and all
The blessings left behind him; yet above
Its sorrows and its clouds his spirit rose,
Tearful and yet triumphant, taking hold
Of the eternal promises of God.

NOTES.

1 *Hylas.* A youth adopted by Hercules, famous for his beauty.

2 *Juggernaut.* A town of India famous for its temple, the chief god in which is Krishna or Juggernaut. During the great religious festival in March of each year, the idol is dragged out a mile and a half from the town by ropes held by hundreds of men, women, and children. Tradition says many threw themselves under the wheels and were crushed to death, but this has not been substantiated.

3 *Brahmin.* A believer in the Hindoo religion. The Hindoo's idea of a perfect future is annihilation. 4 *Book of Life.* The Bible.

5 *Vedas.* The holy books, or scriptures of the Brahmins.

6 *The widow from her sacrifice.* The custom of the Hindoo widows of burning themselves by the dead bodies of their husbands.

7 *The perishing infant from the worshiped river.* An allusion to the river Ganges, the most holy river in India. It is said that Hindoo mothers, moved by religious zeal, threw their babies into it.

8 *Snatched as from the burning.* A cant expression meaning *prevented from going to hell.*

9 *Cereus.* The night-blooming cereus, or *cactus grandiflora.*

The lady telling this story is designed to be the betrothed of the missionary. Her language thus becomes very significant.

## 62. EDGAR ALLAN POE — (1809–1849).

As a youth, Poe was quiet, orderly, and precocious. He grew into a proud, sensitive, morbid, and eccentric man. He ate opium and drank liquor. N. P. Willis, the poet and editor, who knew Poe while he was an assistant editor of the *New York Mirror*, says of him: "He was punctual and industrious, quiet, patient, gentlemanly, commanding the utmost respect and good feeling"; further, he also said he was "one of the most original men of genius, and one of the most industrious literary men of our country."

Poe was born in Boston, Mass. His parents were actors. While still a child, his parents died and he was adopted by a wealthy gentleman of Richmond, named Allan, who had no children of his own. While visiting Scotland, Mr. Allan placed his adopted son in the Manor-House School, at Stoke-Newington, England. Here young Poe remained from 1816 to 1822, when he returned to Richmond. Thence he was sent to the University of Virginia, at Charlottesville, where he remained one year. He entered Mr. Allan's counting-room, but soon left Richmond to try his fortunes. He published his first poems in Boston in 1827, which were not favorably received. He then enlisted as a private in the U. S. Army, but after remaining about a year Mr. Allan secured him an appointment at West Point — but he purposely neglected his studies and was soon expelled.

Poe now adopted literature as a profession, and from this time on, the greater portion of his career was a struggle for mere bread. To add to his cares and responsibilities, he married. At this time he was connected with the *Southern Literary Messenger*. Poe's wife was his cousin — a lovely woman in form and character.

From the death of his wife in 1847 to his own death, Poe

made a comfortable living by writing and lecturing. He died in Baltimore of delirium tremens.

In intensity of imagination Poe ranks among our foremost writers. His intellect was purely analytical in character, delighting in the complexities of plot and situation that were invented by his imagination. His style is clear, pure, musical, and energetic.

Although placed among the poets, only three of Poe's poems are of rare excellence. These are: *The Bells*, *The Raven*, and *Annabel Lee*. His tales in prose are nearly all well written, but are morbid and without moral feeling.

The following selection is from *A Descent into the Maelström*. Since Poe wrote this tale the correct nature of this famous tidal whirlpool off the coast of Norway has been recognized, and many superstitions concerning it have been thus removed.

## IN THE MAELSTRÖM.

Our first slide into the abyss itself, from the belt of foam above, had carried us to a great distance down the slope; but our farther descent was by no means proportionate. Round and round we swept—not with any uniform movement, but in dizzying swings and jerks that sent us sometimes only a few hundred yards, sometimes nearly the complete circuit of the whirl. Our progress downward at each revolution was slow, but very perceptible.

Looking about me upon the wide waste of liquid ebony on which we were thus borne, I perceived that our boat was not the only object in the embrace of the whirl. Both above and below us were visible fragments of vessels, large masses of building timber and trunks of trees, with many smaller articles, such as pieces of house furniture, broken boxes, barrels, and staves. I have already described the unnatural curiosity which had taken the place of my original terrors.

It appeared to grow upon me as I drew nearer and nearer to my dreadful doom. I now began to watch, with a strange interest, the numerous things that floated in our company. I *must* have been delirious—for I even sought amusement in speculating upon the relative velocities of their several descents toward the foam below. "This fir-tree," I found myself at one time saying, "will certainly be the next thing that takes the awful plunge and disappears,"—and then I was disappointed to find that the wreck of a Dutch merchant ship overtook it and went down before. At length, after making several guesses of this nature, and being deceived in all, this fact—the fact of my invariable miscalculation—set me upon a train of reflection that made my limbs again tremble and my heart beat heavily once more.

It was not a new terror that thus affected me, but the dawn of a more exciting *hope*. This hope arose partly from memory, and partly from present observation. I called to mind the great variety of buoyant matter that strewed the coast of Lofoden, having been absorbed and then thrown forth by the Moskoe-ström. By far the greater number of the articles were shattered in the most extraordinary way—so chafed and roughened as to have the appearance of being stuck full of splinters—but then I distinctly recollected that there were *some* of them which were not disfigured at all. Now I could not account for this difference except by supposing that the roughened fragments were the only ones which had been *completely absorbed*—that the others had entered the whirl at so late a period of the tide, or, from some reason, had descended so slowly after entering, that they did not reach the bottom before the turn of the flood came, or of the ebb, as the case might be. I conceived it possible, in either instance, that they might thus be whirled up again to the level of the ocean, without undergoing the fate of those which had been drawn in more early or absorbed more rapidly. I made, also, three important observations. The first was, that as a

general rule, the larger the bodies were, the more rapid their descent; the second, that, between two masses of equal extent, the one spherical and the other *of any other shape*, the superiority in speed of descent was with the sphere; the third, that, between two masses of equal size, the one cylindrical and the other of any other shape, the cylinder was absorbed the more slowly.

There was one startling circumstance which went a great way in enforcing these observations and rendering me anxious to turn them to account, and this was, that, at every revolution, we passed something like a barrel, or else the yard or the mast of a vessel, while many of these things, which had been on our level when I first opened my eyes upon the wonders of the whirlpool, were now high up above us, and seemed to have moved but little from their original station. .

I no longer hesitated what to do. I resolved to lash myself securely to the water cask upon which I now held, to cut it loose from the counter, and to throw myself with it into the water. I attracted my brother's attention by signs, pointed to the floating barrels that came near us, and did everything in my power to make him understand what I was about to do. I thought at length that he comprehended my design—but whether this was the case or not, he shook his head despairingly and refused to move from his station by the ring-bolt. It was impossible to reach him; the emergency admitted of no delay; and so, with a bitter struggle, I resigned him to his fate, fastened myself to the cask by means of the lashings which secured it to the counter, and precipitated myself with it into the sea without another moment's hesitation.

The result was precisely what I had hoped it might be. As it is myself who now tell you this tale—as you see that I *did escape*—and as you are already in possession of the mode in which this escape was effected, and must therefore antici-

pate all that I have farther to say—I will bring my story quickly to conclusion.

It might have been an hour, or thereabout, after my quitting the smack, when, having descended to a vast distance beneath me, it made three or four wild gyrations in rapid succession, and, bearing my loved brother with it, plunged headlong, at once and forever, into the chaos of foam below. The barrel to which I was attached sunk very little farther than half the distance between the bottom of the gulf and the spot at which I leaped overboard, before a great change took place in the character of the whirlpool. The slope of the sides of the vast funnel became momently less and less steep. The gyrations of the whirl grew gradually less and less violent. By degrees the froth and the rainbow disappeared, and the bottom of the gulf seemed slowly to uprise. The sky was clear, the winds had gone down, and the full moon was setting radiantly in the west when I found myself on the surface of the ocean, in full view of the shores of Lofoden, and above the spot where the pool of the Moskoe-ström *had been.*

It was the hour of the slack—but the sea still heaved in mountainous waves from the effects of the hurricane. I was borne violently into the channel of the Ström, and in a few minutes was hurried down the coast into the "grounds" of the fishermen. A boat picked me up—exhausted from fatigue—and (now that the danger was removed) speechless from the memory of its horror. Those who drew me on board were my old mates and daily companions—but they knew me no more than they would have known a traveler from the spirit-land. My hair, which had been raven black the day before, was as white as you see it now. They say, too, that the whole expression of my countenance had changed. I told them my story—they did not believe it. I now tell it to *you*—and I can scarcely expect you to put more faith in it than did the merry fishermen of Lofoden.

## 63. ALFRED TENNYSON — (1809——).

For forty-five years, Alfred Tennyson has been looked upon by many as the first of living English poets. Although his admirers are unwilling to acknowledge it, old age has had a very marked effect upon his poetic fervor. As long as the youthful spirit survives, whatever the years may be, the muses will not desert the poet. Tennyson was certainly a favored one until his sixtieth year.

His life has been comparatively uneventful. He was born near Spilsby, in Lincolnshire; received his early education from his father, who was a clergyman; went to college at Cambridge, where he distinguished himself in English versification; and began his life as a poet. His first poems were not successful. When, in 1832, he published his second volume, the critics were so severe that he remained silent until 1842. The publication of *English Idyls and Other Poems* at this date established his fame at once, and he has held his position ever since.

After Tennyson's removal to the Isle of Wight his powers of description improved very much. This was a great help to him, for, as an able critic has fitly said: "The dominant note of Tennyson's poetry is assuredly the delineation of human moods modulated by nature."

Tennyson has written well in nearly every form of poetic composition. Of the various lyric, narrative, allegorical, philosophical, and dramatic poems which he has published, the best are the narrative; the poorest, the dramatic. His most noted poems are: *Locksley Hall*, published in 1842; *In Memoriam*, 129 poems on the death of young Hallam, 1850; *Idyls of the King*, 1859; and *Enoch Arden*, 1864. He is one of the most finished of all English poets. His work is always artistic. His imagination is warm, though not vigor-

ous; his intellect, philosophical; his style, clear, pure, and musical. Taine says of him: "He has not rudely trenched upon truth and passion. He rises to the height of noble and tender sentiments. He has gleaned from all nature and all history what was most lofty and amiable."

The following selection was first published in 1842. It is entitled

DORA.

With farmer Allan at the farm abode
William and Dora. William was his son,
And she his niece. He often looked at them,
And often thought, "I'll make them man and wife."
Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,
And yearned towards William; but the youth, because
He had been always with her in the house,
Thought not of Dora.
Then there came a day
When Allan called his son, and said: "My son,
I married late, but I would wish to see
My grandchild on my knees before I die,
And I have set my heart upon a match.
Now, therefore, look to Dora; she is well
To look to; thrifty, too, beyond her age.
She is my brother's daughter: he and I
Had once hard words, and parted, and he died
In foreign lands; but for his sake I bred
His daughter Dora; take her for your wife;
For I have wished this marriage, night and day,
For many years." But William answered short:
"I can not marry Dora; by my life,
I will not marry Dora." Then the old man
Was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and said:
"You will not, boy! you dare to answer thus!

But in my time a father's word was law,
And so it shall be now for me. Look to it;
Consider, William; take a month to think,
And let me have an answer to my wish;
Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack,
And never more darken my doors again."
But William answered madly; bit his lips,
And broke away. The more he looked at her
The less he liked her; and his ways were harsh;
But Dora bore them meekly. Then before
The month was out he left his father's house,
And hired himself to work within the fields;
And half in love, half spite, he wooed and wed
A laborer's daughter, Mary Morrison.
Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan called
His niece and said: "My girl, I love you well;
But if you speak with him that was my son,
Or change a word with her he calls his wife,
My home is none of yours. My will is law."
And Dora promised, being meek. She thought
"It can not be: my uncle's mind will change!"
And days went on, and there was born a boy
To William; then distresses came on him;
And day by day he passed his father's gate,
Heart-broken, and his father helped him not.
But Dora stored what little she could save,
And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know
Who sent it; till at last a fever seized
On William, and in harvest time he died.
Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat
And looked with tears upon her boy, and thought
Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said:
"I have obeyed my uncle until now,
And I have sinned, for it was all through me
This evil came on William at the first.

But, Mary, for the sake of him that's gone,
And for your sake, the woman that he chose,
And for this orphan, I am come to you;
You know there has not been for these five years
So full a harvest; let me take the boy,
And I will set him in my uncle's eye
Among the wheat; that when his heart is glad
Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone."
And Dora took the child and went her way
Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound
That was unsown, where many poppies grew.
Far off the farmer came into the field
And spied her not; for none of all his men
Dare tell him Dora waited with the child;
And Dora would have risen and gone to him,
But her heart failed her; and the reapers reaped,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.
But when the morrow came, she rose and took
The child once more, and sat upon the mound;
And made a little wreath of all the flowers
That grew about, and tied it round his hat
To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye.
Then when the farmer passed into the field,
He spied her, and he left his men at work,
And came and said: "Where were you yesterday?
Whose child is that? What are you doing here?"
So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground,
And answered softly, "This is William's child!"
"And did I not," said Allan, "did I not
Forbid you, Dora?" Dora said again,
"Do with me as you will, but take the child
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone!"
And Allan said: "I see it is a trick
Got up betwixt you and the woman there.

I must be taught my duty, and by you!
You knew my word was law, and yet you dared
To slight it. Well—for I will take the boy;
But go you hence, and never see me more."
So saying, he took the boy, that cried aloud
And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell
At Dora's feet. She bowed upon her hands,
And the boy's cry came to her from the field,
More and more distant. She bowed down her head,
Remembering the day when first she came,
And all the things that had been. She bowed down
And wept in secret; and the reapers reaped,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.
Then Dora went to Mary's house, and stood
Upon the threshold. Mary saw the boy
Was not with Dora. She broke out in praise
To God, that helped her in her widowhood.
And Dora said: "My uncle took the boy;
But, Mary, let me live and work with you:
He says that he will never see me more."
Then answered Mary: "This shall never be
That thou should'st take my trouble on thyself;
And, now I think, he shall not have the boy,
For he will teach him hardness, and to slight
His mother; therefore thou and I will go
And I will have my boy, and bring him home;
And I will beg of him to take thee back;
But if he will not take thee back again,
Then thou and I will live within one house,
And work for William's child, until he grows
Of age to help us."
So the women kissed
Each other, and set out, and reached the farm.
The door was off the latch: they peeped and saw
The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees,

Who thrust him in the hollows of his arm,
And clapped him on the hands and on the cheeks,
Like one that loved him; and the lad stretched out
And babbled for the golden seal that hung
From Allan's watch, and sparkled by the fire.
Then they came in; but when the boy beheld
His mother, he cried out to come to her;
And Allan set him down, and Mary said
"O Father—if you let me call you so—
I never came a-begging for myself,
Or William, or this child; but now I come
For Dora; take her back; she loves you well.
O Sir, when William died, he died at peace
With all men, for I asked him, and he said
He could not ever rue his marrying me—
I had been a patient wife; but, Sir, he said
That he was wrong to cross his father thus:
'God bless him,' he said, 'and may he never know
The troubles I have gone through!' Then he turned
His face and passed—unhappy that I am!
But now, Sir, let me have my boy, for you
Will make him hard, and he will learn to slight
His father's memory; and take Dora back,
And let all this be as it was before."
So Mary said, and Dora hid her face
By Mary. There was silence in the room;
And all at once the old man burst in sobs:
"I have been to blame—to blame. I have killed my son,
I have killed him—but I loved him—my dear son.
May God forgive me!—I have been to blame.
Kiss me, my children."
Then they clung about
The old man's neck, and kissed him many times,
And all the man was broken with remorse;
And all his love came back a hundred-fold;

And for three hours he sobbed o'er William's child,
Thinking of William.
So those four abode
Within one house together; and as time
Went forward, Mary took another mate;
But Dora lived unmarried till her death.

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## 64. WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

(1811–1863).

THACKERAY'S purpose as a writer is "to inspire contempt for everything that is not genuine; to place the beauty and simplicity of truth in opposition to the meanness, the deformity, and the wretchedness of hypocrisy and falsehood, even in those forms of it which society is content to sanction."

Thackeray was a child when brought from Calcutta, India, to England. His elementary education was obtained at the Charterhouse school, where he gave no indications of the genius he possessed. Although of a social nature he took no interest in boyish games. He was gentle in manners, good-tempered, and fond of reading. From the Charterhouse school he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, but did not remain long enough to take a degree. At Cambridge he was more noted for his skill in drawing caricatures and in writing parodies than for studious habits. His wonderful memory and his taste for reading good books gave him a large fund of information which he subsequently used to great advantage.

Although Thackeray cared nothing for natural scenery, and thus was limited in the artistic faculty, he expected to make an artist of himself. For this purpose he studied at Rome and Paris, but unfortunate speculations swept away the greater portion of the fortune he inherited when he came of age, and

he gradually drifted into literature. It was not, however, till 1842, when he began writing for *Punch*, that he fully adopted the profession for which his genius fitted him. He never became a methodical writer. His work, when done at all, was done in the morning. His afternoons and evenings were spent in social enjoyment.

It is the unanimous testimony of his friends that, in character, Thackeray was free from cynicism. He was really remarkable for a generous and sympathetic nature.

Thackeray's style is the perfection of conversational writing. It is graceful though vigorous, musical, finished, clear, and terse. His imagination was completely overshadowed by his keen intellect. He was much more of a philosopher than a poet. In the skillful, good-natured use of satire he has never been equaled.

Besides a great deal of miscellaneous work, most of which is of an ephemeral nature, Thackeray wrote two series of lectures on *English Humorists* and *The Four Georges*, which he delivered in England and the United States, and seven carefully written novels, two of which, *Henry Esmond*, and *The Newcomes*, from which the following is taken, are masterpieces. *Vanity Fair*, which first gave him a reputation as a novelist, is still very popular, but it is morally unhealthy, both in sentiment and tone.

## COLONEL NEWCOME'S LAST REFUGE.

MENTION has been made once or twice in the course of this history of the Gray-Friars' school[1] — where the Colonel and Clive and I had been brought up — an ancient foundation of the time of James I., still subsisting in the heart of London city. The death-day of the founder of the place is still kept solemnly by the Cistercians. In their chapel, where assemble the boys of the school, and the four-score old men of the Hospital, the founder's tomb stands, a huge edifice, embla-

zoned with heraldic decorations and clumsy, carved allegories.[2] There is an old Hall, a beautiful specimen of the architecture of James's time; an old Hall? many old halls; old staircases, old passages, old chambers decorated with old portraits, walking in the midst of which, we walk as it were in the early seventeenth century. To others than Cistercians, Gray-Friars is a dreary place, possibly. Nevertheless, the pupils educated there love to revisit it; and the oldest of us grow young again for an hour or two as we come back into those scenes of childhood.

The custom of the school is, that on the 12th of December, the Founder's Day, the head gown-boy shall recite a Latin oration, in praise *Fundatoris Nostri*,[3] and upon other subjects; and a goodly company of old Cistercians is generally brought together to attend this oration: after which we go to chapel and hear a sermon; after which we adjourn to a great dinner, where old condisciples meet, old toasts are given and speeches are made. Before marching from the oration hall to the chapel, the stewards of the day's dinner, according to old-fashioned rite, have wands put into their hands, walk to church at the head of the procession, and sit there in places of honor. The boys are already in their seats, with smug, fresh faces and shining white collars; the old, black-gowned pensioners are on their benches; the chapel is lighted, and Founder's Tomb, with its grotesque carvings, monsters, heraldries, darkles and shines with the most wonderful shadows and lights. There he lies, Fundator Noster, in his ruff and gown, awaiting the great Examination Day.[4] We oldsters, be we ever so old, become boys again as we look at that familiar old tomb, and think how the seats are altered since we were here, and how the doctor, not the present doctor, the doctor of *our* time—used to sit yonder, and his awful eye used to frighten us shuddering boys, on whom it lighted; and how the boy next us *would* kick our shins during service time, and how the monitor would cane us afterwards because our

shins were kicked. Yonder sit forty cherry-cheeked boys thinking about home and holidays to-morrow. Yonder sit some three-score old gentlemen pensioners of the hospital, listening to the prayers and the psalms. You hear them coughing feebly in the twilight,—the old, reverend black-gowns. Is Codd Ajax alive, you wonder?—the Cistercian lads called these old gentlemen Codds, I know not wherefore—I know not wherefore—but is old Codd Ajax alive, I wonder? or Codd Soldier? or kind old Codd Gentleman, or has the grave closed over them? A plenty of candles lights up this chapel, and this scene of age and youth, and early memories, and pompous death. How solemn the well-remembered prayers are, here uttered again in the place where in childhood we used to hear them! How beauteous and decorous the rite; how noble the ancient words of the supplications which the priest utters, and to which generations of fresh children and troops of by-gone seniors have cried Amen, under those arches! The service for Founder's Day is a special one, one of the psalms selected being the thirty-seventh, and we hear—

23. The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord: and he delighteth in his way.
24. Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down: for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand.
25. I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.

As we came to this verse, I chanced to look up from my book towards the swarm of black-coated pensioners; and amongst them—amongst them—sat Thomas Newcome.

His dear old head was bent down over his prayer-book; there was no mistaking him. He wore the black gown of the pensioners of the Hospital of Gray-Friars. His order of the Bath[5] was on his breast. He stood there amongst the poor brethren, uttering the responses to the psalm. The steps of this good man had been ordered thither by Heaven's

decree;—to this alms-house! Here it was ordained that a life all love, and kindness, and honor, should end! I heard no more of prayers, and psalms, and sermon, after that. How dared I be in a place of mark, and he, he yonder among the poor? Oh, pardon, you noble soul! I ask forgiveness of you for being of a world that has so treated you—you, my better, you the honest, and gentle, and good! I thought the service would never end, or the organist's voluntaries, or the preacher's homily.

The organ played us out of chapel at length, and I waited in the ante-chapel until the pensioners took their turn to quit it. My dear, dear old friend! I ran to him with a warmth and eagerness of recognition which no doubt showed themselves in my face and accents as my heart was moved at the sight of him. His own wan face flushed up when he saw me, and his hand shook in mine. "I have found a home, Arthur," said he. "Don't you remember, before I went to India, when we came to see the old Gray-Friars, and visited Captain Scarsdale in his room?—a poor brother like me—an old Peninsular man. Scarsdale is gone now, sir, and is where 'the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest'; and I thought then, when we saw him,—here would be a place for an old fellow when his career was over, to hang his sword up; to humble his soul, and to wait thankfully for the end, Arthur. My good friend, Lord H., who is a Cistercian like ourselves, and has just been appointed a governor, gave me his first nomination. Don't be agitated, Arthur, my boy, I am very happy. I have good quarters, good food, good light and fire, and good friends; blessed be God! my dear, kind young friend—my boy's friend; you have been always so, sir; and I take it uncommonly kind of you, and I thank God for you, sir. Why, sir, I am as happy as the day is long." He uttered words to this effect as we walked through the courts of the building towards his room, which in truth I found neat and comfortable, with a brisk fire crackling on the

hearth; a little tea-table laid out, a Bible and spectacles by the side of it, and over the mantle-piece a drawing of his grandson by Clive.[6]

Of course I came to him on the very next day, when my good friend entered more at length into the reasons why he had assumed the Poor Brother's gown; and I can not say but that I acquiesced in his reasons, and admired that noble humility and contentedness of which he gave me an example.

That which had caused him most grief and pain, he said, in the issue of that unfortunate bank,[7] was the thought that poor friends of his had been induced by his representations to invest their little capital in that speculation. Good Miss Honeyman,[8] for instance, meaning no harm, had nevertheless alluded more than once to the fact that her money had been thrown away; "and these allusions, sir, made her hospitality somewhat hard to bear," said the Colonel. "At home—at poor Clivy's, I mean—it was even worse," he continued; "Mrs. Mackenzie,[9] for months past, by her complaints, and—and her conduct, has made my son and me so miserable that flight before her, and into any refuge, was the best course. She thinks I deceived her, though heaven knows it was myself I deceived. I could not bear her reproaches, or my poor sick daughter, whom her mother leads almost entirely now, and it was with all this grief on my mind, that, as I was walking one day upon the Brighton cliff, I met my school-fellow, my Lord H.—who has ever been a good friend of mine—and who told me how he had just been appointed a governor of Gray-Friars. He asked me to dine with him the next day, and would take no refusal. He knew of my pecuniary misfortunes, of course—and showed himself most noble and liberal in his offers of help. I was very much touched by his goodness, Pen,—and made a clean breast of it to his lordship; who at first would not hear of my coming to this place—and offered me out of the purse of an old brother schoolfellow and an old brother soldier as much—as much as

should last me my time. Was'nt it noble of him, Arthur? God bless him! There are good men in the world, sir; there are true friends, as I have found in these later days. Do you know, sir,—here the old man's eyes twinkled—that Fred Bayham fixed up that book-case yonder—and brought me my little boy's picture to hang up? Boy and Clive will come and see me soon."

"Do you mean they do not come?" I cried.

"They don't know I am here, sir," said the Colonel, with a sweet, kind smile. "They think I am visiting his lordship in Scotland. Ah! they are good people! When we had had our talk down stairs over our bottle of claret—where my old commander-in-chief would not hear of my plan—we went up stairs to her ladyship, who saw that her husband was disturbed, and asked the reason. I dare say it was the good claret that made me speak, sir; for I told her that I and her husband had had a dispute, and that I would take her ladyship for umpire. And then I told her the story over, that I had paid away every rupee[10] to the creditors, and mortgaged my pensions and retiring allowances for the same end, that I was a burden upon Clivy, who had work enough, poor boy, to keep his own family and his wife's mother, whom my imprudence had impoverished,—that here was an honorable asylum which my friend could procure for me, and was that not better than to drain his purse? She was very much moved, sir,—she is a very kind lady, though she passed for being very proud and haughty in India—so wrongly are people judged. And Lord H. said, in his rough way, that, "by Jove, if Tom Newcome took a thing into his obstinate old head no one could drive it out." "And so," said the Colonel, with his sad smile, "I *had* my own way. Lady H. was good enough to come and see me the very next day—and do you know, Pen, she invited me to go and live with them for the rest of my life—made me the most generous, the most delicate offers? But I knew I was right, and

held my own. I am too old to work, Arthur; and better here, whilst I am to stay, than elsewhere. Look! all this furniture came from H. House—and that wardrobe is full of linen which she sent me. She has been twice to see me, and every officer in this hospital is as courteous to me as if I had my fine house."

I thought of the psalm we had heard on the previous evening, and turned to it in the open Bible, and pointed to the verse: "Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down: for the Lord upholdeth him." Thomas Newcome, seeing my occupation, laid a kind, trembling hand on my shoulder; and then, putting on his glasses, with a smile bent over the volume. And who that saw him then, and knew him and loved him as I did—who would not have humbled his own heart, and breathed his inward prayer, confessing and adoring the Divine Will, which ordains these trials, these triumphs, these humiliations, these blessed griefs, this crowning love?

## NOTES.

1 *Gray-Friars' School.* Thackeray here means the Charterhouse School, one of the most famous of the elementary schools of England. Besides its 42 boy-pensioners it is used as a hospital, or rather home, for 80 pensioners, who must be over fifty years of age. The monastery which was taken for the use of the school, had belonged to the Carthusians and not the Cistercians. The word *Cistercian* is here applied figuratively to the pensioners.

2 *Allegories.* Carved figures illustrative of the life of the founder.

3 *Fundatoris Nostri.* Of our founder.

4 *Examination Day.* The day of judgment.

5 *Order of the Bath.* Bestowed only for distinguished military service.

6 *Clive.* Col. Newcome's only son and child.

7 *That unfortunate bank.* A speculative company of which Col. Newcome was president.

8 *Miss Honeyman.* A sister of Col. Newcome's wife.

9 *Mrs. Mackenzie.* The mother of Clive's wife.

10 *Rupee.* An East Indian coin.

## 65. JOHN W. DRAPER — (1811–1882).

Although born in England, near Liverpool, John W. Draper deserves to rank as an American author, because his education was completed in this country, and all his literary and scientific work was done here. That which makes him a very remarkable man is his acquiring great distinction in the exacting requirements of science, as well as in literature. It was he who first proved that the actinic or chemical-acting rays of a sunbeam are different from those which produce light and heat; it was he who made the first real actinometer; it was he who took the first photographic portrait.

Draper's special studies from boyhood through life were chemistry and physics. Before coming to the United States he studied chemistry at London University. In 1833 he entered the University of Pennsylvania, and received his degree of M. D. in 1836. He was soon afterwards appointed Professor of Physiology, Chemistry, and Physics at Hampden-Sidney College, Virginia. He left there in 1839 to accept a similar professorship in the University of New York, with which institution he remained until his death.

The first books that Professor Draper published were in the direct line of his work. In 1844 appeared his *Treatise on the Forces which Produce the Organization of Plants;* in 1846, his *Chemistry;* in 1847, his *Natural Philosophy;* in 1856, his *Human Physiology.*

The first purely literary work of Professor Draper was *The History of the Intellectual Development of Europe.* This at once became a standard upon that subject. It has been translated into nearly all European languages. No other work has yet taken its place.

In 1870 he published a *History of the American Civil War,* which is considered, in some respects, the best that has yet

appeared. A *History of the Conflict between Religion and Science* was his last contribution to literature. This was in 1874.

The following selection is taken from Chapter XI. of *The Intellectual Development of Europe.*

## THE KORAN AND ITS INFLUENCE.

War makes a people run through its phases of existence fast. It would have taken the Arabs many thousand years to have advanced intellectually as far as they did in a single century, had they, as a nation, remained in profound peace. They did not merely shake off that dead weight which clogs the movement of a nation—its inert mass of common people; they converted that mass into a living force. National progress is the sum of individual progress; national immobility the result of individual quiescence. Arabian life was run through with rapidity, because an unrestrained career was opened to every man; and yet, quick as the movement was, it manifested all those unavoidable phases through which, whether its motion be swift or slow, humanity must unavoidably pass.

Arabian influence, thus imposing itself on Africa and Asia by military successes, and threatening even Constantinople, rested essentially on an intellectual basis, the value of which it is needful for us to consider. The Koran, which is that basis, has exercised a great control over the destinies of mankind, and still serves as a rule of life to a very large portion of our race. Considering the asserted origin of this book—indirectly from God himself—we might justly expect that it would bear to be tried by any standard that man can apply, and vindicate its truth and excellence in the ordeal of human criticism. In our estimate of it we must constantly bear in mind that it does not profess to be successive revelations made at intervals of ages and on various occasions, but a complete production delivered to one man. We ought,

therefore, to look for universality, completeness, perfection. We might expect that it would present us with just views of the nature and position of this world in which we live, and that, whether dealing with the spiritual or the material, it would put to shame the most celebrated productions of human genius, as the magnificent mechanism of the heavens and the beautiful living forms of the earth are superior to the vain contrivances of man. Far in advance of all that has been written by the sages of India or the philosophers of Greece on points connected with the origin, nature, and destiny of the universe, its dignity of conception and excellence of expression should be in harmony with the greatness of the subject with which it is concerned.

In its philosophy it is incomparably inferior to the writings of Chakia Mouni, the founder of Buddhism; in its science it is absolutely worthless. On speculative or doubtful things it is copious enough; but in the exact, where a test can be applied to it, it totally fails. Its astronomy, cosmogony, physiology, are so puerile as to invite our mirth if the occasion did not forbid. They belong to the old times of the world, the morning of human knowledge. The earth is firmly balanced in its seat by the weight of the mountains; the sky is supported over it like a dome, and we are instructed in the wisdom and power of God by being told to find a crack in it if we can. Ranged in stories, seven in number, are the heavens, the highest being the habitation of God, whose throne—for the Koran does not reject Assyrian ideas—is sustained by winged animal forms. The shooting-stars are pieces of red-hot stone thrown by angels at impure spirits when they approach too closely. Of God, the Koran is full of praise, setting forth, often in not unworthy imagery, his majesty. Though it bitterly denounces those who give him any equals, and assures them that their sin will never be forgiven; that in the judgment-day they must answer the fearful question, "Where are my companions, about whom

ye disputed?"; though it inculcates an absolute dependence upon the mercy of God, and denounces as criminals all who make a merchandise of religion, its ideas of the Deity are altogether anthropomorphic. He is only a gigantic man living in a paradise. In this respect, though exceptional passages might be cited, the reader rises from a perusal of the 114 chapters of the Koran with a final impression that they have given him low and unworthy thoughts.

An impartial reader of the Koran may doubtless be surprised that so feeble a production should serve its purpose so well. But the theory of religion is one thing, the practice another. The Koran abounds in excellent moral suggestions and precepts; its composition is so fragmentary that we can not turn to a single page without finding maxims of which all men must approve. This fragmentary construction yields texts, and mottoes, and rules complete in themselves, suitable for common men in any of the incidents of life. There is a perpetual insisting on the necessity of prayer, an inculcation of mercy, alms-giving, justice, fasting, pilgrimage, and other good works; institutions respecting conduct, both social and domestic, debts, witnesses, marriage, children, wine, and the like; above all, a constant stimulation to do battle with the infidel and blasphemer. For life as it passes in Asia, there is hardly a condition in which passages from the Koran can not be recalled suitable for instruction, admonition, consolation, encouragement. To the Asiatic and to the African, such devotional fragments are of far more use than any sustained theological doctrine. The mental constitution of Mohammed did not enable him to handle important philosophical questions with the well-balanced ability of the great Greek and Indian writers, but he has never been surpassed in adaptation to the spiritual wants of humble life, making even his fearful fatalism administer thereto. A pitiless destiny is awaiting us; yet the prophet is uncertain what it may be. "Unto every nation a fixed time is decreed. Death will

overtake us even in lofty towers, but God only knoweth the place in which a man shall die." After many an admonition of the resurrection and the judgment-day, many a promise of Paradise and threat of hell, he plaintively confesses, "I do not know what will be done with you or me hereafter."

The Koran thus betrays a human, and not a very noble intellectual origin. It does not, however, follow, that its author was, as is so often asserted, a mere impostor. He reiterates again and again, I am nothing more than a public preacher. He defends, not always without acerbity, his work from those who, even in his own life, stigmatized it as a confused heap of dreams, or, what is worse, a forgery. He is not the only man who has supposed himself to be the subject of supernatural and divine communications, for this is a condition of disease to which any one, by fasting and mental anxiety, may be reduced.

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## 66. CHARLES DICKENS—(1812–1870).

Charles Dickens was the most popular of all English novelists. From the time of the publication of the *Pickwick Papers*, until death cut short the completion of *Edwin Drood*, a period of thirty-four years, the loyalty of his many readers never faltered. Yet he was no scholar. He went to school only a little more than two years. His novels and sketches are quite defective in construction; his best drawn characters are from low life and are often mere caricatures; his descriptions of scenery are often melodramatic exaggerations; his diffuseness, if found in any other author, would be intolerable. What is the explanation of his amazing popularity? He was a man of rare genius, whose mission was that of a public

instructor, reformer, and moralist; and whatever he did was done with his whole soul.

Dickens was born at Landport, a suburb of Portsmouth, in southern England, but was raised and passed most of his life in London. His father, the probable original of Wilkins Micawber, in *David Copperfield*, was a subordinate clerk in the Navy Pay-Office. When twelve years of age Dickens was sent to school, and at the age of fifteen became office-boy in a lawyer's office. He mastered short-hand writing, and at the age of nineteen was one of the best newspaper reporters in London.

In 1836 he collected and published his *Sketches by Boz*, and fully adopted literature as a profession. Between 1836 and 1865, Dickens published fourteen different novels and eight Christmas stories, besides a great deal of miscellaneous work. Of his novels the best are *Pickwick* and *David Copperfield.* The best Christmas story is *A Christmas Carol in Prose.*

A prominent writer thus sums up the characteristics of Dickens's literary work: "He has painted ridiculous people, silly people, selfish people, people occupied with one idea, oddities, eccentrics, a thousand varieties,—but among all these has never once stumbled upon the simple, true, ideal woman, or any noble type of man."

The good that Dickens accomplished, notwithstanding his faults as a writer, has been very great. In *Oliver Twist* he exposed the abuses of the poor-house system; in *Nicholas Nickleby*, the horrors of cheap boarding-schools; in *Hard Times*, the privations of a manufacturing population; in *Bleak House*, the cruel delays of Courts of Chancery. In doing this, as Dean Stanley said: "He was still able to show by his own example, that, even in dealing with the darkest scenes and most degraded characters, genius could be clean, and mirth decent."

The following selection is from *David Copperfield.*

## DAVID MAKES HIMSELF KNOWN TO HIS AUNT.

"THIS is Miss Trotwood's," said the young woman. "Now you know; and that's all I have got to say." With which words she hurried into the house, as if to shake off the responsibility of my appearance; and left me standing at the garden gate, looking disconsolately over the top of it towards the parlor window, where a curtain partly undrawn in the middle, a large round green screen or fan fastened on to the window-sill, a small table and a great chair, suggested to me that my aunt might be at that moment seated in awful state.

My shoes by this time were in a woful condition. The soles had shed themselves bit by bit, and the upper leathers had broken and burst until the very shape and form of shoes had departed from them. My hat (which had served me for a night-cap, too) was so crushed and bent that no old, battered, handleless saucepan on a dunghill need have been ashamed to vie with it. My shirt and trousers, stained with heat, dew, grass, and the Kentish soil on which I had slept — and torn besides — might have frightened the birds from my aunt's garden, as I stood at the gate. My hair had known no comb or brush since I had left London. My face, neck, and hands, from unaccustomed exposure to the air and sun, were burnt to a berry-brown. From head to foot I was powdered almost as white with chalk and dust, as if I had come out of a lime-kiln. In this plight, and with a strong consciousness of it, I waited to introduce myself to, and make my first impression on, my formidable aunt.

The unbroken stillness of the parlor window leading me to infer, after a while, that she was not there, I lifted up my eyes to the window above it, where I saw a florid, pleasant-looking gentleman, with a gray head, who shut up one eye in a grotesque manner, nodded his head at me several times, shook it at me as often, laughed, and went away.

I had been discomposed enough before; but I was so much the more discomposed by this unexpected behavior, that I was on the point of slinking off, to think how I had best proceed, when there came out of the house a lady with a handkerchief tied over her cap, and a pair of gardening gloves on her hands, wearing a gardening pocket like a tollman's apron, and carrying a great knife. I knew her immediately to be Miss Betsy, for she came stalking out of the house exactly as my poor mother had so often described her stalking up our garden at Blunderstone Rookery.

"Go away!" said Miss Betsy, shaking her head and making a distant chop in the air with her knife. "Go along! No boys here!"

I watched her, with my heart at my lips, as she marched to a corner of her garden and stooped to dig up some little root there. Then, without a scrap of courage, but with a great deal of desperation, I went softly in and stood beside her, touching her with my finger.

"If you please, ma'am," I began. She started, and looked up.

"If you please, aunt."

"Eh!" exclaimed Miss Betsy, in a tone of amazement I have never heard approached.

"If you please, aunt, I am your nephew."

"Oh, Lord!" said my aunt. And sat flat down in the garden-path.

"I am David Copperfield of Blunderstone, in Suffolk—where you came, on the night when I was born, and saw my dear mama. I have been very unhappy since she died. I have been slighted, and taught nothing, and thrown upon myself, and put to work not fit for me. It made me run away to you. I was robbed at first setting out, and have walked all the way, and have never slept in a bed since I began the journey." Here my self-support gave way all at once; and with a movement of my hands, intended to show her my ragged

state, and call it to witness that I had suffered something, I broke into a passion of crying, which I suppose had been pent up within me all the week.

My aunt, with every sort of expression but wonder discharged from her countenance, sat on the gravel, staring at me, until I began to cry; when she got up in a great hurry, collared me, and took me into the parlor. Her first proceeding there was to unlock a tall press, bring out several bottles, and pour some of the contents of each into my mouth. I think they must have been taken out at random, for I am sure I tasted aniseed water, anchovy sauce, and salad dressing. When she had administered these restoratives, as I was still quite hysterical and unable to control my sobs, she put me on the sofa, with a shawl under my head, and the handkerchief from her own head under my feet, lest I should sully the cover; and then, sitting herself down behind the green fan or screen I have already mentioned, so that I could not see her face, ejaculated at intervals, "Mercy on us!" letting those exclamations off like minute-guns.

After a time she rang the bell. "Janet," said my aunt, when her servant came in, "go up-stairs, give my compliments to Mr. Dick, and say I wish to speak to him."

Janet looked a little surprised to see me lying stiffly on the sofa, (I was afraid to move lest it should be displeasing to my aunt), but went on her errand. My aunt, with her hands behind her, walked up and down the room, until the gentleman who had squinted at me from the upper window came in, laughing.

"Mr. Dick," said my aunt, "don't be a fool, because nobody can be more discreet than you can, when you choose. We all know that. So don't be a fool, whatever you are."

The gentleman was serious immediately, and looked at me, I thought, as if he would entreat me to say nothing about the window.

"Mr. Dick," said my aunt, "you have heard me mention David Copperfield? Now, don't pretend not to have a memory, because you and I know better."

"David Copperfield?" said Mr. Dick, who did not appear to me to remember much about it. "*David* Copperfield? O yes, to be sure, David, certainly."

"Well," said my aunt, "this is his boy—his son. He would be as like his father as it's possible to be, if he was not so like his mother, too."

"His son?" said Mr. Dick. "David's son? Indeed!"

"Yes," pursued my aunt, "and he has done a pretty piece of business. He has run away. Ah! His sister, Betsey Trotwood, never would have run away." My aunt shook her head firmly, confident in the character and behavior of the girl who never was born.

"Oh! you think she would n't?" said Mr. Dick.

"Bless and save the man," exclaimed my aunt sharply, "how he talks! Don't I know she would n't? She would have lived with her godmother, and we should have been devoted to one another. Where, in the name of wonder should his sister, Betsey Trotwood, have run from, or to?"

"Nowhere," said Mr. Dick.

"Well then," returned my aunt, softened by the reply, "how can you pretend to be wool-gathering, Dick, when you are as sharp as a surgeon's lancet? Now, here you see young David Copperfield, and the question I put to you is, what shall I do with him?"

"What shall you do with him?" said Mr. Dick, feebly, scratching his head, "Oh! do with him?"

"Yes," said my aunt, with a grave look and her forefinger held up. "Come! I want some very sound advice."

"Why, if I was you," said Mr. Dick, considering, and looking vacantly at me, "I should—" The contemplation of me seemed to inspire him with a sudden idea, and he added, briskly, "I should wash him!"

## 67. ROBERT BROWNING — (1812 – ——).

Robert Browning's reputation as a poet has been of slow growth. He is so original and unconventional, and his tastes are so grotesque, that the poetic genius he possesses has rarely found a popular expression. But he is a genuine poet.

Browning was born at Camberwell, a suburb of London, and was educated at London University. At the age of twenty, he went to Italy to study Italian literature. Here he spent much of his time in the monasteries of Lombardy and Venice in their dusty libraries. With a poet's zeal he also studied the characteristics of the Italian peasants in their rural homes. In 1846 he married Elizabeth Barrett, who is by many considered a greater poet than himself. Since her death, in 1861, he has resided mostly near London, in England.

He has written, with greater or less success, almost every kind of poetic composition. Of his eight dramas two have been presented on the stage, but they were failures. The fact is, his peculiar cast of mind excludes really dramatic composition. Of his many poems *Christmas Eve* and *Easter Day* best present their author's marked peculiarities,—"grotesque imagery, an insight into the human heart, vivid painting, and careless, faulty versification." *The Pied Piper of Hamelin* and *Hervé Riel*, are among the most popular of his short poems. His most elaborate poem is *The Ring and the Book;* his noblest poem, *Saul.* All of his best poems are marred by obscurity, eccentricity of style and expression, and the introduction of commonplace terms. His long residence in Italy led to his choice of Italian subjects, and to his doing so little to represent and ennoble English thought and life. He is the most psychological and somber of all English poets.

## THE ITALIAN IN ENGLAND.

THAT second time they hunted me
From hill to plain, from shore to sea,
And Austria, hounding far and wide
Her blood-hounds through the countryside,
Breathed hot and instant on my trace:—
I made six days a hiding-place
Of that dry green old aqueduct
Where I and Charles,[1] when boys, have plucked
The fire-flies from the roof above,
Bright creeping through the moss they love:—
How long it seems since Charles was lost!
Six days the soldiers crossed and crossed
The country in my very sight;
And when that peril ceased at night,
The sky broke out in red dismay
With signal fires; well, there I lay
Close covered o'er in my recess,
Up to the neck in ferns and cress,
Thinking on Metternich,[2] our friend,
And Charles's miserable end,
And much beside, two days; the third,
Hunger o'ercame me when I heard
The peasants from the village go
To work among the maize; you know
With us in Lombardy,[3] they bring
Provisions packed on mules, a string,
With little bells that cheer their task,
And casks, and boughs on every cask
To keep the sun's heat from the wine;
These I let pass in jingling line,
And, close on them, dear noisy crew,
The peasants from the village, too;

For at the very rear would troop
Their wives and sisters in a group
To help, I knew; when these had passed,
I threw my glove to strike the last,
Taking the chance: she did not start,
Much less cry out, but stopped apart,
One instant rapidly glanced round,
And saw me beckon from the ground:
A wild bush grows and hides my crypt;
She picked my glove up while she stripped
A branch off, then rejoined the rest
With that: my glove lay in her breast:
Then I drew breath; they disappeared:
It was for Italy I feared.

A hour, and she returned alone
Exactly where my glove was thrown.
Meanwhile came many thoughts; on me
Rested the hopes of Italy;
I had devised a certain tale
Which, when 't was told her, could not fail
Persuade a peasant of its truth;
I meant to call a freak of youth
This hiding, and give hopes of pay,
And no temptation to betray.
But when I saw that woman's face,
Its calm simplicity of grace,
Our Italy's own attitude
In which she walked thus far, and stood,
Planting each naked foot so firm,
To crush the snake and spare the worm—
At first sight of her eyes, I said,
"I am that man upon whose head
They fix the price, because I hate
The Austrians over us: the State

Will give you gold—oh, gold so much!—
If you betray me to their clutch,
And be your death, for aught I know,
If once they find you saved their foe.
Now, you must bring me food and drink,
And also paper, pen, and ink,
And carry safe what I shall write
To Padua,[4] which you'll reach at night
Before the duomo shuts; go in,
And wait till Tenebræ begin;
Walk to the third confessional,
Between the pillar and the wall,
And kneeling, whisper, *Whence comes peace?*
Say it a second time, then cease;
And if the voice inside returns,
*From Christ and Freedom; what concerns*
*The cause of peace:*—for answer, slip
My letter where you placed your lip;
Then come back happy: we have done
Our mother service—I, the son,
As you the daughter of our land!"

Three mornings more she took her stand
In the same place, with the same eyes:
I was no surer of sunrise
Than of her coming: we conferred
Of her own prospects, and I heard
She had a lover—stout and tall,
She said—then let her eyelids fall.
"He could do much"—as if some doubt
Entered her heart,—then, passing out,
"She could not speak for others, who
Had other thoughts; herself she knew":
And so she brought me drink and food.

After four days, the scouts pursued

Another path; at last arrived
The help my Paduan[4] friends contrived
To furnish me: she brought the news.
For the first time I could not choose
But kiss her hand, and lay my own
Upon her head—"This faith was shown
To Italy, our mother; she
Uses my hand and blesses thee."
She followed down to the sea-shore;
I left, and never saw her more.

How very long since I have thought
Concerning—much less wished for—aught
Beside the good of Italy,
For which I live and mean to die!
I never was in love; and since
Charles proved false, what shall now convince
My inmost heart I have a friend?
However, if I pleased to spend
Real wishes on myself—say, three—
I know at least what one should be.
I would grasp Metternich until
I felt his red wet throat distil
In blood through these two hands. And next,
—Nor much for that am I perplexed—
Charles, perjured traitor, for his part,
Should die slow of a broken heart
Under his new employers. Last
—Ah! there, what should I wish? For fast
Do I grow old and out of strength.
If I resolved to seek at length
My father's house again, how scared
They all would look, and unprepared!
My brothers live in Austria's pay
—Disowned me long ago, men say;

And all my early mates who used
To praise me so,—perhaps induced
More than one early step of mine—
Are turning wise: while some opine
"Freedom grows license," some suspect
"Haste breeds delay," and recollect
They always said, such premature
Beginnings never could endure!
So, with a sullen "All's for. best,"
The land seems settling to its rest.
I think then, I should wish to stand
This evening in that dear, lost land,
Over the sea the thousand miles,
And know if yet that woman smiles
With the calm smile; some little farm
She lives in there, no doubt: what harm
If I sat on the door-side bench,
And while her spindle made a trench
Fantastically in the dust,
Inquired of all her fortunes—just
Her children's ages and their names,
And what may be the husband's aims
For each of them. I'd talk this out,
And sit there for an hour, about,
Then kiss her hand once more, and lay
Mine on her head, and go my way.

So much for idle wishing—how
It steals the time! To business now.

NOTES.

The Italian who relates the above is supposed to be the famous revolutionist Mazzini, although the incident is not historically accurate.

1 *Charles.* Charles Albert, king of Sardinia, at one time very anxious for the liberation of Italy from Austrian oppression.

2 *Metternich.* The most famous of all the Austrian statesmen.

3 *Lombardy.* A province of Italy. 4 *Padua.* A city of Italy.

## 68. CHARLES READE — (1814–1884).

Some critics consider it a violation of artistic taste for a writer of fiction to write with a moral object in view. The novel should not be used as a means of effecting a reform. This principle will properly apply to French fiction, but not at all to English. Nearly all the greatest of English novels hold their position among English readers because of the lessons that they teach.

Charles Reade deserves a higher place as a novelist than the critics have given him, because the skill and power he possessed enabled him to do great good to his fellow man. In *Never Too Late to Mend* he so impressed the English people with the horrible brutalities of prison management, that the system had to be made more humane. In *Hard Cash* he so exposed the villainies of private lunatic asylums, that the lunacy laws of England had to be changed for the better. In *Put Yourself in His Place* he so presented the tyranny of trades-unions over independent workmen, that confidence in these organizations was very much weakened. His motto was: "Justice is the daughter of publicity."

Charles Reade was born in the southeastern part of Oxfordshire. His father was a popular squire, the possessor of a large estate in a beautiful part of the Chiltern Hills. He was the youngest of seven sons, and the only one allowed to follow intellectual pursuits. His early education was obtained at home from his mother and private tutors. In 1835 he was graduated at Magdalen College, Oxford; in 1843, was admitted to the bar; and in 1847, received the degree of D. C. L. The law, however, did not have the charms that literature had for him. By the time he was fifty years of age he had taken his place beside the most eminent novelists of his generation.

Reade is the author of about fifteen novels, a number of short tales and sketches, and four plays. Of his novels *The Cloister and the Hearth* is considered by many his best work; *Hard Cash* has, perhaps, been the most popular. As was the case with Dickens, the dramatic element was strong in Reade. He frequently sacrifices all probability in a scene in order to secure a dramatic situation. His style, however, is so terse, so vivid, so vehement, that his readers are more likely to overlook this and other faults than to see them. As a master of narrative he surpasses Scott in intensity.

Reade hated atrocity and foul play, and loved justice and mercy. He was very aggressive in disposition. This aggressiveness was of great service to him in the skillful, conscientious, and reformatory work he did; but it made him many bitter enemies. He was exceedingly sensitive to criticism.

The following selection is taken from Chapter VIII. in *Hard Cash*.

## THE AGRA AND THE PIRATE SHIPS.

When they were distant about a cable's length, the fresh pirate, to meet the ship's change of tactics, changed his own, put his helm up a little, and gave the ship a broadside, well aimed but not destructive, the guns being loaded with ball.

Dodd, instead of replying, as was expected, took advantage of the smoke to put his ship before the wind. By this unexpected stroke the vessels engaged ran swiftly at right angles towards one point, and the pirate saw himself menaced with two serious perils; a collision, which might send him to the bottom of the sea in a minute, or a broadside delivered at pistol-shot distance and with no possibility of his making a return. He must either put his helm up or down. He chose the bolder course, put his helm hard a lee, and

stood ready to give broadside for broadside. But ere he could bring his lee guns to bear, he must offer his bow for one moment to the ship's broadside; and in that moment, which Dodd had provided for, Monk and his mates raked him fore and aft at short distance with all the five guns that were clear on that side; the carronades followed and mowed him slantwise with grape and canister; the almost simultaneous discharge of eight guns made the ship tremble, and enveloped her in thick smoke; loud shrieks and groans were heard from the schooner; the smoke cleared; the pirate's mainsail hung on deck, his jib-boom was cut off like a carrot, and the sail struggling; his foresail looked lace, lanes of dead and wounded lay still or writhing on his deck, and his lee scuppers ran blood into the sea.

The ship rushed down the wind, leaving the schooner staggered and all abroad. But not for long; the pirate fired his broadside after all, at the now flying *Agra*, split one of the carronades in two and killed a Lascar,[1] and made a hole in the foresail; this done, he hoisted his mainsail again in a trice, sent his wounded below, flung his dead overboard, to the horror of their foes, and came after the flying ship, yawing and firing his bow-chasers.[2] The ship was silent. She had no shot to throw away. Not only did she take these blows like a coward, but all signs of life disappeared on her, except two men at the wheel, and the captain on the main gangway.

Dodd had ordered the crew out of the rigging, armed them with cutlasses, and laid them flat on the forecastle. He also compelled Kenealy and Fullalove to come down out of harm's way, no wiser on the smooth-bore question[3] than when they went up.

The great, patient ship ran, environed by her foes; one destroyer right in her course, another in her wake, following her with yells of vengeance, and pounding away at her, —but no reply.

Suddenly the yells of the pirates on both sides ceased, and there was a moment of dead silence on the sea.

Yet nothing fresh had happened.

Yes, this had happened: the pirates to windward and the pirates to leeward of the *Agra* had found out, at one and the same moment, that the merchant captain they had lashed and bullied and tortured, was a patient, but tremendous man. It was not only to rake the fresh schooner he had put his ship before the wind, but also by a double, daring masterstroke, to hurl his monster ship bodily on the other. Without a foresail she could never get out of his way. Her crew had stopped the leak and cut away and unshipped the broken foremast, and were stepping a new one when they saw the huge ship bearing down in full sail. Nothing easier than to slip out of her way could they get the foresail to draw; but the time was short, the deadly intention manifest, the coming destruction swift.

After that solemn silence came a storm of cries and curses, as their seamen went to work to fit the yard and raise the sail; while their fighting men seized their matchlocks and trained the guns. They were well commanded by a heroic, able villain. Astern, the consort thundered; but the *Agra's* response was a dead silence more awful than broadsides.

For then was seen with what majesty the enduring Anglo-Saxon fights.

One of that indomitable race on the gangway, one at the foremast, two at the wheel, conned and steered the great ship down on a hundred matchlocks and a grinning broadside just as they would have conned and steered her into a British harbor.

"Starboard!" said Dodd, in a deep, calm voice, with a motion of his hand.

"Starboard it is."

The pirate wriggled ahead a little. The man forward made a silent signal to Dodd.

"Port!" said Dodd, quietly.

"Port it is."

But at this critical moment the pirate astern sent a mischievous shot, and knocked one of the men to atoms at the wheel.

Dodd waved his hand without a word, and another man rose from the deck and took his place in silence, and laid his unshaking hand on the wheel stained with that man's warm blood whose place he took.

The high ship was now scarce sixty yards distant; *she seemed to know;* she reared her lofty figure-head with great, awful shoots into the air.

But now the panting pirates got their new foresail hoisted with a joyful shout; it drew, the schooner gathered way, and their furious consort close on the *Agra's* heels just then scourged her deck with grape.

"Port!" said Dodd calmly.

"Port it is."

The giant prow darted at the escaping pirate. That acre of coming canvas took the wind out of the swift schooner's foresail; it flapped; oh, then she was doomed! That awful moment parted the races on board her; the Papuans and Sooloos,[4] their black faces livid and blue with horror, leaped yelling into the sea, or crouched and whimpered; the yellow Malays and brown Portuguese, though blanched to one color now, turned on death like dying panthers, fired two cannon slap into the ship's bows, and snapped their muskets and matchlocks at their solitary executioner on the ship's gangway, and out flew their knives like crushed wasp's stings.

CRASH! the *Indiaman's* cut-water in thick smoke beat in the schooner's broadside; down went her masts to leeward, like fishing-rods whipping the water; there was a horrible shrieking yell; wild forms leaped off on the *Agra* and were hacked to pieces almost ere they reached the deck; a surge, a chasm

in the sea, filled with an instant rush of ingulfing waves, a long, awful, grating, grinding noise, never to be forgotten in this world, all along under the ship's keel,—and the fearful, majestic monster passed on over the blank she had made, with a pale crew standing silent and awe-struck on her deck; a cluster of wild heads and staring eye-balls bobbing like corks in her foaming wake, sole relics of the blotted-out destroyer; and a wounded man staggering on the gangway, with hands uplifted and staring eyes.

Shot in two places—the head and the breast!

With a loud cry of pity and dismay, Sharpe, Fullalove, Kenealy, and others rushed to catch him; but, ere they got near, the captain of the triumphant ship fell down on his hands and knees, his head sunk over the gangway, and his blood ran fast and pattered in the midst of them on the deck he had defended so bravely.

NOTES.

1 *Lascar.* A sailor who is a native of India.

2 *Bow-chasers.* Cannon placed at the bow of a vessel.

3 *Smooth-bore question.* Kenealy, an Englishman, and Fullalove, an American, have had several warm disputes concerning the merits of "smooth-bore" and "rifled" guns, the American believing the "rifle" the better. During the fight with the pirates they have been stationed in the rigging so as to have the best opportunities for firing their respective guns, and thus practically settling the question.

4 *Papuans.* Natives of Papua or New Guinea, north of Australia; *Sooloos*—natives of the Sooloo Islands, northeast of Borneo.

Captain Dodd had accumulated £14,000, which he decided to bring from India and invest at his home in England. His most thrilling adventure on the way is with the two pirate ships. He has many exciting experiences before he reaches England with his "hard cash." His depositing it with the banker, Hardy, brings him and everybody connected with him into the most serious trouble; but the story, as it ought to do, ends happily.

The incidents are of a sensational character, but they are kept pretty well within the bounds of probability.

## 69. CHARLOTTE BRONTË—(1816–1855).

The father of Charlotte Brontë was born in Ireland, but was educated for the church at Cambridge, England, and obtained his first curacy in Yorkshire. He was a very eccentric, selfish, irritable, obstinate man, who undertook the rearing of six children when the oldest was only seven years of age; for the mother had died, leaving them all upon his hands. As these children were never allowed to associate with others while at home, they were practically secluded from the world except when away at school. Charlotte was four years old when her father received the living at Haworth, in the west-central part of Yorkshire. In this little village, among bleak moors, she spent the most of her life. Her surroundings, therefore, may have had much to do in giving her a character very serious, earnest, shy, and sensitive; but they could not repress her remarkable genius.

Charlotte Brontë had spent three years at school before she attempted to provide for herself. In 1839 she tried being a governess, but did not like it; so in 1842 she went to Brussels to perfect herself in French and German in order that she might have a school of her own. She remained there nearly two years. After her return home she and her sister Emily, who had been at Brussels with her, advertised in Haworth for pupils; but none presented themselves, and, as a last resort, they resolved to write for a living. The first novel Charlotte Brontë wrote, entitled *The Professor*, did not obtain a publisher till after her death; but the second, Jane Eyre [pronounced *Air*], was more successful, and secured to the author a lasting fame. Only two other novels were written by her;—*Shirley*, in 1849, and *Villette*, in 1853.

Charlotte Brontë was a pure-minded woman and her life a blameless one. The last nine months of her life, repre-

senting her married life, were the only months of unalloyed happiness she ever had. It was a pity she could not have lived longer in order to receive some compensation for her long, unflinching, unselfish devotion to duty.

The following selection is from Chapter V. in *Jane Eyre.*

## JANE EYRE'S FIRST DAY IN A CHARITY SCHOOL.

The night passed rapidly; I was too tired even to dream; I only once awoke to hear the wind rave in furious gusts, and the rain fall in torrents, and to be sensible that Miss Miller had taken her place by my side. When I again unclosed my eyes, a loud bell was ringing; the girls were up and dressing; day had not yet begun to dawn, and a rush-light or two burned in the room. I too rose reluctantly; it was bitter cold, and I dressed as well as I could for shivering, and washed when there was a basin at liberty, which did not occur soon, as there was but one basin to six girls, on the stands down the middle of the room. Again the bell rang; all formed in file, two and two, and in that order descended the stairs and entered the cold and dimly-lit school-room. Here prayers were read by Miss Miller; afterwards she called out, "Form classes!"

A great tumult succeeded for some minutes, during which Miss Miller repeatedly exclaimed, "Silence!" and "Order!" When it subsided, I saw them all draw up in four semi-circles, before four chairs, placed at the four tables; all held books in their hands, and a great book, like a Bible, lay on each table before the vacant seat. A pause of some seconds succeeded, filled up by the low, vague hum of numbers; Miss Miller walked from class to class hushing this indefinite sound.

A distant bell tinkled; immediately three ladies entered the room, each walked to a table, and took her seat; Miss Miller assumed the fourth vacant chair, which was that near-

est the door, and around which the smallest of the children were assembled; to this inferior class I was called, and placed at the bottom of it.

Business now began; the day's Collect was repeated, then certain texts of Scripture were said, and to these succeeded a protracted reading of chapters in the Bible, which lasted an hour. By the time that exercise was terminated, day had fully dawned. The indefatigable bell now sounded for the fourth time; the classes were marshaled, and marched into another room to breakfast; how glad I was to behold a prospect of getting something to eat! I was now nearly sick from inanition, having taken so little the day before.

The refectory was a great, low-ceiled, gloomy room; on two long tables smoked basins of something hot, which, however, to my dismay, sent forth an odor far from inviting. I saw a universal manifestation of discontent when the fumes of the repast met the nostrils of those destined to swallow it. From the van of the procession, the tall girls of the first class, rose the whispered words—"Disgusting! The porridge is burned again!"

"Silence!" ejaculated a voice; not that of Miss Miller, but one of the upper teachers, a little and dark personage, smartly dressed, but of somewhat morose aspect, who installed herself at the top of one table, while a more buxom lady presided at the other. I looked in vain for her I had first seen the night before; she was not visible. Miss Miller occupied the foot of the table where I sat, and a strange, foreign-looking, elderly lady, the French teacher, as I afterwards found, took the corresponding seat at the other board. A long grace was said and a hymn sung; then a servant brought in some tea for the teachers, and the meal began.

Ravenous, and now very faint, I devoured a spoonful or two of my portion without thinking of its taste; but, the first edge of hunger blunted, I perceived I had got in hand a nauseous mess; burnt porridge is almost as bad as rotten

potatoes; famine itself soon sickens over it. The spoons were moved slowly. I saw each girl taste her food and try to swallow it; but, in most cases, the effort was soon relinquished. Breakfast was over and none had breakfasted. Thanks being returned for what we had not got, and a second hymn chanted, the refectory was evacuated for the school-room. I was one of the last to go out, and in passing the tables, I saw one teacher take a basin of the porridge and taste it; she looked at the others; all their countenances expressed displeasure, and one of them, the stout one, whispered, "Abominable stuff! How shameful!"

A quarter of an hour passed before lessons again began, during which the school-room was in a glorious tumult; for that space of time it seemed to be permitted to talk loud and more freely, and they used their privilege. The whole conversation ran on the breakfast, which one and all abused roundly. Poor things! it was the sole consolation they had. Miss Miller was now the only teacher in the room; a group of great girls standing about her spoke with serious and sullen gestures. I had heard the name of Mr. Brocklehurst pronounced by some lips; at which Miss Miller shook her head disapprovingly; but she made no great effort to check the general wrath. Doubtless she shared in it.

A clock in the school-room struck nine; Miss Miller left her circle, and standing in the middle of the room, cried, "Silence! To your seats!"

Discipline prevailed; in five minutes the confused throng was resolved into order, and comparative silence quelled the Babel clamor of tongues. The upper teachers now punctually resumed their posts; but still, all seemed to wait. Ranged on benches down the sides of the room, the eighty girls sat motionless and erect. A quaint assemblage they appeared, all with plain locks combed from their faces, not a curl visible; in brown dresses, made high and surrounded by a narrow tucker about the throat, with little pockets of holland

(shaped something like a Highlander's purse) tied in front of their frocks, and destined to serve the purpose of a work-bag; all, too, wearing woolen stockings and country-made shoes, fastened with brass buckles. Above twenty of those clad in this costume were full-grown girls, or rather young women; it suited them ill, and gave an air of oddity even to the prettiest.

I was still looking at them, and also at intervals examining the teachers—none of whom precisely pleased me; for the stout one was a little coarse, the dark one not a little fierce, the foreigner harsh and grotesque, and Miss Miller, poor thing! looked purple, weather-beaten, and overworked—when, as my eye wandered from face to face, the whole school rose simultaneously, as if moved by a common spring.

What was the matter? I had heard no order given; I was puzzled. Ere I had gathered my wits, the classes were again seated; but as all eyes were now turned to one point, mine followed the general direction, and encountered the personage who had received me last night. She stood at the bottom of the long room, on the hearth—for there was a fire at each end; she surveyed the two rows of girls silently and gravely. Miss Miller approaching, seemed to ask her a question, and, having received her answer, went back to her place, and said aloud, "Monitor of the first class, fetch the globes!"

While the direction was being executed, the lady consulted moved slowly up the room. I suppose I have a considerable organ of Veneration, for I retain yet the sense of admiring awe with which my eyes traced her steps. Seen now, in broad daylight, she looked tall, fair, and shapely; brown eyes, with a benignant light in their irids, and a fine pencil-ing of long lashes round, relieved the whiteness of her large front; on each side of her temples, her hair, of a very dark brown, was clustered in round curls, according to the fashion of those times, when neither smooth bands nor long ring-

lets were in vogue; her dress, also in the mode of the day, was of purple cloth, relieved by a sort of Spanish trimming of black velvet; a gold watch (watches were not so common then as now) shone at her girdle. Let the reader add, to complete the picture, refined features; a complexion, if pale, clear; and a stately air and carriage, and he will have, at least as clearly as words can give it, a correct idea of the exterior of Miss Temple—Maria Temple, as I afterwards saw the name written in a prayer-book intrusted to me to carry to church.

The superintendent of Lowood (for such was this lady) having taken her seat before a pair of globes placed on one of the tables, summoned the first class round her, and commenced giving a lesson in geography; the lower classes were called by the teachers; repetitions in history, grammar, etc., went on for an hour; writing and arithmetic succeeded, and music lessons were given by Miss Temple to some of the elder girls. The duration of each lesson was measured by the clock, which at last struck twelve. The superintendent rose. "I have a word to address to the pupils," said she.

The tumult of cessation from lessons was already breaking forth, but it sank at her voice. She went on: "You had this morning a breakfast which you could not eat; you must be hungry; I have ordered that a lunch of bread and cheese shall be served to all."

The teachers looked at her with a sort of surprise. "It is to be done on my responsibility," she added, in an explanatory tone to them, and immediately afterwards left the room.

The bread and cheese were presently brought in and distributed, to the high delight and refreshment of the whole school. The order was now given,—"To the garden!" Each put on a coarse straw bonnet, with strings of colored calico, and a cloak of gray frieze. I was similarly equipped, and, following the stream, I made my way into the open air.

## 70. JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE—(1818-——).

James Anthony Froude was born at Totnes, Devonshire, in the southwestern part of England. His father was an archdeacon in the Church of England. At the age of eighteen Froude entered Oriel college, Oxford, and received his degree four years afterwards. In 1842 he took the Chancellor's prize for an essay on political economy, and soon after was elected fellow of Exeter college. This fellowship entitled him to a support as long as he remained unmarried. He studied for the purpose of becoming a clergyman, and was ordained deacon in 1845; but soon abandoned all thoughts upon the subject and turned his attention to literature.

In 1847 Froude published his first volume. It consisted of two stories under the title *The Shadows of the Clouds.* His next work, *The Nemesis of Faith,* on account of its heretical sentiments, was the cause of his losing his fellowship and an appointment in Tasmania, which he had intended to accept. After this he became a constant contributor to various periodicals, especially of the *Westminster Review* and *Fraser's Magazine.* A number of these articles were collected by him and published in three volumes as *Short Studies on Great Subjects.*

Froude's greatest literary work, a monument of patient effort and artistic skill in the use of his materials, is his *History of England from the fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada.* The time of publication includes from 1856 to 1870. Though not reliable as history, its brilliant literary qualities gave it a wide popularity, and the successive volumes were eagerly read.

In 1869 Froude was made Lord Rector of the university of St. Andrews. In 1872–73 he delivered a series of lect-

ures in the United States, which were portions of his next historical work, *The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century*. When Carlyle died, in 1881, Froude, as his literary executor, published Carlyle's *Reminiscences*. The bitterest enemy that Carlyle ever had,—and he had many enemies,—could not have done more harm to his reputation than this hasty and injudicious publication.

Froude's reputation depends almost entirely upon his *History of England*. He is a man of strong prejudices—a serious defect in a historian—and somewhat too fond of dramatic situations; but the student who can remember these points will find much profit and entertainment in this account of the most exciting and important period of English history.

The following selection is from Vol. I. Chapter II. of the *History of England*. It illustrates one of those prejudices which impair the merits of the author.

## THE CHARACTER OF HENRY VIII.

If Henry VIII. had died previous to the first agitation of the divorce, his loss would have been deplored as one of the heaviest misfortunes which had ever befallen the country; and he would have left a name which would have taken its place in history by the side of that of the Black Prince[1] or of the conqueror of Agincourt.[2] Left at the most trying age, with his character unformed, with the means at his disposal of gratifying every inclination, and married by his ministers when a boy to an unattractive woman far his senior, he had lived for thirty-six years almost without blame, and bore through England the reputation of an upright and a virtuous king.

Nature had been prodigal to him of her rarest gifts. In person he is said to have resembled his grandfather, Ed-

ward IV., who was the handsomest man in Europe. His form and bearing were princely; and amidst the easy freedom of his address, his manner remained majestic. No knight in England could match him in the tournament except the Duke of Suffolk; he drew with ease as strong a bow as was borne by any yeoman of his guard; and these powers were sustained in unfailing vigor by a temperate habit and by constant exercise. Of his intellectual ability we are not left to judge from the suspicious panegyrics of his contemporaries. His state papers and letters may be placed by the side of those of Wolsey[3] or of Cromwell,[4] and they lose nothing in the comparison. Though they are broadly different, the perception is equally clear, the expression equally powerful, and they breathe throughout an irresistible vigor of purpose.

In addition to this he had a fine musical taste, carefully cultivated; he spoke and wrote in four languages; and his knowledge of a multitude of other subjects, with which his versatile ability made him conversant, would have formed the reputation of any ordinary man. He was among the best physicians of his age; he was his own engineer, inventing improvements in artillery, and new constructions in ship-building; and this not with the condescending incapacity of a royal amateur, but with thorough, workmanlike understanding. His reading was vast, especially in theology, which has been ridiculously ascribed by Lord Herbert to his father's intention of educating him for the archbishopric of Canterbury; as if the scientific mastery of such a subject could have been acquired by a boy twelve years of age, for he was no more when he became Prince of Wales. He must have studied theology with the full maturity of his intellect; and he had a fixed and perhaps unfortunate interest in the subject itself.

In all directions of human activity, Henry displayed natural powers of the highest order, at the highest stretch of industri-

ous culture. He was "attentive," as it is called, "to his religious duties," being present at the services in chapel two or three times a day with unfailing regularity, and showing to outward appearance a real sense of religious obligation in the energy and purity of his life. In private he was good-humored and good-natured. His letters to his secretaries, though never undignified, are simple, easy, and unrestrained; and the letters written by them to him are similarly plain and businesslike, as if the writers knew that the person whom they were addressing disliked compliments, and chose to be treated as a man. Again, from their correspondence with one another, when they describe interviews with him, we gather the same pleasant impression. He seems to have been always kind, always considerate; inquiring into their private concerns with genuine interest, and winning, as a consequence, their warm and unaffected attachment.

As a ruler, he had been eminently popular. All his wars had been successful. He had the splendid tastes in which the English people most delighted, and he had substantially acted out his own theory of his duty which was expressed in the following words:

"Scripture taketh princes to be, as it were, fathers and nurses to their subjects, and by Scripture it appeareth that it appertaineth unto the office of princes to see that right religion and true doctrine be maintained and taught, and that their subjects may be well ruled and governed by good and just laws; and to provide and care for them that all things necessary for them may be plenteous; and that the people and commonweal may increase; and to defend them from oppression and invasion, as well within the realm as without; and to see that justice be administered unto them indifferently; and to hear benignly all their complaints; and to show towards them, although they offend, fatherly pity. And, finally, so to correct them that be evil, that they had yet rather save them than lose them if it were not for respect

of justice, and maintenance of peace and good order in the commonweal."

These principles do really appear to have determined Henry's conduct in his earlier years. He had more than once been tried with insurrection, which he had soothed down without bloodshed, and extinguished in forgiveness; and London long recollected the great scene which followed "evil May-day," 1517, when the apprentices were brought down to Westminster Hall to receive their pardon. There had been a dangerous riot in the streets, which might have provoked a mild government to severity; but the king contented himself with punishing the five ringleaders; and four hundred other prisoners, after being paraded down the streets in white shirts with halters round their necks, were dismissed with an admonition, Wolsey weeping as he pronounced it.

We must allow Henry, therefore, the benefit of his past career, and be careful to remember it when interpreting his later actions. Not many men would have borne themselves through the same trials with the same integrity; but the circumstances of those trials had not tested the true defects in his moral constitution. Like all princes of the Plantagenet blood, he was a person of a most intense and imperious will. His impulses, in general nobly directed, had never known contradiction; and late in life, when his character was formed, he was forced into collision with difficulties with which the experience of discipline had not fitted him to contend. Education had done much for him, but his nature required more correction than his position had permitted, whilst unbroken prosperity, and early independence of control had been his most serious misfortune. He had capacity, if his training had been equal to it, to be one of the greatest of men. With all his faults about him, he was still, perhaps, the greatest of his contemporaries; and the man best able, of all living Englishmen, to govern England, had been set to do it by the conditions of his birth.

NOTES.

1 *The Black Prince.* The oldest son of Edward III. of England, who distinguished himself at the battle of Crécy, and won the battle of Poitiers.

2 *Conqueror of Agincourt.* Henry V. of England.

The familiar pictures of Henry VIII. represent him as being far from handsome.

3 *Wolsey.* The most famous Lord Chancellor (Prime Minister) of Henry VIII. His opposition to the marriage of Henry with Anne Boleyn was the cause of his being dismissed from office. Henry would have had him executed for high treason if Cromwell had not died before Henry could carry out his purpose.

4 *Cromwell.* Succeeded Wolsey, but with no better success.

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## 71. CHARLES KINGSLEY — (1819–1875).

Frederick Maurice, an intimate friend, said of Charles Kingsley: "He was the best son, the best father, the best husband, the best friend, the best parish priest that I ever knew." This must be close to the truth, for every one who has written of him bears testimony to his being very affectionate, very earnest, and thoroughly devoted to the welfare of the poor. If he had any enemies, they were those who questioned his philanthropic plans for the improvement of the laboring classes. Being a man of great physical power and energy, it would have been wonderful if he had not sorely wounded conservatism many times. He wrote his novel *Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet*, for the purpose of showing the evils of competition and the grievances of the artisan class. It was in this that he proved to be among the first to advocate the co-operative plan. In his work bearing the

very odd title, *Yeast*, he endeavored to show how the condition of the agricultural laborers might be made better. A prominent English writer well says: "His main idea consisted in a high appreciation of the perfection to which manhood may be brought."

Charles Kingsley was born at Holne vicarage, near Ashburton, in the southern part of Devonshire, England. He was quite a precocious boy. He preached his first sermon at four, and wrote his first poems at five years of age. His father, who was a clergyman, changed his residence several times during Kingsley's boyhood. From his eleventh to his sixteenth year Kingsley lived at Clovelly, on the western coast of Devonshire. He must have had a great fondness for this locality, as he makes the neighboring town of Bideford the scene of many of the incidents in his best novel—*Westward Ho!*

After obtaining a good preparatory education, he studied for a time at King's College, London, and in 1838 entered at Magdalen College, Cambridge, where he took his degree in 1842. While at college, although noted for his strength, he was not expert in games, but excelled in feats that required nerve and daring.

After some uncertainty upon the subject, Kingsley entered the Church. At the time of his death he was rector of Eversley, in Hants or Hampshire, canon of Westminster, and Chaplain to the Queen. He died at Eversley.

Notwithstanding his busy life outside of literature, Kingsley was quite a voluminous writer. His first book was *The Saint's Tragedy*, a dramatic poem; a volume of sermons, his second; his third, *Alton Locke*, a novel, thus showing a remarkable versatility. He was successful as a novelist, poet, theologian, essayist. Above all, he was a genuine philanthropist.

The two most popular of Kingsley's works are his novels *Hypatia* and *Westward Ho! or the Adventures of Amyas Leigh.*

Of his lighter works, *The Heroes, or Greek Fairy Tales*, is delightful reading for young people.

The following selection is taken from Chapter XX. in *Westward Ho!*

## THE ENGLISH SAILOR IN THE TIME OF ELIZABETH.

And now, while the mastiffs of England and the bloodhounds of Spain are nearing and nearing over the rolling surges, thirsting for each other's blood, let us spend a few minutes at least in looking at them both and considering the causes which, in those days, enabled the English to face and conquer armaments immensely superior in size and number of ships, and to boast, that in the whole Spanish war, but one Queen's ship, the "Revenge," and (if I recollect right) but one private man-of-war, Sir Richard Hawkins's[1] "Dainty," had ever struck their colors to the enemy.

What was it that enabled Sir Richard Grenvile's[2] "Revenge," in his last fearful fight off the Azores, to endure for twelve hours before she struck, the attack of eight Spanish armadas, of which two (three times her own burden) sank at her side; and after all her masts were gone, and she had been boarded three times without success, to defy to the last the whole fleet of fifty-four sail, which lay around her, waiting for her to sink, "like dogs around the dying forest king?"

What enabled young Richard Hawkins's "Dainty," though half her guns were useless through the carelessness or treachery of the gunner, to maintain for three days a running fight with two Spaniards of equal size with her, double the weight of metal, and ten times the number of men?

What enabled Sir George Cary's illustrious ship, the "Content," to fight single-handed from seven in the morning till eleven at night, with four great armadas and two galleys,

though her heaviest gun was but one nine-pounder, and for many hours she had but thirteen men fit for service?

What enabled, in the very year of which I write, those two valiant Turkey merchantmen of London, the "Merchant Royal" and the "Tobie," with their three small consorts, to cripple, off Pantellaria in the Mediterranean, the whole fleet of Spanish galleys sent to intercept them, and return triumphant through the Straits of Gibraltar?

And lastly, what, in the fight of 1588, enabled the English fleet to capture, destroy, and scatter that Great Armada, with the loss (but not the capture) of one pinnace, and one gentleman of note?

There were more causes than one: the first seems to have laid in the build of the English ships; the second, in their superior gunnery and weight of metal; the third (without which the first would have been useless) in the hearts of the English men.

The English ship was much shorter than the Spanish; and this (with the rig of those days) gave them an ease in maneuvering which utterly confounded their Spanish foes. "The English ships in the fight of 1588," says Camden, "charged the enemy with marvelous agility, and having discharged their broadsides, flew forth presently into the deep, and leveled their shot directly, without missing, at those great ships of the Spaniards, which were altogether heavy and unwieldy." Moreover, the Spanish fashion, in the West Indias at least, though not in the ships of the Great Armada, was, for the sake of carrying merchandise, to build their men-of-war flush-decked, or as it was called, "race" (razés), which left those on deck exposed and open; while the English fashion was to heighten the ship as much as possible at stem and stern, both by the sweep of her lines, and also by stockades on the poop and forecastle, thus giving the men a shelter, which was further increased by bulk-heads across the main deck below, dividing the ship thus into a number

of separate forts, fitted with swivels and loop-holed for musketry and arrows.

But the great source of superiority was, after all, in the men themselves. The English sailor was then, as now, a quite amphibious and all-cunning animal, capable of turning his hand to everything, from needle-work and carpentry to gunnery or hand-to-hand blows; and he was, moreover, one of a nation, every citizen of which was not merely permitted to carry arms, but compelled by law to practice from childhood the use of the bow, and accustomed to consider sword-play and quarter-staff as a necessary part and parcel of education, and the pastime of every leisure hour. The "fiercest nation upon earth," as they were then called, and the freest also, each man of them fought for himself with the self-help and self-respect of a Yankee ranger, and once bidden to do his work, was trusted to carry it out by his own wit as he best could. In one word, he was a free man.

The English officers too, as now, lived on terms of sympathy with their men unknown to the Spaniards, who raised between the commander and the commanded absurd barriers of rank and blood, which forbade to his pride any labor but that of fighting. The English officers, on the other hand, brought up to the same athletic sports, the same martial exercises as their men, were not ashamed to care for them, to win their friendship, even on emergency to consult their judgment; and used their rank, not to differ from the men, but to outvie them; not merely to command and be obeyed, but, like Homer's heroes, or the old Norse Vikings, to lead and be followed. Drake[3] touched the true main-spring of English success when he once (in his voyage round the world) indignantly rebuked some coxcomb gentlemen-adventurers with—"I should like to see the gentleman that will refuse to set his hand to a rope. I must have the gentlemen to bale and draw with the mariners." But those were days in which Her Majesty's service was as little overridden by ab-

surd rules of seniority, as by that etiquette which is at once the counterfeit and the ruin of true discipline. Under Elizabeth and her ministers, a brave and shrewd man was certain of promotion, let his rank or his age be what it might; the true honor of knighthood covered once and for all any lowliness of birth; and the merchant service (in which all the best sea-captains, even those of noble blood, were more or less engaged) was then a nursery, not only for seamen but for warriors, in days when Spanish and Portuguese traders (whenever they had a chance) got rid of English competition by salvos of cannon-shot.

Hence, as I have said, that strong fellow-feeling between officers and men; and hence mutinies (as Sir Richard Hawkins tells us) were all but unknown in the English ships, while in the Spanish they broke out on every slight occasion. For the Spaniard, by some suicidal pedantry, had allowed their navy to be crippled by the same despotism, etiquette, and official routine by which the whole nation was gradually frozen to death in the course of the next century or two; forgetting that fifty years before, Cortes, Pizarro,[4] and the early Conquistadores of America had achieved their miraculous triumphs on the exactly opposite method; by that very fellow-feeling between commander and commanded by which the English were now conquering them in their turn.

NOTES.

1 *Sir Richard Hawkins.* The son of Sir John Hawkins, who became quite famous as a naval commander.

2 *Sir Richard Grenville* was one of the most celebrated of English naval commanders. He co-operated with Raleigh in trying to found a settlement at Roanoke Island. He died of wounds received in the battle here described.

3 *Sir Francis Drake* was the great sea-captain who was contemporaneous with Grenville, the two Hawkins, and many others not so prominent. He was the first Englishman who sailed around the world.

4 *Cortes* was the conqueror of Mexico; *Pizarro*, of Peru.

## 72. JOHN RUSKIN—(1819-——).

As an interpreter of art, John Ruskin stands without an equal in literature. He has done more to teach the reading public of England, especially, how to know the good from the bad in art than all the artists combined. But this seems to be the limitation of his exceptional genius. He has attempted various other subjects of writing, but they have been, critically speaking, failures. His whole soul is so absorbed in this one grand faculty that his judgment can not reach accurately to anything else. This will explain why he hates machinery, steamboats, and railroads; why he never would visit the United States because of the lack of castles here; why his Utopian "*Guild of St. George*," which was to illustrate practically his ideas of political economy by establishing a model community, physically, intellectually, morally, and artistically, has absorbed a large part of his fortune without yielding him any returns.

John Ruskin was born in London. His father was a wealthy merchant who, when he died, left the son a large fortune. This fortune has enabled Ruskin to follow the bent of his genius without hindrance of any kind.

After graduating at Christ Church college, Oxford, he began the study of art under two of the best artists of the time. A pamphlet published in 1843 in defense of Turner, the great English landscape painter, decided his literary career. Between 1843 and 1856 he expanded this into his most elaborate work under the title *Modern Painters*. Next to this in literary value are *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*, published in 1849, and *The Stones of Venice*, published between 1851 and 1853.

Ruskin has been a voluminous, and often a careless, writer; but however careless he may be, he is always inter-

esting. His originality is very marked. His aggressive nature, made so by his intense love of art, has stimulated much adverse criticism; but such criticism does not seem to have done him any harm. He continues to say what he thinks not only upon art, but upon many other subjects, in doing which he often uses the most vigorous language.

This selection is from *Architecture and Painting.*

## THE CHARACTER OF J. M. W. TURNER.

And now let me tell you something of his personal character. You have heard him spoken of as ill-natured, and jealous of his brother artists. I will tell you how jealous he was. I knew him for ten years, and during that time had much familiar intercourse with him. I *never once* heard him say an unkind thing of a brother artist. I *never once heard him find a fault* with another man's work. I could say this of no other artist whom I have ever known.

But I will add a piece of evidence on this matter, of peculiar force. Probably many here have read a book lately published, to my mind one of extreme interest and value, the life of the unhappy artist, Benjamin Haydon. Whatever may have been his faults, I believe no person can read his journal without coming to the conclusion that his heart was honest, and that he does not willfully misrepresent any fact or any person. Even supposing otherwise, the expression I am going to quote to you would have all the more force, because, as you know, Haydon passed his whole life in war with the Royal Academy, of which Turner was one of the most influential members. Yet in the midst of one of his most violent expressions of exultation at one of his victories over the Academy, he draws back suddenly with these words: "But Turner behaved well, and did me justice."

I will give you, however, besides, two plain facts illustrative of Turner's "jealousy."

You have, perhaps not many of you, heard of a painter of the name of Bird; I do not myself know his works, but Turner saw some merit in them; and when Bird first sent a picture to the Academy for exhibition, Turner was on the hanging committee. Bird's picture had great merit; but no place for it could be found. Turner pleaded hard for it. No, the thing was impossible. Turner sat down and looked at Bird's picture a long time; then insisted that a place must be found for it. He was still met by the assertion of impracticability. He said no more, but took down one of his own pictures, sent it out of the Academy, and hung Bird's in its place.

Match that if you can among the annals of hanging committees. But he could do nobler things than this.

When Turner's picture of Cologne was exhibited in the year 1826, it was hung between two portraits, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, of Lady Wallscourt, and Lady Robert Manners.

The sky of Turner's picture was exceedingly bright, and it had a most injurious effect on the color of the two portraits. Lawrence naturally felt mortified, and complained openly of the position of his pictures. You are aware that artists were at that time permitted to retouch their pictures on the walls of the Academy. On the morning of the opening of the exhibition, at a private view, a friend of Turner's, who had seen the Cologne in all its splendor, led a group of expectant critics up to the picture. He started back from it in consternation. The golden sky had changed to a dun color. He ran up to Turner, who was in another part of the room. "Turner, *what* have you been doing to your picture?" "Oh," muttered Turner in a low voice, "poor Lawrence was so unhappy. It's only lamp black. It'll all wash off after the exhibition!" He had actually passed a wash of lamp black in water color over the whole sky, and utterly spoiled his picture for the time, and so left it through the exhibition, lest it should hurt Lawrence's.

You may easily find instances of self-sacrifice where men have strong motives, and where large benefits are to be conferred by effort, or general admiration obtained by it; but of pure, unselfish, and perfect generosity, showing itself in a matter of minor interest, and when few could be aware of the sacrifice made, you will not easily find such another example as this.

Thus much for his jealousy of his brother artists. You have also heard much of his niggardliness in money transactions. A great part of what you have heard is perfectly true, allowing for the exaggeration which always takes place in the accounts of an eccentric character. But there are other parts of Turner's conduct of which you have never heard; and which, if truly reported, would set his niggardliness in a very different light. Every person from whom Turner exacted a due shilling, proclaimed the exaction far and wide; but the persons to whom Turner gave hundreds of pounds were prevented, by their "delicacy," from reporting the kindness of their benefactor. I may, however, perhaps, be permitted to acquaint you with one circumstance of this nature, creditable alike to both parties concerned.

At the death of a poor drawing-master, Mr. Wells, whom Turner had long known, he was deeply affected, and lent money to the widow until a large sum had accumulated. She was both honest and grateful, and after a long period was happy enough to be able to return to her benefactor the whole sum she had received from him. She waited on him with it; but Turner kept his hands in his pockets. "Keep it," he said, "and send your children to school, and to church." He said this in bitterness; he had himself been sent to neither.

Well, but you will answer to me, we have heard Turner all our lives stigmatized as brutal, and uncharitable, and selfish, and miserly. How are we to understand these opposing statements?

Easily. I have told you truly what Turner was. You have often heard what to most people he appeared to be. Imagine what it was for a man to live seventy years in this hard world, with the kindest heart and noblest intellect of his time, and never to meet with a single word or ray of sympathy until he felt himself sinking into the grave. From the time he knew his true greatness all the world was turned against him; he held his own; but it could not be without roughness of bearing and hardening of the temper, if not of the heart. No one understood him, no one trusted him, and every one cried out against him. Imagine, any of you, the effect upon your own minds, if every voice that you heard from the human beings around you was raised, year after year, through all your lives, only in condemnation of your efforts and denial of your success. This may be borne, and borne easily, by men who have fixed religious principles, or supporting domestic ties. But Turner had no one to teach him in his youth, and no one to love him in his old age. Respect and affection, if they came at all, came unbelieved, or came too late. Naturally irritable, though kind,—naturally suspicious, though generous,—the gold gradually became dim, and the most fine gold changed, or, if not changed, overcast and clouded. The deep heart was still beating, but it was beneath a dark and melancholy mail, between whose joints, however, sometimes the slightest arrows found entrance, and power of giving pain.

He received no consolation in his last years, nor in his death. Cut off in great part from all society,—first by labor, and at last by sickness,—hunted to his grave by the malignities of small critics and the jealousies of hopeless rivalry, he died in the house of a stranger,—one companion of his life, and one only, staying with him to the last. The window of his death-chamber was turned towards the West, and the sun shone upon his face in its setting, and rested there, as he expired.

## 73. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL — (1819- ——).

James Russell Lowell's grandfather was one of the greatest lawyers of Massachusetts. His father, Rev. Charles Lowell, a thoroughly educated man, was pastor of West Church, Boston, for fifty years. The poet was born at Cambridge, graduated at Harvard in 1838, and admitted to the bar in 1840. He, however, preferred literature, and made that his profession.

In 1841 appeared his first volume, entitled *A Year's Life. A Legend of Brittany, Miscellaneous Poems, and Sonnets* appeared in 1844. From this time until the present he has published a large number of volumes in prose and verse, all interesting, a few of exceptional merit; and, besides, was editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* from 1857 to 1862, and of the *North American Review* from 1863 to 1872. In 1855 he succeeded Longfellow as Professor of Modern Languages at Harvard. From 1877 to 1885 he was diplomatic representative of the United States, first in Spain and afterwards in Great Britain.

Lowell's best poetical work is the first series of the *Biglow Papers*. It is a satire against the Mexican War and slavery. Its publication in 1846–48 put Lowell in the front rank of English humorists. The Yankee dialect in which it is written gives a quaintness to the humor that makes it irresistible. His energy of expression, warmth of imagination, intense love of justice and freedom, all are found there at their best.

Perhaps his best prose works are two series of critical essays entitled respectively, *Among My Books* and *My Study Windows*.

The following selection is taken from among his early poems. It is an extract from *A Glance Behind the Curtain*. The subject is historical, representing a most critical moment in the lives of John Hampden and Oliver Cromwell.

## CROMWELL'S RESOLUTION TO REMAIN IN ENGLAND.

Upon the pier stood two stern-visaged men,
Looking to where a little craft lay moored,
Swayed by the lazy current of the Thames,
Which weltered by in muddy listlessness.
Grave men they were, and battlings of fierce thought
Had scared away all softness from their brows,
And plowed rough furrows there before their time.
Care, not of self, but of the common weal,
Had robbed their eyes of youth, and left instead
A look of patient power and iron will,
And something fiercer too, that gave broad hint
Of the plain weapons girded at their sides.
The younger had an aspect of command—
Not such as trickles down, a slender stream,
In the shrunk channel of a great descent—
But such as lies entowered in heart and head,
And an arm prompt to do the 'hests of both.
His was a brow where gold were out of place,
And yet it seemed right worthy of a crown
(Though he despised such), were it only made
Of iron, or some serviceable stuff
That would have matched his sinewy, brown face.
The elder, although such he hardly seemed
(Care makes so little of some short five years),
Bore a clear, honest face, where scholarship
Had mildened somewhat of its rougher strength
To sober courage, such as best befits
The unsullied temper of a well-taught mind,
Yet left it so as one could plainly guess
The pent volcano smoldering underneath.
He spoke; the other, hearing, kept his gaze
Still fixed, as on some problem in the sky.

"O, Cromwell,[1] we are fallen on evil times!
There was a day when England had wide room
For honest men as well as foolish kings;
But now the uneasy stomach of the time
Turns squeamish at them both. Therefore let us
Seek out that savage clime where men as yet
Are free: there sleeps the vessel on the tide,
Her languid sails but drooping for the wind;
All things are fitly cared for, and the Lord
Will watch us kindly o'er the Exodus
Of us his servants now, as in old time.
We have no cloud or fire,[2] and haply we
May not pass dry-shod[3] through the ocean stream;
But, saved or lost, all things are in His hand."
So spake he, and meantime the other stood
With wide, gray eyes still reading the blank air,
As if upon the sky's blue wall he saw
Some mystic sentence written by a hand
Such as of old did scare the Assyrian king,[4]
Girt with his satraps in the blazing feast.

"Hampden,[5] a moment since, my purpose was
To fly with thee—for I will call it flight,
Nor flatter it with any smoother name—
But something in me bids me not to go;
And I am one, thou knowest, who, unscared
By what the weak deem omens, yet give heed
And reverence due to whatsoe'er my soul
Whispers of warning to the inner ear.
Why should we fly? Nay, why not rather stay
And rear again our Zion's crumbled walls,
Not as of old the walls of Thebes were built
By minstrel twanging,[6] but, if need should be,
With the more potent music of our swords?
Think'st thou that score of men beyond the sea

Claim more God's care than all of England here?
No: when He moves His arm, it is to aid
Whole peoples, heedless if a few be crushed,
As some are ever when the destiny
Of man takes one stride onward nearer home.
Believe it, 'tis the mass of men He loves,
And where there is most sorrow and most want,
Where the high heart of man is trodden down
The most, 'tis not because He hides His face
From them in wrath, as purblind preachers prate.
Not so: there most is He, for there is He
Most needed. Men who seek for Fate abroad
Are not so near His heart as they who dare
Frankly to face her where she faces them
On their own threshold, where their souls are strong
To grapple with and throw her, as I once,
Being yet a boy, did throw this puny king,[7]
Who now has grown so dotard as to deem
That he can wrestle with an angry realm,
And throw the brawned Antæus[8] of men's rights.
No, Hampden; they have half-way conquered Fate
Who go half-way to meet her—as will I.
Freedom hath yet a work for me to do;
So speaks that inward voice which never yet
Spake falsely, when it urged the spirit on
To noble deeds for country and mankind.

"What should we do in that small colony
Of pinched fanatics, who would rather choose
Freedom to clip an inch more from their hair
Than the great chance of setting England free?
Not there amid the stormy wilderness
Should we learn wisdom; or, if learned, what room
To put it into act—else worse than nought?
We teach our souls more, tossing for an hour

Upon this huge and ever vexéd sea
Of human thought, where kingdoms go to wreck
Like fragile bubbles yonder in the stream,
Than in a cycle of New England sloth,
Broke only by some petty Indian war,
Or quarrel for a letter, more or less,
In some hard word, which, spelt in either way,
Not their most learnéd clerks can understand.
New times demand new measures and new men;
The world advances, and in time outgrows
The laws that in our fathers' day were best;
And doubtless, after us, some purer scheme
Will be shaped out by wiser men than we,
Made wiser by the steady growth of truth.
We can not bring Utopia[9] at once;
But better almost be at work in sin
Than in a brute inaction browse and sleep.
No man is born into the world whose work
Is not born with him. There is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil!
The busy world shoves angrily aside
The man who stands with arms akimbo set,
Until occasion tells him what to do;
And he who waits to have his task marked out,
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled."

NOTES.

1 *Cromwell.* This poem is based upon the story that, in 1638, Oliver Cromwell, John Hampden, and several others had actually secured their passage to New England, but were prevented from sailing by a direct order of the king, Charles I.

2 *No cloud or fire.* Exodus, XIII, 21. 3 *Pass dry-shod.* Exodus, XIV, 22. 4 *Assyrian King.* Daniel V, 1–9.

5 *Hampden.* Cromwell's cousin.

6 *Minstrel twanging.* Amphion, a mythical king of Thebes, played so

exquisitely upon the lyre, that the stones, obedient to his strains, moved of their own accord, and formed the city wall.

7 *Did throw this puny king.* When the royal family was visiting the family of Cromwell's uncle at Hinchinbrook, Cromwell, who was then five years old, got into a fight with prince Charles, and whipped him.

8 *Antæus.* The gigantic wrestler of Lybia, whose strength was inexhaustible as long as he touched the earth. Hercules killed him by lifting him from the ground and squeezing him to death.

9 *Utopia.* The fictitious commonwealth described by Sir Thomas More in his book of that name. The word Utopia means *nowhere.*

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## 74. MARY ANN EVANS, (GEORGE ELIOT).

(1819–1880).

By a large majority of critical writers, George Eliot is considered the greatest of English novelists. Although she had written a great deal for English periodicals before she undertook her first work of fiction—*Scenes of Clerical Life*—she was exceedingly timid about writing a story. It was only after receiving the warm encouragement of George Lewes, that she resolved to attempt anything of the kind. The result was, that between 1856 and 1876, she produced a series of novels remarkable for their finished structure, and for an insight into the complicated workings of human nature.

A paragraph from *The Mill on the Floss* describes her nature. "She was a creature full of eager, passionate longings for all that is beautiful and glad; thirsty for all knowledge; with an ear straining after dreamy music that died away and would not come near to her; with a blind, unconscious yearning for something that would link together the wonderful

impressions of this mysterious life, and give her soul a sense of home in it."

Mary Ann Evans was born near Nuneaton, in the northern part of Warwickshire. From her ninth to her thirteenth year she was sent to the school of Miss Wallingford in Nuneaton; from her thirteenth to her fifteenth year, to Miss Franklin's school at Coventry. This was all the regular school training that she received, the great scholarship she afterwards acquired being the result of her own largely unaided efforts. She was an old-fashioned child and her nature was of slow growth; but she became one of the greatest scholars of her time. She was familiar with French, German, Italian, Spanish, Greek, Latin, Hebrew, and Metaphysics. Besides all this, she was an accomplished musician, music being in her a passion as well as an inspiration.

Her father, Robert Evans, was a carpenter and builder, whose character suggested to her some of the traits of Adam Bede, in the novel of that name, and Caleb Garth in *Middlemarch.* This may account for her strong belief in the past as a determining element in character and possibility; and her disbelief in the writings of Buckle, who attached little importance to heredity. Although, on account of her feeble health, she led almost the life of a studious recluse, her knowledge of human nature was very profound. Her characters are wonderful creations on account of their reality. A key to the vein of melancholy which runs through her work may be found in this sentence from *Daniel Deronda:* "You may try, but you can never imagine what it is to have a man's force of genius in you, and yet to suffer the slavery of being a girl."

In poetical composition, in essay and letter writing, George Eliot was not remarkable; in dramatic power she was almost entirely deficient. All her novels are wonderful studies of human nature. The best two are *Adam Bede* and *Romola.*

The following selection is from *Adam Bede*, Chapter XXI.

## BARTLE MASSEY'S NIGHT SCHOOL.

THE reading class now seated on the form in front of the schoolmaster's desk, consisted of the three most backward pupils. Adam would have known it, only by seeing Bartle Massey's face as he looked over his spectacles, which he had shifted to the ridge of his nose, not requiring them for present purposes. The face wore its mildest expression; the grizzled, bushy eyebrows had taken their more acute angle of compassionate kindness, and the mouth, habitually compressed with a pout of the lower lip, was relaxed so as to be ready to speak a helpful word or syllable in a moment. This gentle expression was the more interesting because the schoolmaster's nose, an irregular aquiline twisted a little on one side, had rather a formidable character; and his brow, moreover, had that peculiar tension which always impresses one as a sign of a keen, impatient temperament; the blue veins stood out like cords under the transparent yellow skin, and this intimidating brow was softened by no tendency to baldness, for the gray, bristly hair, cut down to about an inch in length, stood round it in as close ranks as ever.

"Nay, Bill, nay," Bartle was saying, in a kind tone, as he nodded to Adam, "begin that again, and then perhaps it'll come to you what d, r, y, spells. It's the same lesson you read last week, you know."

"Bill" was a sturdy fellow, aged four and twenty, an excellent stone-sawyer, who could get as good wages as any man of his years in the trade; but he found a reading-lesson in words of one syllable a harder matter to deal with than the hardest stone he had ever had to saw. The letters, he complained, were so "uncommon alike, there was no tellin' 'em one from another," the sawyer's business not being concerned with minute differences such as exist between a letter with its tail turned up and a letter with its tail turned

down. But Bill had a firm determination that he would learn to read, founded chiefly on two reasons: first, that Tom Hazelow, his cousin, could read anything "right off," whether it was in print or writing, and Tom had sent him a letter from twenty miles off, saying how he was prospering in the world, and had got an overlooker's place; secondly, that Sam Phillips, who sawed with him, had learned to read when he was turned twenty; and what could be done by a little fellow like Sam Phillips, Bill considered, could be done by himself, seeing that he could pound Sam into wet clay if circumstances required it. So here he was, pointing his big finger toward three words at once, and turning his head on one side that he might keep better hold with his eye of the one word which was to be discriminated out of the group. The amount of knowledge Bartle Massey must possess was something so dim and vast that Bill's imagination recoiled before it; he would hardly have ventured to deny that the schoolmaster might have something to do in bringing about the regular return of daylight and the changes in the weather.

The man seated next to Bill was of a very different type; he was a Methodist brick-maker, who, after spending thirty years of his life in perfect satisfaction with his ignorance, had lately "got religion," and along with it the desire to read the Bible. But with him, too, learning was a heavy business, and on his way out to-night he had offered as usual a special prayer for help, seeing that he had undertaken this hard task with a single eye to the nourishment of his soul—that he might have a greater abundance of texts and hymns wherewith to banish evil memories and the temptations of old habits; or, in brief language, the devil. For the brick-maker had been a notorious poacher, and was suspected, though there was no good evidence against him, of being the man who had shot a neighboring game-keeper in the leg. However that might be, it is certain that shortly after the accident referred to, which was co-incident with the arrival

of an awakening Methodist preacher at Treddleston, a great change had been observed in the brick-maker; and though he was still known in the neighborhood by his old soubriquet of "Brimstone," there was nothing he held in so much horror as any further transactions with that evil-smelling element. He was a broad-chested fellow with a fervid temperament, which helped him better in imbibing religious ideas than in the dry process of acquiring the mere human knowledge of the alphabet. Indeed, he had been already a little shaken in his resolution by a brother Methodist, who assured him that the letter was a mere obstruction to the Spirit, and expressed a fear that Brimstone was too eager for the knowledge that puffeth up.

The third beginner was a much more promising pupil. He was a tall, but thin and wiry man, nearly as old as Brimstone, with a very pale face, and hands stained a deep blue. He was a dyer, who, in the course of dipping home-spun wool and old women's petticoats, had got fired with the ambition to learn a great deal more about the strange secrets of color. He had already a high reputation in the district for his dyes, and he was bent on discovering some method by which he could reduce the expense of crimsons and scarlets. The druggist at Treddleston had given him a notion that he might save himself a great deal of labor and expense if he could learn to read, and so he had begun to give his spare hours to the night-school, resolving that his "little chap" should lose no time in coming to Mr. Massey's day-school as soon as he was old enough.

It was touching to see these three big men, with the marks of their hard labor upon them, anxiously bending over the worn books, and painfully making out, "The grass is green," "The sticks are dry," "The corn is ripe"—a very hard lesson to pass to after columns of single words, all alike except in the first letter. It was almost as if three rough animals were making humble efforts to learn how they might

become human. And it touched the tenderest fiber in Bartle Massey's nature, for such full-grown children as these were the only pupils for whom he had no severe epithets, and no impatient tones. He was not gifted with an imperturbable temper, and on music-nights it was apparent that patience could never be an easy virtue to him; but this evening, as he glances over his spectacles at Bill Downes, the sawyer, who is turning his head on one side with a desperate sense of blankness before the letters d, r, y, his eyes shed their mildest and most encouraging light.

After the reading class, two youths, between sixteen and nineteen, came up with imaginary bills of parcels, which they had been writing out on their slates, and were now required to calculate "off hand"—a test which they stood with such imperfect success, that Bartle Massey, whose eyes had been glaring at them ominously through his spectacles for some minutes, at length burst out in a bitter, high-pitched tone, pausing between every sentence to rap the floor with a knobbed stick which rested between his legs.

"Now, you see, you don't do this thing a bit better than you did a fortnight ago; and I'll tell you what's the reason. You want to learn accounts; that's well and good. But you think all you need do to learn accounts is to come to me and do sums for an hour or so, two or three times a week; and no sooner do you get your caps on and turn out-of-doors again, than you sweep the whole thing clean out of your mind. You go whistling about, and take no more care what you're thinking of than if your heads were gutters for any rubbish to swill through that happened to be in the way; and if you get a good notion in 'em, it's pretty soon washed out again. You think knowledge is to be got cheap—you'll come and pay Bartle Massey sixpence a week, and he'll make you clever at figures without your taking any trouble. But knowledge isn't to be got with paying sixpence, let me tell you; if you're to know figures, you must turn 'em over

in your own heads, and keep your thoughts fixed on 'em. There's nothing you can't turn into a sum, for there's nothing but what's got number in it—even a fool. You may say to yourselves, 'I'm one fool, and Jack's another; if my fool's head weighed four pound, and Jack's three pound three ounces and three quarters, how many pennyweights heavier would my head be than Jack's?' A man that had got his heart in learning figures would make sums for himself, and would work 'em in his head; when he sat at his shoemaking, he'd count his stitches by fives, and then put a price on his stitches, say half a farthing, and then see how much money he could get in an hour; and then ask himself how much money he could get in a day at that rate; and then how much ten workmen would get, working three, or twenty, or a hundred years at that rate—and all the while his needle would be going just as fast as if he left his head empty for the devil to dance in. But the long and short of it is—I'll have nobody in my night-school that doesn't strive to learn what he comes to learn, as hard as if he was striving to get out of a dark hole into broad daylight. I'll send no man away because he is stupid; if Billy Taft, the idiot, wanted to learn anything, I'd not refuse to teach him. But I'll not throw away good knowledge on people who think they can get it by the sixpenn'orth, and carry it away with them as they would an ounce of snuff. So never come to me again, if you can't show that you have been working with your own heads, instead of thinking you can pay for mine to work for you. That's the last word I've got to say to you."

With this final sentence, Bartle Massey gave a sharper rap than ever with his knobbed stick, and the discomfited lads got up to go with a sulky look. The other pupils had happily only their writing-books to show, in various stages of progress from pot-hooks to round-text; and mere pen-strokes, however perverse, were less exasperating to Bartle than false arithmetic.

## 75. HERBERT SPENCER — (1820 — ——).

Herbert Spencer was born at Derby, in the southern part of Derbyshire, and was an only surviving child. His father was a teacher, and as the boy had decided ability, his early training was marked by rapid progress. At the age of twelve years he was sent to reside with his uncle, the Rev. Thomas Spencer, who prepared him for the profession of civil engineer. At the age of seventeen he began work on the London and Birmingham railroad. The railroad revulsion of 1845 threw him out of employment, and he took to literature as a profession. He first wrote for the reviews, then published several volumes of miscellaneous works. It was a curious transition, but from a taste for mathematics he drifted into pure philosophy, and so great has been his work that he is put in the foremost rank of thinkers by the foremost men of the age. Darwin spoke of him as "our great philosopher"; George Lewes said of him, "He alone of all British thinkers, has organized a philosophy." His school represents the most advanced and powerful intellectual movement of the age.

It was in 1860 that Spencer commenced the publication of his *System of Philosophy;* a system much broader in scope than anything which had been previously undertaken. "It was an attempt to organize our latest and highest knowledge of nature, life, mind, and society into a unified system." The foundation of this philosophy is the law of universal evolution. "It is a philosophy which explains to us the past, which illuminates the present, and glorifies the future."

Spencer has been accused of being an atheist because he believes that whatever can not be compared or classed; whatever is unrelated, unconditional, or absolute, is, therefore, beyond our mental reach,—is unthinkable and unknowable;

but this is an old doctrine which he has simply revived, and has no personal effect upon his religious convictions.

Spencer is quite a voluminous writer, but nearly all his writings have a direct bearing upon his system of philosophy. Perhaps the most popular of his volumes is *The Study of Sociology*, from which the following is selected.

## THE EVOLUTION OF NATIONS THROUGH WAR.

One of the facts difficult to reconcile with current theories of the Universe, is that high organizations throughout the animal kingdom habitually serve to aid destruction or to aid escape from destruction. If we hold to the ancient view, we must say that high organization has been deliberately devised for such purposes. If we accept the modern view, we must say that high organization has been evolved by the exercise of destructive activities during immeasurable periods of the past. Here we choose the latter alternative. To the never-ceasing efforts to catch and eat, and the never-ceasing endeavors to avoid being caught and eaten, is to be ascribed the development of the various senses and the various motor organs directed by them. The bird of prey with the keenest vision, has, other things equal, survived when members of its species that did not see so far, died from want of food; and by such survivals, keenness of vision has been made greater in course of generations. The fleetest members of a herbivorous herd, escaping when the slower fell victims to a carnivore, left posterity; among which, again, those with the most perfectly adapted limbs survived; the carnivores themselves being at the same time similarly disciplined, and their speed increased. So, too, with intelligence. Sagacity that detected a danger which stupidity did not perceive, lived and propagated; and the cunning which hit upon a new deception, and so secured prey not otherwise to be caught, left posterity where a smaller endowment of cunning failed. This

mutual perfecting of pursuer and pursued, acting upon their entire organizations, has been going on throughout all time; and human beings have been subject to it just as much as other beings. Warfare among men, like warfare among animals, has had a large share in raising their organizations to a higher stage. The following are some of the various ways in which it has worked.

In the first place, it has had the effect of continually extirpating races which, for some reason or other, were least fitted to cope with the conditions of existence they were subject to. The killing off of relatively feeble tribes, or tribes relatively wanting in endurance, or courage, or sagacity, or power of co-operation, must have tended ever to maintain, and occasionally to increase the amounts of life-preserving powers possessed by men.

Beyond this average advance caused by destruction of the least developed races and the least developed individuals, there has been an average advance caused by inheritance of those further developments due to functional activity. Remember the skill of the Indian in following a trail, and remember that under kindred stimuli many of his perceptions and feelings and bodily powers have been habitually taxed to the uttermost, and it becomes clear that the struggle for existence between neighboring tribes has had an important effect in cultivating faculties of various kinds. Just as, to take an illustration from among ourselves, the skill of the police cultivates cunning among burglars, which, again, leading to further precautions, generates further devices to evade them; so, by the increasing antagonisms between human societies, small and large, there has been a mutual culture of an adapted intelligence, a mutual culture of certain traits of character not to be undervalued, and a mutual culture of bodily powers.

A large effect, too, has been produced upon the development of the arts. In responding to the imperative demands

of war, industry made important advances and gained much of its skill. Indeed, it may be questioned whether, in the absence of that exercise of manipulative faculty which the making of weapons originally gave, there would ever have been produced the tools required for developed industry. Observe a coat of mail, or one of the more highly-finished suits of armor,—compare it with articles of iron and steel of the same date; and there is evidence that these desires to kill enemies and escape being killed, more extreme than any other, have had great effects on those arts of working in metal to which most other arts owe their progress. The like relation is shown us in the uses made of gunpowder. At first a destructive agent, it has become an agent of immense service in quarrying, mining, railway-making, etc.

A no less important benefit bequeathed by war has been the formation of large societies. By force alone were small nomadic hordes welded into large tribes; by force alone were large tribes welded into small nations; by force alone have small nations been welded into large nations. While the fighting of societies usually maintains separateness, or by conquest produces only temporary unions, it produces, from time to time, permanent unions; and as fast as there are formed permanent unions of small into large, and then of large into still larger, industrial progress is furthered in three ways. Hostilities, instead of being perpetual, are broken by intervals of peace. When they occur, hostilities do not so profoundly derange the industrial activities. And there arises the possibility of carrying out the division of labor much more effectually. War, in short, in the slow course of things, brings about a social aggregation which furthers that industrial state at variance with war; and yet nothing but war could bring about this social aggregation. These truths, that without war large aggregates of men can not be formed, and that without large aggregates of men there can not be a developed industrial state, are illustrated in all places and times.

Among existing uncivilized and semi-civilized races, we everywhere find that union of small societies by a conquering society, is a step in civilization. The records of peoples now extinct show us this with equal clearness. On looking back into our own history, and into the histories of neighboring nations, we similarly see that only by coercion were the smaller feudal governments so subordinated as to secure internal peace. And even lately, the long-desired consolidation of Germany, if not directly effected by "blood and iron," as Bismarck said it must be, has been indirectly effected by them. The furtherance of industrial development by aggregation is no less manifest. If we compare a small society with a large one, we get clear proof that those processes of co-operation by which social life is made possible, assume high forms only when the numbers of the co-operating citizens are great.

Though, during barbarism and the earlier stages of civilization, war has the effect of exterminating the weaker societies, and of weeding out the weaker members of the stronger societies, and thus in both ways furthering the development of those valuable powers, bodily and mental, which war brings into play; yet during the later stages of civilization, the second of these actions is reversed. So long as all adult males have to bear arms, the average result is that those of most strength and quickness survive, while the feebler and slower are slain; but when the industrial development has become such that only some of the adult males are drafted into the army, the tendency is to pick out and expose to slaughter the best-grown and healthiest; leaving behind the physically inferior to propagate the race.

In like manner, though war, by bringing about social consolidations, indirectly favors industrial progress and all its civilizing consequences, yet the direct effect of war on industrial progress is repressive. It is repressive as necessitating the abstraction of men and materials that would otherwise go to industrial growth; it is repressive as deranging the com-

plex inter-dependencies among the many productive and distributive agencies; it is repressive as drafting off much administrative and constructive ability, which would else have gone to improve the industrial arts and the industrial organization. And if we contrast the absolutely-military Spartans with the partially-military Athenians, in their respective attitudes towards culture of every kind, or call to mind the contempt shown for the pursuit of knowledge in purely-military times like those of feudalism; we can not fail to see that persistent war is at variance not only with industrial development, but also with the higher intellectual developments that aid industry and are aided by it.

So, too, with the effects wrought on the moral nature. While war, by the discipline it gives soldiers, directly cultivates the habit of subordination, and does the like indirectly by establishing strong and permanent governments; and while in so far it cultivates attributes that are not only temporarily essential, but are steps towards attributes that are permanently essential; yet it does this at the cost of maintaining, and sometimes increasing detrimental attributes—attributes intrinsically anti-social. The citizen made callous by the killing and wounding of enemies, inevitably brings his callousness home with him. In proportion as giving pain to others is made a habit during war, it will remain a habit during peace; inevitably producing in the behavior of citizens to one another, antagonisms, crimes of violence, and multitudinous aggressions of minor kinds, tending towards a disorder that calls for coercive government. Nothing like a high type of social life is possible without a type of human character in which the promptings of egoism are duly restrained by regard for others. The necessities of war imply absolute self-regard, and absolute disregard of certain others. Inevitably, therefore, the civilizing discipline of social life is antagonized by the uncivilizing discipline of the life war involves.

## 76. JOHN TYNDALL—(1820-——).

Among the most conspicuous of the wonderful group of scientific men that have done so much for science during the last thirty-five years, is to be found John Tyndall. Perhaps he has done more than any of them to popularize scientific study. No purely scientific work was ever so popular as his *Heat Considered as a Mode of Motion.* This was published in 1863. Ten years before, he had begun to lecture as Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution; in 1860 he had published *The Glaciers of the Alps;* in 1861, *Mountaineering;* and in 1863, *A Vacation Tour;* but they did not reach nearly so large a class of readers as the first-named work. It was this work that placed him in the front rank of expounders of science.

Since 1863, Professor Tyndall has been an indefatigable student. Besides his laboratory work, which has not been confined to any special branch of physics, he has written seven or eight volumes, and contributed many popular articles to different periodicals. The most of his literary work has been interesting to unscientific readers because "his is the rare gift to give us the poetry of science without impairing the quality of science itself."

Tyndall was born in the village of Leighlin Bridge, southeastern Ireland. He is a descendant of the old English family of Tyndales, some members of which emigrated to Ireland in the seventeenth century. His father was a man in humble circumstances, but of marked character. He taught his boy to love above all things a life of independence.

At the age of nineteen he quitted school to become a surveyor. His caution and accuracy were the means of his advancing rapidly in the profession. From 1844 to 1847 he

was engaged in railroad work as a civil engineer. He then accepted a position as a teacher in Queenswood College, Hampshire. The next year he went to Germany to study science. At the end of four years he returned to England and was made a member of the Royal Society.

In 1872 Professor Tyndall visited the United States and delivered a series of lectures in the largest of the eastern cities. The proceeds of these lectures, $13,000, he gave for the establishment of a fund for promoting the study of the natural sciences in America.

Professor Tyndall is a man of great energy, both of body and mind. His earnest convictions, vigorously expressed, have sometimes excited strong adverse criticism.

The following, from the introduction to a lecture on Radiant Heat, is printed in *Fragments of Science*, and may be called

## SCIENTIFIC IMAGINATION.

One of the most important functions of physical science, considered as a discipline of the mind, is to enable us by means of the tangible processes of Nature, to apprehend the intangible. The tangible processes give *direction* to the line of thought; but this once given, the length of the line is not limited by the boundaries of the senses. Indeed, the domain of the senses in Nature is almost infinitely small in comparison with the vast region accessible to thought which lies beyond them. From a few observations of a comet, when it comes within the range of his telescope, an astronomer can calculate its path in regions which no telescope can reach; and in like manner, by means of data furnished in the narrow world of the senses, we make ourselves at home in other and wider worlds, which can be traversed by the intellect alone.

From the earliest ages the questions, "What is light?" and "What is heat?" have occurred to the minds of men; but these questions never would have been answered had

they not been preceded by the question, "What is sound?" Amid the grosser phenomena of acoustics the mind was first disciplined, conceptions being thus obtained from direct observation, which were afterward applied to phenomena of a character far too subtle to be observed directly. Sound we know to be due to vibratory motion. A vibrating tuning-fork, for example, molds the air round it into undulations or waves, which speed away on all sides with a certain measured velocity, impinge upon the drum of the ear, shake the auditory nerve, and awake in the brain the sensation of sound. When sufficiently near a sounding body, we can feel the vibrations of the air. A deaf man, for example, plunging his hand into a bell when it is sounded, feels through the common nerves of his body those tremors which, when imparted to the nerves of healthy ears, are translated into sound. There are various ways of rendering those sonorous vibrations not only tangible but visible; and it was not until numberless experiments of this kind had been executed, that the scientific investigator abandoned himself wholly, and without a shadow of uncertainty, to the conviction that what is sound within us is, outside of us, a motion of the air.

But once having established this fact—once having proved beyond all doubt that the sensation of sound is produced by an agitation of the nerve of the ear, the thought soon suggested itself that light might be due to an agitation of the nerve of the eye. This was a great step in advance of that ancient notion which regarded light as something emitted by the eye, and not as anything imparted to it. But if light be produced by an agitation of the optic nerve or retina, what is it that produces the agitation? Newton, you know, supposed minute particles to be shot through the humors of the eye against the retina, which hangs like a target at the back of the eye. The impact of these particles against the target, Newton believed to be the cause of light. But Newton's notion has not held its ground, being entirely driven

from the field by the more wonderful and far more philosophical notion that light, like sound, is a product of wave-motion.

The domain in which this motion of light is carried on, lies entirely beyond the reach of our senses. The waves of light require a medium for their formation and propagation, but we can not see, or feel, or taste, or smell this medium. How, then, has its existence been established? By showing that by the assumption of this wonderful intangible *ether* all the phenomena of optics are accounted for with a fullness and clearness and conclusiveness which leave no desire of the intellect unfulfilled. When the law of gravitation first suggested itself to the mind of Newton, what did he do? He set himself to examine whether it accounted for all the facts. He determined the courses of the planets; he calculated the rapidity of the moon's fall toward the earth; he considered the precession of the equinoxes, the ebb and flow of the tides, and found all explained by the law of gravitation. He therefore regarded this law as established, and the verdict of science subsequently confirmed his conclusion. On similar, and, if possible, on stronger grounds, we found our belief in the existence of the universal ether. It explains facts far more various and complicated than those on which Newton based his law. If a single phenomenon could be pointed out which the ether is proved incompetent to explain, we should have to give it up; but no such phenomenon has ever been pointed out. It is, therefore, at least as certain that space is filled with a medium by means of which suns and stars diffuse their radiant power, as that it is traversed by that force which holds, not only our planetary system, but the immeasurable heavens themselves, in its grasp.

There is no more wonderful instance than this of the production of a line of thought from the world of the senses into the region of pure imagination. I mean by imagination here, not that play of fancy which can give to "airy noth-

ing a local habitation and a name," but that power which enables the mind to conceive realities which lie beyond the range of the senses—to present to itself distinct physical images of processes which, though mighty in the aggregate beyond all conception, are so minute individually as to elude all observation. It is the waves of air excited by this tuning-fork which render its vibrations audible. It is the waves of ether sent forth from those lamps overhead which render them luminous to us; but so minute are these waves, that it would take from 30,000 to 60,000 of them, placed end to end, to cover a single inch. Their number, however, compensates for their minuteness. Trillions of them have entered your eyes and hit the retina at the back of the eye in the time consumed in the utterance of the shortest sentence of this discourse. This is the steadfast result of modern research; but we never could have reached it without previous discipline. The ether which conveys the pulses of light and heat not only fills the celestial spaces, bathing the sides of suns and planets, but it also encircles the atoms of which these suns and planets are composed. It is the motion of these atoms, and not that of any sensible parts of bodies, that the ether conveys; it is this motion that constitutes the objective cause of what in our sensations are light and heat. An atom, then, sending its pulses through the infinite ether, resembles a tuning-fork sending its pulses through the air. We never could have measured the waves of light, nor even imagined them to exist, had we not previously exercised ourselves among the waves of sound. Sound and light are now mutually helpful, the conceptions of each being expanded, strengthened, and defined, by the conceptions of the other.

NOTE.

The manner in which scientists reason from the tangible to the intangible, from the known into the unknown, is well illustrated in this selection.

## 77. MRS. MARGARET OLIPHANT—(1818-——).

Mrs. Oliphant is one of the most voluminous writers of the time. She has published six works of biography, a work in three volumes entitled *Literary History of England in the End of the Eighteenth and Beginning of the Nineteenth Century*, and more than thirty-five novels. Her life, therefore, has been one of intense literary activity. Although often careless in composition and unnecessarily diffuse, her style has a freshness, clearness, and directness that make whatever she has written, interesting. In her novels she shows excellent powers of construction, a thorough knowledge of human nature and society, a familiarity with foreign modes of thought, and keen observation. She always has something to say, and she generally says it well.

She was born at Liverpool, her mother being a Scotchwoman. She is evidently proud of her mother's country, as many of the scenes in her novels are laid in Scotland, and her knowledge of Scottish character is remarkable. These novels show considerable versatility, as they are sensational, domestic, and psychological by turns. Her first novel, published in 1849, entitled *Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside*, was immediately successful; but it was not until her thirteenth effort, *Salem Chapel*, that she became widely popular. Her historical and critical papers form her most carefully-written work. No better work than her *Literary History of England* has yet been written upon that subject. Her familiarity with her subject and her power of delineating character, make the book invaluable to the young student.

The following selection is taken from Chapter III. Vol. II. of the *Literary History of England.* It is a description of the most eccentric scholar that Scotland ever produced.

## JOHN LEYDEN.

He [Walter Scott] fell upon another assistant and associate in Edinburgh of a similar class by origin [to James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd,] but of acquirements so extraordinary and character so strange, that he merits a fuller notice. A wilder and more eccentric figure has rarely appeared in literature. This was John Leyden, a homely, shy, yet vain youth, from the south of Scotland, the very district which "the Shirra"[1] was continually surveying, the son of a small hillside farmer, a being as boisterous as the winds and as wayward, a rustic enthusiast, a tender poet, a preacher licensed by the Church, and one of the most learned men of his generation—but with so many ridiculous characteristics, and so bizarre both in mind and person, that it is difficult to award to him the applause of which he is truly worthy. He was one of those very poor students whose existence gave—and to some extent still gives—a special character to the little world of a Scotch University; one of the most penniless and unkempt of all the sons of letters, asking nothing of fate but knowledge, and feeding wildly upon everything in that shape which came in his way, without ever acquiring one of those graces of culture which to many are of so much more importance than culture itself. Constable, the enterprising bookseller, who did not hesitate to offer terms which were "without precedent" to the writers of the *Review*, had begun his career not very long before in a little shop where rare old books, of which he was a lover, were to be found as well as the new. There one of the "foreigners," who then frequented Edinburgh, a gentle English *virtuoso*, book-lover, and student, Mr. Richard Heber, the elder brother of the future bishop, was a frequent visitor; and his attention was soon drawn to another frequenter of the shop, a scholar very unlike any species with which he was acquainted, speaking the broadest

Scotch, as strange in manner, clothes, and appearance as he was in accent, who, sometimes perched on a ladder, sometimes buried in a dusty corner, devoured the books which he could not afford to buy. Mr. Heber had become acquainted with Scott and interested himself actively in the *Scottish Minstrelsy*. One day when in Constable's shop he fell by chance into conversation with this wild fellow-reader, whom he had so often watched with amusement, and soon found in him a kindred student. Leyden loved the legendary lore of his country as he loved everything else that belonged to his native dales—and this revelation brought about an introduction to Scott and to many gentle and cultivated persons otherwise entirely out of the poor student's way. Scott discovered that he was the author of many translations from the classics, and also from various European languages, which had appeared in the pages of the little *Edinburgh Magazine*, the mild successor of the *Mirror* and *Lounger*, and the predecessor of *Blackwood;* and his very oddities and homeliness seem to have attracted all with whom he was brought in contact.

This strange being was what is called a probationer of the Church of Scotland, licensed to preach though not appointed to any charge; but either because his odd manner and wild appearance made him unpopular, or from the want of inclination in himself, he does not seem, though he preached occasionally, to have shown any desire to follow his profession. After a considerable interval of vague projects he set his heart finally on going to India, and his many friends exerted themselves to get him an appointment. It was found, however, that the only thing to be got was a commission as surgeon assistant, and that to have any chance even of this he must go through his medical examination within six weeks. "This news, which would have crushed any other man's hopes to the dust, was only a welcome fillip to the ardor of Leyden. He that same hour grappled with a new science, in full confidence that whatever ordinary men could do in

three or four years, his energy could accomplish in as many months." His confidence in himself was justified, and he passed his examination and took his medical degree within the time appointed. Just before leaving England he published a volume of poetry, including the *Scenes of Infancy*, which had previously had some local acceptance. Nothing can show better the devotion of his mind to the native landscape, which was always to him the most lovely in the world, than the following verses taken from that poem:—

"When first around my infant head
Delusive dreams their visions shed,
To soften or to soothe the soul;
In every scene with glad surprise
I saw my native groves arise,
And Teviot's[2] crystal waters roll.

"And when religion raised my view
Beyond this concave's azure blue,
Where flowers of fairer luster blow;
Where Eden's groves again shall bloom
Beyond the desert of the tomb,
And living streams forever flow;

"The gems of soft celestial dye,
Were such as often met my eye,
Expanding green on Teviot's side;
The living streams whose pearly wave
In fancy's eye appeared to lave,
Resembled Teviot's brimful tide."

The simple enthusiast-patriotism which saw Teviot in every stream of beauty, and could conceive no better emblem of the streams of paradise, was Leyden's ruling passion. He went to India, however, disappearing forever from Teviot and all the scenery and society of his native country, and went on his violent, stormy way—like a sort of wandering, irregular comet, most unlike, even in his indomitable perseverance and labor, to the conventional idea of the cautious

Scot—through many a strange scene. His rapid initiation into the science of medicine does not seem to have done much more for him than ensure his appointment. Arrived in India, he became first a Professor, then a Judge, and rapidly passed through various offices, each involving a new branch of information. While he was doing the active duties of these, he made a grasp at all the principal languages of the continent. Finally he went with Lord Minto to Java, then newly added to the British provinces, and rushing into a shut-up house, where he had been informed a treasure of books was to be found, caught fever and died at thirty-six, in the year 1811. In his last illness, some friend who had gone to see him told him an anecdote of the Liddesdale[3] volunteers, the men of his own district—how they had risen as one man on a false alarm of invasion, similar to that of which Scott makes picturesque use in the *Antiquary*.[4] The Borderers camę hurrying down from all sïdes, some of them swimming the river in their eagerness, and marched into Hawick at daybreak, playing the favorite air of the district, "Wha daur meddle wi' me?" The story, the vivid recollection, the sudden exciting touch of all those emotions which were the very spring of his being, intoxicated the sick man. He sprang up in his bed, and in his harsh voice, more tremulous than usual in its shrill weakness, "with strange melody and stranger gesticulations," sang in a transport of feverish enthusiasm the song of his native hills. A more characteristic conclusion could not be.

NOTES.

1 *Shirra.* The Scotch word for *sheriff.*

2 *Teviot.* A small river in the county of Roxburgh, southern Scotland.

3 *Liddesdale.* The southwestern part of Roxburgh, on the English border.

4 *Antiquary.* The name of one of Sir Walter Scott's novels.

## 78. HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE—(1821–1862).

Henry Thomas Buckle is a marked exception to the rule regarding genius. He was not a precocious boy. He was of slow development, yet before he was thirty-five years of age he had learned nineteen modern languages, and was a master of seven. Of course he had wealth, leisure, and inclination to be a student.

Buckle was born at Lee, in Kent. His father was a London merchant. After receiving very little school instruction, Buckle entered his father's office at the age of seventeen, but did not like the work; and, in 1840, his father died. In company with his mother he went to the Continent, where he began a systematic study of the modern languages.

He read everything he could lay his hands on, made copious notes, and by his wonderful memory retained many passages in prose and verse that were afterwards of great service to him. Although he wrote a number of miscellaneous articles, his sole ambition was to write the *History of Civilization in England.* It was a tremendous task, and his previous education had not fitted him well for the undertaking; but he had genius, he had hope, he had persistence, and if his life had been spared, would have grown intellectually stronger as he worked, and left the greatest literary work ever written by man. Even the fragment which he was enabled to write produced as much of a sensation as Darwin's *Origin of Species.* According to Buckle's design, the *History of Civilization in England* would have included fourteen volumes. Death stopped his work after he had published only four.

In his life-work, Buckle aimed to prove "that the character of a people depends chiefly upon material circumstances, such as soil, climate, scenery, and food; and that ideas on morals and religion had very little influence on civilization,

progress in which depends chiefly on the growth and accumulation of scientific or positive knowledge." Macaulay calls Buckle paradoxical and incoherent. Macaulay never had clearer views, nor expressed them more clearly than Buckle did. The great objection to Buckle was that he was years ahead of his time.

He died at Damascus, Syria, whither he had gone in search of health.

The following selection is taken from Chapter II. of *History of Civilization in England.*

## EFFECTS OF NATURE UPON THE GREEKS.

In Greece, we see a country altogether the reverse of India. The works of nature, which in India are of startling magnitude, are in Greece far smaller, feebler, and in every way less threatening to man. In the great center of Asiatic civilization, the energies of the human race are confined, and as it were, intimidated by the surrounding phenomena. Besides the dangers incidental to tropical climates, there are those noble mountains, which seem to touch the sky, and from whose sides are discharged mighty rivers, which no art can divert from their course, and which no bridge has ever been able to span. There, too, are impassable forests, whole countries lined with interminable jungle, and beyond them, again, dreary and boundless deserts; all teaching man his own feebleness, and his inability to cope with natural forces. Without, and on either side, there are great seas, ravaged by tempests far more destructive than any known in Europe, and of such sudden violence, that it is impossible to guard against their effects. And as if in those regions everything combined to cramp the activity of man, the whole line of coast, from the mouth of the Ganges to the extreme south of the peninsula, does not contain a single safe and capacious

harbor, not one port that affords a refuge, which is perhaps more necessary there than in any other part of the world.

But in Greece, the aspects of nature are so entirely different, that the very conditions of existence are changed. Greece, like India, forms a peninsula; but while in the Asiatic country everything is great and terrible, in the European country everything is small and feeble. The whole of Greece occupies a space somewhat less than the kingdom of Portugal, that is, about a fortieth part of what is now called Hindustan. Situated in the most accessible part of a narrow sea, it had easy contact on the east with Asia Minor, on the west with Italy, on the south with Egypt. Dangers of all kinds were far less numerous than in the tropical civilizations. The climate was more healthy; earthquakes were less frequent; hurricanes were less disastrous; wild beasts and noxious animals less abundant. In regard to the other great features the same law prevails. The highest mountains in Greece are less than one third of the Himalaya, so that nowhere do they reach the limit of perpetual snow. As to rivers, not only is there nothing approaching those imposing volumes which are poured down from the mountains of Asia, but Nature is so singularly sluggish, that neither in Northern nor in Southern Greece do we find anything beyond a few streams, which are easily forded, and which, indeed, in the summer season, are frequently dried up.

These striking differences in the material phenomena of the two countries, gave rise to corresponding differences in their mental associations. For as all ideas must arise partly from what are called spontaneous operations of the mind, and partly from what is suggested to the mind by the external world, it was natural that so great an alteration in one of the causes should produce an alteration in the effects. The tendency of the surrounding phenomena was, in India, to inspire fear; in Greece, to give confidence. In India, man was intimidated; in Greece, he was encouraged. In

India, obstacles of every sort were so numerous, so alarming, and apparently so inexplicable, that the difficulties of life could only be solved by constantly appealing to the direct agency of supernatural causes. Those causes being beyond the province of the understanding, the resources of the imagination were incessantly occupied in studying them; the imagination itself was overworked, its activity became dangerous, it encroached on the understanding, and the equilibrium of the whole was destroyed. In Greece, opposite circumstances were followed by opposite results. In Greece, nature was less dangerous, less intrusive, and less mysterious than in India. In Greece, therefore, the human mind was less appalled and less superstitious; natural causes began to be studied; physical science first became possible; and man, gradually waking to a sense of his own power, sought to investigate events with a boldness not to be expected in those other countries, where the pressure of nature troubled his independence, and suggested ideas with which knowledge is incompatible.

The effect of these habits of thought on the national religion must be very obvious to whoever has compared the popular creed of India with that of Greece. The mythology of India, like that of every tropical country, is based upon terror, and upon terror, too, of the most extravagant kind. Evidence of the universality of this feeling abounds in the sacred books of the Hindus, in their traditions, and even in the very form and appearance of their gods. And so deeply is all this impressed on the mind, that the most popular deities are invariably those with whom images of fear are most intimately associated. Thus, for example, the worship of Siva is more general than any other; and as to its antiquity, there is reason to believe that it was borrowed by the Brahmins from the original Indians. At all events, it is very ancient and very popular; and Siva himself forms, with Brahma and Vishnu, the celebrated Hindu triad. We need

not therefore, be surprised that with this god are connected images of terror, such as nothing but a tropical imagination could conceive. Siva is represented to the Indian mind as a hideous being, encircled by a girdle of snakes, with a human skull in his hand, and wearing a necklace composed of human bones. He has three eyes; the ferocity of his temper is marked by his being clothed in a tiger's skin; he is represented as wandering about like a madman, and over his left shoulder the deadly cobra di capella rears its head. This monstrous creation of an awe-struck fancy has a wife, Doorga, called sometimes Kali, and sometimes by other names. She has a body of dark blue; while the palms of her hands are red, to indicate her insatiate appetite for blood. She has four arms, with one of which she carries the skull of a giant; her tongue protrudes and hangs lollingly from her mouth; round her waist are the hands of her victims; and her neck is adorned with human heads strung together in a ghastly row.

If we now turn to Greece, we find, even in the infancy of its religion, not the faintest trace of anything approaching to this. For in Greece, the causes of fear being less abundant, the expression of terror was less common. The Greeks, therefore, were by no means disposed to incorporate into their religion those feelings of dread natural to the Hindus. The tendency of Asiatic civilization was to widen the distance between men and their deities; the tendency of Greek civilization was to diminish it. Thus it is, that in Hindustan all the gods had something monstrous about them; as Vishnu with four hands, Brahma with five heads, and the like. But the gods of Greece were always represented in forms entirely human. In that country no artist would have gained attention if he had presumed to portray them in any other shape. He might make them stronger than men, he might make them more beautiful; but still they must be men. The analogy between God and man, which excited the religious feel-

ings of the Greeks, would have been fatal to those of the Hindus.

This difference between the artistic expressions of the two religions, was accompanied by an exactly similar difference between their theological traditions. In the Indian books, the imagination is exhausted in relating the feats of the gods; and the more obviously impossible any achievement is, the greater the pleasure with which it was ascribed to them. But the Greek gods had not only human forms, but also human attributes, human pursuits, and human tastes. The men of Asia, to whom every object of nature was a source of awe, acquired such habits of reverence, that they never dared to assimilate their own actions with the actions of their deities. The men of Europe, encouraged by the safety and inertness of the material world, did not fear to strike a parallel from which they would have shrunk had they lived amid the dangers of a tropical country. It is thus that the Greek divinities are so different from those of the Hindus, that in comparing them we seem to pass from one creation into another. The Greeks generalized their observations upon the human mind, and then applied them to the gods. The coldness of women was figured in Diana; their beauty and sensuality in Venus; their pride in Juno; their accomplishments in Minerva. To the ordinary avocations of the gods, the same principle was applied. Neptune was a sailor; Vulcan was a smith; Apollo was sometimes a fiddler, sometimes a poet, sometimes a keeper of oxen. As to Cupid, he was a wanton boy, who played with his bow and arrows; Jupiter was an amorous and good-natured king; while Mercury was indifferently represented either as a trustworthy messenger, or else as a common and notorious thief.

NOTE.

This selection graphically illustrates one of Buckle's predominant ideas,—the effect of material circumstances upon man.

## 79. MATTHEW ARNOLD—(1822–1888).

MATTHEW ARNOLD was born in the village of Laleham, in the southwestern part of Middlesex, England. His father was the famous Dr. Thomas Arnold, who, from 1828 to 1835, was the master of Rugby school, and who proved himself to be the greatest master that Rugby ever had. Matthew Arnold, the oldest son, inherited much of his ability from his father. He was educated at Winchester and Rugby schools, and at Oxford University. At his graduation, he won the highly-coveted Newdigate prize for English verse, by a poem on Cromwell.

After leaving college Arnold devoted his life almost exclusively to literature. Although not a man of great genius, his ability was so thoroughly developed by careful culture that he stands among the foremost writers of the present generation. No one is better known among the reading public of to-day, not only as a poet, but also as a critic and theologian. His liberal notions on some theological questions subjected him to occasional harsh criticism; his critical articles, although very artistic and full of suggestion, too often exhibit a display of critical skill rather than a desire to make an impartial estimate of the merits and demerits of a subject or of an author. His poetry possesses all the classical finish of the works of Thomas Gray; but it lacks warmth, and appeals, like Wordsworth's poems, more to the intellect than to the imagination.

In 1883 Mr. Arnold visited America, and delivered a series of lectures in most of the large cities, the best ones being *Emerson* and *Numbers*.

Arnold's best prose work is, perhaps, *Literature and Dogma*, published in 1873; his best poem, *Tristram and Iseult*.

The following characteristic selection is a poem entitled

## THE FUTURE.

A WANDERER is man from his birth.
He was born in a ship
On the breast of the River of Time;
Brimming with wonder and joy
He spreads out his arms to the light,
Rivets his gaze on the banks of the stream.

As what he sees is, so have his thoughts been.
Whether he wakes
Where the snowy mountainous pass,
Echoing the screams of the eagles,
Hems in its gorges the bed
Of the new-born, clear-flowing stream;

Whether he first sees light
Where the river in gleaming rings
Sluggishly winds through the plain;
Whether in sound of the swallowing sea—
As is the world on the banks,
So is the mind of man.

Vainly does each, as he glides,
Fable and dream
Of the lands which the River of Time
Had left ere he woke on its breast,
Or shall reach when his eyes have been closed.
Only the tract where he sails
He wots of; only the thoughts
Raised by the objects he passes, are his.

Who can see the green Earth any more
As she was by the sources of Time?
Who imagines her fields as they lay

In the sunshine, unworn by the plow?
Who thinks as they thought,
The tribes who then lived on her breast,
Her vigorous, primitive sons?

What girl
Now reads in her bosom as clear
As Rebekah[1] read, when she sat
At eve by the palm-shaded well?
Who guards in her breast
As deep, as pellucid a spring
Of feeling, as tranquil, as sure?

What Bard,
At the height of his vision can deem
Of God, of the world, of the soul,
With a plainness as near,
As flashing as Moses felt,
When he lay in the night by his flock
On the starlit Arabian waste?
Can rise and obey
The beck of the Spirit like him?

This tract which the River of Time
Now flows through with us, is the Plain.
Gone is the calm of its earlier shore.
Bordered by cities, and hoarse
With a thousand cries is its stream.
And we on its breast, our minds
Are confused as the cries which we hear,
Changing and shot as the sights which we see.

And we say that repose has fled
Forever the course of the River of Time.
That cities will crowd to its edge

In a blacker, incessanter line;
That the din will be more on its banks,
Denser the trade on its stream,
Flatter the plain where it flows,
Fiercer the sun overhead.
That never will those on its breast
See an ennobling sight,
Drink of the feeling of quiet again.

But what was before us we know not,
And we know not what shall succeed.

Haply, the River of Time—
As it grows, as the towns on its marge
Fling their wavering lights
On a wider, statelier stream—
May acquire, if not the calm
Of its early mountainous shore,
Yet a solemn peace of its own.
And the width of the waters, the hush
Of the gray expanse where he floats,
Freshening its current and spotted with foam
As it draws to the Ocean, may strike
Peace to the soul of the man on its breast:
As the pale Waste widens around him,
As the banks fade dimmer away—
As the stars come out, and the night-wind
Brings up the stream
Murmurs and scents of the infinite Sea.

NOTES.

1 *Rebekah.* An allusion to Genesis, chapter XXIV.

This allegory of the River of Time is an old one, but is given new touches by Arnold. The tendency of advancing civilization to monotonous forms of life—the River of Time flowing through an ever-widening plain—seems to be inevitable. Still, it does not follow that, because thought loses its intensity, its nobility will be impaired.

## 80. DONALD G. MITCHELL—(1822-——).

PERHAPS no American writer was more read or more talked about thirty years ago than Donald G. Mitchell. The second book he published--*The Battle Summer; being Transcriptions from Personal Observations in Paris during the Year* 1848, gave a graphic account of the revolution that placed Louis Napoleon at the head of the French government; but this book was entirely overshadowed by the *Reveries of a Bachelor*, published in 1850. The incidents of the latter are so natural and fascinating, the style in which it is written is so clear and charming, that it has attained a permanent place in the literature of our language.

Mitchell was born in Norwich, Connecticut. His father was a Congregational minister. After graduating at Yale in 1841, he spent three years upon his grandfather's farm, where he acquired a love of farm-life, and a practical knowledge of farming, which he subsequently made good use of in his writings.

On his return from two years of travel in Europe he commenced the study of law.

Soon after this, he published his first book—*Fresh Gleanings; or a New Sheaf from the Old Fields of Continental Europe: by Ike Marvel.* In 1848, he again visited Europe, and was in Paris during the revolution that made Louis Napoleon President of France. After his return, in 1849, he published *The Battle Summer.* This was followed by the editing of a satirical periodical—*The Lorgnette*, the numbers of which were afterwards published in book form. Then came, in 1850, his most popular work, the *Reveries of a Bachelor.* His subsequent works are *Dream Life*, *Fudge Doings*, *My Farm at Edgewood*, *Wet Days at Edgewood*, *Seven Stories*, *Doctor Johns*, and *Rural Studies.*

Mitchell's home is at "Edgewood," a farm near New Haven, Connecticut.

His style is plain, straightforward, clear, and peculiarly interesting. His model, a very good one for his style of writing, is Washington Irving.

The following selection is taken from "Morning" in the Fourth Reverie, in *Reveries of a Bachelor.* It may properly be entitled

## ON THE OCEAN.

Conscience wakes in the silent nights of ocean; life lies open like a book, and spreads out as level as the sea. Regrets and broken resolutions chase over the soul like swift-winged night-birds, and all the unsteady heights and the wastes of action lift up distinct and clear from the uneasy but limpid depths of memory.

Yet within this floating world I am upon, sympathies are narrowed down; they can not range, as upon the land, over a thousand objects. You are strangely attracted toward some frail girl, whose pallor has now given place to the rich bloom of the sea life. You listen eagerly to the chance snatches of a song from below, in the long morning watch. You love to see her small feet tottering on the unsteady deck; and you love greatly to aid her steps, and feel her weight upon your arm, as the ship lurches to a heavy sea.

Hopes and fears knit together pleasantly upon the ocean. Each day seems to revive them; your morning salutation is like a welcome after absence upon the shore, and each "good night" has the depth and fullness of a land "farewell." And beauty grows upon the ocean; you can not certainly say that the face of the fair girl-voyager is prettier than that of Isabel;[1]—oh no!—but you are certain that you cast innocent and honest glances upon her as you steady her walk upon the deck, far oftener than at first; and ocean life

and sympathy make her kind; she does not resent your rudeness one half so stoutly as she might upon the shore.

She will even linger of an evening—pleading first with the mother, and, standing beside you,—her white hand not very far from yours upon the rail,—look down when the black ship flings off, with each plunge, whole garlands of emeralds; or she will look up (thinking perhaps you are looking the same way) into the skies, in search of some stars—which were her neighbors at home. And bits of old tales will come up, as if they rode upon the ocean quietude; and fragments of half-forgotten poems, tremulously uttered,—either by reason of the rolling of the ship, or some accidental touch of that white hand.

But ocean has its storms, when fear will make strange and holy companionship; and even here my memory shifts swiftly and suddenly.

——It is a dreadful night. The passengers are clustered, trembling, below. Every plank shakes; and the oak ribs groan as if they suffered with their toil. The hands are all aloft; the captain is forward shouting to the mate in the cross-trees, and I am clinging to one of the stanchions by the binnacle. The ship is pitching madly, and the waves are toppling up, sometimes as high as the yard-arm, and then dipping away with a whirl under our keel that makes every timber in the vessel quiver. The thunder is roaring like a thousand cannons; and at the moment, the sky is cleft with a stream of fire that glares over the tops of the waves, and glistens on the wet decks and the spars,—lighting up all so plain that I can see the men's faces in the main-top, and catch glimpses of the reefers on the yard-arm, clinging like death;—then all is horrible darkness.

The spray spits angrily against the canvas, the waves crash against the weather-bow like mountains, the wind howls through the rigging, or, as a gasket gives way, the sail bellying to leeward, splits like the crack of a musket. I hear

the captain in the lulls, screaming out orders; and the mate in the rigging, screaming them over, until the lightning comes, and the thunder, deadening their voices as if they were chirping sparrows.

In one of the flashes I see a hand upon the yard-arm lose his foot-hold as the ship gives a plunge; but his arms are clenched around the spar. Before I can see any more, the blackness comes, and the thunder, with a crash that half deafens me. I think I hear a low cry, as the mutterings die away in the distance; and at the next flash of lightning, which comes in an instant, I see upon the top of one of the waves alongside, the poor reefer who has fallen. The lightning glares upon his face.

But he has caught at a loose bit of running rigging as he fell, and I see it slipping off the coil upon the deck. I shout madly—Man overboard!—and catch the rope, when I can see nothing again. The sea is too high, and the man too heavy for me. I shout, and shout, and shout, and feel the perspiration starting in great beads from my forehead, as the line slips through my fingers.

Presently the captain feels his way aft, and takes hold with me; and the cook comes, as the coil is nearly spent, and we pull together upon him. It is desperate work for the sailor, for the ship is drifting at a prodigious rate; but he clings like a dying man.

"Hold on, my man!" shouts the captain.

"For God's sake, be quick!" says the poor fellow; and he goes down in a trough of the sea. We pull the harder, and the captain keeps calling to him to keep up courage, and hold strong. But in the hush we can hear him say—"I can't hold out much longer;—I'm most gone!"

Presently we have brought the man where we can lay hold of him, and are only waiting for a good lift of the sea to bring him up, when the poor fellow groans out,—"It's no use—I can't—good by!" And a wave tosses the end of

the rope clean upon the bulwarks. At the next flash, I see him going down under the water.

I grope my way below, sick and faint at heart; and, wedging myself into my narrow berth, I try to sleep. But the thunder and the tossing of the ship, and the face of the drowning man as he said good by—peering at me from every corner, will not let me sleep.

Afterward come quiet seas, over which we boom along, leaving in our track, at night, a broad path of phosphorescent splendor. The sailors bustle around the decks as if they had lost no comrade; and the voyagers, losing the pallor of fear, look out earnestly for the land.

At length my eyes rest upon the coveted fields of Britain; and in a day more, the bright face looking out beside me, sparkles at sight of the sweet cottages which lie along the green Essex shores. Broad-sailed yachts, looking strangely yet beautiful, glide upon the waters of the Thames like swans; black, square-rigged colliers from the Tyne lie grouped in sooty cohorts; and heavy, three-decked Indiamen,—of which I had read in story books,—drift slowly down with the tide. Dingy steamers, with white pipes, and with red pipes, whiz past us to the sea; and now, my eye rests on the great palace of Greenwich; I see the wooden-legged pensioners smoking under the palace walls; and above them, upon the hill—as Heaven is true—that old fabulous Greenwich, the great center of school-boy longitude.

Presently, from under a cloud of murky smoke, heaves up the vast dome of St. Paul's, and the tall Column of the Fire, and the white turrets of London Tower. Our ship glides through the massive dock gates, and is moored amid the forest of masts which bears golden fruit for Britons.

NOTE.

1 *Isabel.* The name of Bachelor's cousin, who is frequently spoken of in the *Reveries.*

## 81. THOMAS HUGHES—(1823-——).

THOMAS HUGHES was born near Newbury, Berkshire, a county immediately west of Middlesex, in which London is situated. He was educated at Rugby, and at Oxford University, of which institutions he has given a most graphic account in his two most popular books, *Tom Brown's School Days* and *Tom Brown at Oxford.*

He was graduated in 1845, was admitted to the bar in 1848, and became Queen's Counsel in 1869. From 1865 to 1874 he was a Liberal member of parliament, and supported bills for the disestablishment of the Irish Church, for secularizing the Universities, abolishing tests, and admitting dissenters to fellowships in Oxford and Cambridge. He is active in measures for the improvement of the laboring classes.

In 1869 and 1870 he lectured in the principal cities of the United States. He was well received, for he is a natural, easy, straightforward talker, and always has something interesting to say.

The works that have given him a permanent position in English literature are the two that were mentioned above. Six editions of *Tom Brown* were sold in twelve months. There has been no better book written for a boy to read.

The following selection is from Chapter XX. of *Tom Brown at Oxford.* Tom Brown had been frequenting an ale-house near the college, and had become infatuated with the pretty bar-maid there. Hardy warned Tom Brown of his danger. Brown became angry and insulting, and then the estrangement followed. The effect of Hardy's efforts was beneficial to Brown, but Brown was too obstinate to acknowledge his wrong and make the first advances toward a restoration of friendship with Hardy. The visit of Hardy's father to Brown's room prepared the way for

## THE RECONCILIATION.

Tom rose in the morning with a presentiment that all would be over now before long; and, to make his presentiment come true, resolved before night to go himself to Hardy and give in. All he reserved to himself was the liberty to do it in the manner which would be least painful to himself. He was greatly annoyed, therefore, when Hardy did not appear at morning chapel, for he fixed on the leaving chapel as the least unpleasant time in which to begin his confession, and was going to catch Hardy then, and follow him to his rooms. All the morning, too, in answer to his inquiries by his scout, Wiggins, Hardy's scout replied that his master was out or busy. He did not come to the boats, he did not appear in the hall;[1] so that after hall, when Tom went back to his own rooms, as he did at once, instead of sauntering out of college, or going to a wine party, he was quite out of heart at his bad luck, and began to be afraid that he would have to sleep on his unhealed wound another night.

He sat down in an arm-chair, and fell to musing, and thought how wonderfully his life had been changed in these few short weeks. He could hardly get back across the gulf which separated him from the self who had come back into those rooms after Easter, full of anticipations of the pleasures and delights of the coming summer term and vacation. To his own surprise, he didn't seem much to regret the loss of his "chateaux in Spain,"[2] and felt a sort of grim satisfaction in their utter overthrow.

While occupied with these thoughts, he heard talking on his stairs, accompanied by a strange lumbering tread. These came nearer, and at last stopped just outside his door, which opened in another moment, and Wiggins announced:— "Capting Hardy, sir."

Tom jumped to his legs, and felt himself color painfully.

"Here, Wiggins," said he, "wheel round that arm-chair for Captain Hardy. I am so very glad to see you, sir;" and he hastened round himself to meet the old gentleman, holding out his hand, which the visitor took very cordially, as soon as he had passed his heavy stick to his left hand, and balanced himself safely upon it.

"Thank you, sir; thank you;" said the old man after a few moments' pause. "I find your companion ladders[3] rather steep;" and then he sat down with some difficulty.

Tom took the Captain's stick and undress cap,[4] and put them reverentially on his side-board; and then, to get rid of some little nervousness which he could n't help feeling, bustled to his cupboard and helped Wiggins to place glasses and biscuits[5] on the table.

While making his hospitable preparations, Tom managed to get many good side glances at the old man, who sat looking steadily and abstractedly before him into the fire-place, and was much struck and touched by the picture. The sailor wore a well-preserved old undress uniform coat and waistcoat, and white drill trousers; he was a man of middle height, but gaunt and massive, and Tom recognized the framework of the long arms and grand shoulders and chest which he had so often admired in the son. His right leg was quite stiff from an old wound on the knee-cap; the left eye was sightless, and the scar of a cutlass traveled down the drooping lid and on to the weather-beaten cheek below. His head was high and broad, his hair and whiskers silver white, while the shaggy eyebrows were scarcely grizzled. His face was deeply lined, and the long, clean-cut lower jaw, and drawn look about the mouth, gave a grim expression to the face at the first glance, which wore off as you looked, leaving, however, on most men who thought about it, the impression which fastened on our hero, "An awkward man[6] to have met at the head of boarders[7] towards the end of the great war."

In a minute or two Tom, having completed his duties, faced the old sailor, much re-assured by his covert inspection; and pouring himself out a glass of sherry, pushed the decanter across, and drank to his guest.

"Your health, sir;" he said, "and thank you very much for coming up to see me."

"Thank *you*, sir," said the Captain, rousing himself and filling. "I drink to you, sir. The fact is, I took a great liberty in coming up to your rooms in this off-hand way, without calling or sending up, but you'll excuse it in an old sailor." Here the Captain took to his glass, and seemed a little embarrassed. Tom felt embarrassed also, feeling that something was coming, and could only think of asking how the Captain liked the sherry. The Captain liked the sherry very much. Then, suddenly clearing his throat, he went on: "I felt, sir, that you would excuse me, for I have a favor to ask of you." He paused again, while Tom muttered something about "great pleasure," and then went on.

"You know my son, Mr. Brown?"

"Yes, sir; he has been my best friend up here. I owe more to him than to any man in Oxford."

The Captain's eye gleamed with pleasure as he replied, "Jack is a noble fellow, Mr. Brown, though I say it who am his father. I've often promised myself a cruise to Oxford since he has been here. I came here at last yesterday, and have been having a long yarn with him. I found there was something on his mind. He can't keep anything from his old father; and so I drew out of him that he loves you as David loved Jonathan.[8] He made my old eyes very dim while he was talking of you, Mr. Brown. And then I found that you two are not as you used to be. Some coldness sprung up between you; but about what I could n't get at. Young men are often hasty—I know I was forty years ago—Jack says he has been hasty with you. Now, that boy is all I have in the world, Mr. Brown. I know my boy's friend

will like to send an old man home with a light heart. So I made up my mind to come over to you and ask you to make it up with Jack. I gave him the slip after dinner, and here I am."

"Oh, sir, did he really ask you to come to me?"

"No, sir," said the Captain, "he did not--I 'm sorry for it—I think Jack must be in the wrong, for he said he had been too hasty, and yet he would n't ask me to come to you and make it up. But he is young, sir,—young and proud. He said he could n't move in it, his mind was made up; he was wretched enough over it, but the move must come from you. And so that's the favor I have to ask, that you will make it up with Jack. It is n't often a young man can do such a favor to an old one—to an old father with one son. You 'll not feel the worse for having done it, if it's ever so hard to do, when you come to be my age." And the old man looked wistfully across the table, the muscles about his mouth quivering as he ended.

Tom sprang from his chair and grasped the old sailor's hand, as he felt the load pass out of his heart. "Favor, sir!" he said. "I have been a mad fool enough already in this business—I should have been a double-dyed scoundrel, like enough, by this time, but for your son, and I 've quarreled with him for stopping me at the pit's mouth. Favor! If God will, I'll prove somehow where the favor lies, and what I owe to him; and to you, sir, for coming to me to-night. Stop here two minutes, sir, and I'll run down and bring him over."

Tom tore away to Hardy's door and knocked. There was no pausing in the passage now. "Come in." He opened the door but did not enter, and for a moment or two could not speak. The rush of associations which the sight of the well-known old rickety furniture, and the figure which was seated, book in hand, with its back to the door and its feet against one side of the mantle-piece, called up, choked him.

"*May* I come in?" he said, at last.

He saw the figure give a start, and the book trembled a little; but then came the answer, slow but firm: — "I have not changed my opinion."

"No, dear old boy, but I have;" and Tom rushed across to his friend, dearer than ever to him now, and threw his arm round his neck; and, if the un-English truth must out, had three parts of a mind to kiss the rough face, which was now working with strong emotion.

"Thank God!" said Hardy, as he grasped the hand which hung over his shoulder.

"And now come over to my rooms; your father is there waiting for us."

"What, the dear old governor? That's what he has been after, is it? I could n't think where he could have 'hove to,' as he would say."

Hardy put on his cap, and the two hurried back to Tom's rooms, the lightest hearts in the University of Oxford.

NOTES.

1 *Hall.* Dining room of the college.

2 *Chateaux in Spain.* Castles in the air. As there are no castles in Spain, the thought intended is: Dreams of future happiness and prosperity.

3 *Companion ladders.* Here means stairs. On shipboard they are the ladders by which officers ascend to and descend from the quarter-deck of the vessel.

4 *Undress cap.* Cap worn by a soldier or sailor when not on duty.

5 *Biscuits.* Crackers.

6 *Awkward man.* A man to inspire dread.

7 *Boarders.* Those marines who, when two ships have been lashed together in battle, spring upon the ship of their enemy in order to capture it.

8 *As David loved Jonathan.* The friendship between these two scriptural characters is proverbial. An account of this friendship is found in I. Samuel, Chapter XX. David's lament upon the death of Jonathan is found in II. Samuel, Chapter I.

## 82. EDWARD A. FREEMAN—(1823-——).

Edward A. Freeman was born in Staffordshire, in the central part of England. In 1841 he entered Trinity College, Oxford. After leaving Oxford he made architecture his special study, and his first books were written upon that subject. His first historical work appeared in 1856. This was *The History and Conquest of the Saracens*. Since then he has made himself, perhaps, the foremost historian of the age. He has few prejudices, and delights in telling the truth when he can find it. His style is plain, terse, and full of vigor. His earnestness impresses the reader immediately. Besides, he has the true historic spirit. He is not satisfied with a mere narrative of historical events; he goes much deeper, for he is a philosopher as well as a historian. This is owing to his remarkable power of generalization, enabling him to trace the dependence and interdependence of events upon one another.

Freeman's greatest historical work is *The Norman Conquest of England*. The five volumes of this invaluable addition to the history of England were published between the years 1867 and 1876.

In one of his lectures, delivered at Philadelphia during his visit to the United States, he said he had spent more time in that city than he had passed in London during his whole life.

Many fairly good scholars imagine that the original sources of history are very difficult to obtain. This is a serious mistake, for the most valuable of the original historical works have been published, and are accessible to anyone. For the materials of his *Norman Conquest* he did not have to go outside of his library, and that is not remarkably large.

Besides his elaborate historical works, Freeman has published a number of very interesting historical essays.

## ON THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

HISTORY is the study of man; history is past politics, and that politics are present history. We thus claim for our pursuit that it is specially human, specially practical. We claim for it to be looked on as a study by which we learn what are the workings of man's nature as carried out in political society. We study the experience of past times in order to draw from it practical lessons for the present and for the future. We see that the course of human affairs goes on according to general laws—I must use the word *laws*, though the word is both vague and ambiguous, till somebody gives me a better. But we see that those general laws do not act with all the precision and certainty of physical laws. We see that men in certain circumstances have a tendency to act in certain ways; but we see that they do not act in those ways with quite the same regularity with which objects in the physical universe gravitate to their center. We see that those general tendencies are sometimes thwarted, sometimes guided, sometimes turned aside. And we see that these exceptions to the general course come about in more than one way. Sometimes they are what we may call mere physical hindrances, like the coming of some other object in the way which hinders an object from gravitating to its center.

Thus we may set it down as an axiom that a young state, a liberated state, a people buoyant with all the energy of a new life, will seek to extend their borders and to find a wider field for the exercise of the strength which they feel within them. And happy we may deem the state of things in which a young and liberated state can carry out this irresistible tendency of growth without doing wrong to others. Happy we may deem it when such a state has on its border a new and untrodden world, within which each stage of the growth of the new power wins new realms for the higher

life of man. Happy, too, we may deem it when, though the growth of the new state is driven to take a less peaceful form, yet every step of its advance carries with it the deliverance of brethren who still remain in bondage.

The working of this rule stands forth in the history of states far removed from one another in time and place, but in all of which the same eternal law of human nature is obeyed. When the European Greek had driven back the Persian, he carried deliverance to the Greek of Asia. Liberated Achaia grew into liberated Peloponnesus. The Three Lands[1] grew into the Eight Cantons; the Eight Cantons grew into the Thirteen. The Seven Provinces[2] had not the same field for territorial extension as the earlier federations; but they, too, grew and waxed mighty in other ways, mighty perhaps beyond their strength, too mighty for a while to keep a lasting place as a great European power. So we may now see with our own eyes a people set free from bondage, eager to extend their boundaries in the best of ways, by receiving enslaved brethren within the area of freedom. But we now see them thwarted, checked, stopped in their natural course, bidden to wait—to wait perhaps till the nature of man shall be other than it is.

Here is the natural course of things checked artificially by an external power. A greater force stops for a while the force of nature, like a mill-wheel or a dam in the natural world. It has often struck me that a great deal of our high diplomacy is very much in the nature of mill-wheels and dams; it is art working against nature. Now art may be stronger than nature; it may be wiser than nature; still it is not nature, but something different. An act will not be wise if it forgets that, though it may check nature, it can not destroy nature, and that nature may some day prove itself the stronger. The course of human events, the feelings and the actions of nations, are not changed forever because a dozen Excellencies round a table have set their names to a diplomatic paper.

Thus the natural tendencies of human events may sometimes be artificially thwarted from without. They may also be in some sort either thwarted or led, we might almost say naturally, from within. A sound view of history will keep us on the one hand from what is called hero-worship; it will keep us on the other hand from undervaluing the real effect which a single great man may have on the course of human events. The course of history is not a mere game played by a few great men; nor yet does it run in an inflexible groove which no single man can turn aside. The great man influences his age; but at the same time he is influenced by his age. Some of the greatest of men, as far as their natural gifts went, have been useless or mischievous, because they have been out of gear with their own age. Their own age could not receive them, and they could not make their age other than it was. The most useful kind of great man is he who is just so far in advance of his age that his age can accept him as its leader and teacher.

Men of this kind are themselves part of the course of events; they guide it; they make it go quicker or slower; but they do not thwart it. Can we, for instance, overrate the gain which came to the new-born federation of America by finding such a man as Washington ready made to its hand? Or, take men of quite another stamp from the Virginian deliverer. The course of our history for the last eight hundred years has been largely affected by the fact, not only that we underwent a foreign conquest, but that we underwent a foreign conquest of a particular kind, such as could be wrought only by a man of a particular kind. The course of our history for the last three hundred years has been largely affected by the fact that, when English freedom was in the greatest danger, England fell into the hands of a tyrant whose special humor it was to carry on his tyranny under the forms of law. English history could not have been what it has been if William the Conqueror and Henry

VIII. had been men other than what they were. One blushes to put the two names together. William was great in himself, and must have been great in any time or place. Henry, a man not without great gifts, but surely not a great man, was made important by circumstances in the time and place in which he lived. But each influenced the course of events by his personal character. But they influenced events only in the sense of guiding, strengthening, and quickening some tendencies, and keeping others back for a while. Neither of them, nor Washington either, belong to that class of men who, for good or for evil, turn the world upside down, the great destroyers and the great creators of history.

Now when we look in this way on the influence of the man upon his age, and of his age upon the man, we shall, I think, be led to be cautious, I might say, to be charitable, in our judgment of past men and past generations. There is no such sure sign of ignorance, or rather something far worse than mere ignorance, of utter shallowness of thought, than that contemptuous sneering at past times which is sometimes thought clever. No rational man will wish to go back to any past time, and it is quite certain that, if he wishes to go back, he can not do so. But we should remember that we have received the inheritance of past times and of the men of past times; that, if we have advanced beyond them, it is because they had already advanced somewhat; if we see farther than they did, it is because we have the advantage of standing on their shoulders. So we hope that future generations may advance farther than we have advanced, that they may see farther than we see, and yet that they may look back upon us with a remembrance not altogether scornful.

NOTES.

[1] The union of three ancient cantons of Schwytz, Uri, and Unterwalden, was the foundation of the Swiss republic.

[2] The Seven Provinces were in the northern part of the Netherlands, and constituted the "United Netherlands."

## 83. DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK — (1826–1887).

Miss Mulock, as she is known in literature, was born at Stoke-upon-Trent, in the northern part of Staffordshire, England. Her father was a clergyman of the Church of England. Her first novel, *The Ogilvies*, published in 1849, was popular. From that time till her death she was an indefatigable writer. Besides a number of articles written for various periodicals, she published fifteen novels, ten works of a miscellaneous character, thirteen books for children, and one volume of poems.

Miss Mulock's literary reputation was fully established long before her marriage in 1865. Her husband was George Lillie Craik, the publisher, son of the noted author of the same name.

As a writer, "few authors have so distinct and at the same time so eminent a position as this lady. Other writers are cleverer, more impassioned, more brilliant, but we turn from their eloquent words to her tales of simple goodness with a sense of rest and relief." She "aims at depicting good but ordinary men and women, leading good and honest lives." Her strength, therefore, lies in portraying the cares, sorrows, and joys of domestic life. In this class of fiction she has never had a superior.

Miss Mulock's masterpiece is *John Halifax, Gentleman.* This was her fifth novel, and was published 1856. The story gives the career of a manly, honest, brave, but poor and illiterate youth from almost the lowest depths of poverty to a scholarly, successful, and ripe manhood. No one can read this book without being made better by it. Of almost equal merit is *A Life for a Life:* some critics indeed think this novel contains Miss Mulock's strongest work.

The following selection is from *John Halifax*, Chapter III.

## JOHN HALIFAX SECURES BETTER LODGINGS.

My father's tan-yard was in an alley a little farther on. Already I perceived the familiar odor—sometimes a not unpleasant barky smell; at other times borne in horrible wafts, as if from a lately-forsaken battle-field. I wondered how anybody could endure it; yet some did; and among the workmen, as we entered, I looked round for the lad I knew.

He was sitting in a corner of one of the sheds, helping two or three women to split bark, very busy at work; yet he found time to stop now and then and administer a wisp of sweet hay to the old blind mare, as she went slowly round and round, turning the bark-mill. Nobody seemed to notice him, and he did not speak to anybody.

As we passed, John did not even look up. I asked my father, in a whisper, how he liked the boy.

"What boy? Eh, him? Oh, well enough; there's no harm in him that I know of. Dost thee want him to wheel thee about the yard? Here, I say, lad—bless me! I've forgot thy name."

John Halifax started up at the sharp tone of command; but when he saw me he smiled. My father walked on to some pits where he had told me he was trying an important experiment—how a hide might be tanned completely in five months instead of eight. I staid behind.

"John, I want you."

John shook himself free of the bark-heap, and came, rather hesitatingly at first.

"Anything I can do for you, sir?"

"Don't call me 'sir.' If I say 'John,' why don't you say Phineas?" And I held out my hand—his was all grimed with bark-dust.

"Are you not ashamed to shake hands with me?"

"Nonsense, John."

So we settled that point entirely. And though he never failed to maintain externally a certain gentle respectfulness of demeanor towards me, yet it was more the natural deference of the younger to the elder, of the strong to the weak, than the duty paid by a serving-lad to his master's son. And this was how I best liked it to be.

He guided me carefully among the tan-pits—those deep fosses of abomination, with a slender net-work of pathways thrown between—until we reached the lower end of the yard. It was bounded by the Avon only, and by a great heap of refuse bark.

"This is not a bad place to rest in. If you liked to get out of the carriage, I'd make you comfortable here in no time."

I was quite willing; so he ran off and fetched an old horse-rug, which he laid upon the soft, dry mass. Then he helped me thither, and covered me with my cloak. Lying thus, with my hat over my eyes, just distinguishing the shiny glimmer of the Avon running below, and beyond that the green, level Ham, dotted with cows, my position was anything but unpleasant—in fact, was positively agreeable—ay, even though the tan-yard was close behind; but here it would offend none of my senses.

"Are you comfortable, Phineas?"

"Very, if you would come and sit down, too."

"That I will."

And then we began to talk. I asked him if he often patronized the bark-heap, he seemed so very much at home there.

"So I am," he answered; "it is my castle—my house."

"And not unpleasant to live at, either."

"Except when it rains. Does it always rain at Norton Bury?"

"For shame, John!" and I pointed to the bluest of autumn skies, though in the distance an afternoon mist was slowly creeping on.

"All very fine now, but there's a fog coming over Severn; and it is sure to rain at nightfall. I shall not get my nice little bit of October evening."

"You must spend it within doors, then." John shook his head. "You ought; it must be dreadfully cold on this bark-heap after sunset."

"Rather, sometimes. Are you cold now? Shall I fetch—but I have n't anything fit to wrap you in, only this rug."

He muffled it closer round me; infinitely light and tender was his rough-looking boy's hand.

"I never saw anybody so thin as you—thinner much since I saw you. Have you been very, very ill, Phineas? What ailed you?"

His anxiety was so earnest that I explained to him what I may as well explain here, and dismiss, once for all, the useless topic, that from my birth I had been puny and diseased; that my life had been a succession of sicknesses, and that I could hope for little else until the end.

"But don't think I mind it, John," for I was grieved to see his shocked and troubled look. "I am very content; I have a quiet home, a good father, and now I think and believe I have found the one thing I wanted,—a friend."

He smiled, but only because I did. I saw he did not understand me. In him, as in most strong and self-contained temperaments, was a certain slowness to receive impressions, which, however, being once received, are indelible. Though I, being in so many things his opposite, had none of this peculiarity, but felt at once quickly and keenly, yet I rather liked the contrary in him, as, I think, we almost always do like in another those peculiarities which are most different from our own.

The afternoon had waned during our talk, but I was very loath to part with my friend. Suddenly I thought of asking where his home was.

"How do you mean?"

"Where do you live? Where do you take your meals, and sleep?".

"Why, as to that, I have not much time for eating and drinking. Generally, I eat my dinner as I go along the roads, where there's lots of blackberries by the way of pudding—which is grand! Supper, when I do get it, I like best on this bark-heap, after the men are away, and the tan-yard's clear. Your father lets me stay."

"And where is your lodging then? Where do you sleep?"

He hesitated—colored a little. "To tell the truth, anywhere I can. Generally here."

"What, out-of-doors?"

"Just so."

I was much shocked. To sleep out-of-doors seemed to me the very lowest ebb of human misery; so degrading, too—like a common tramp or vagabond, instead of a decent lad.

"John, how can you—why do you—do such a thing?"

"I'll tell you," sitting down beside me in a dogged way, as if he had read my thoughts, guessed at my suspicions, and was determined to show that he feared neither—that he would use his own judgment, and follow his own will in spite of anybody. "Look here. I get three shillings a week, which is about fivepence a day; out of that I eat threepence—I'm a big, growing lad, and it's hard to be hungry. There's twopence left to pay for lodging. I tried it once—twice—at the decentest places I could find, but"—here an expression of intolerable disgust came over the boy's face—"I don't intend to try that again. I was never used to it. Better keep my own company and the open air. Now, you see."

"Oh, John!" I clasped his hand. If I had been a girl I should certainly have cried.

"Nay, there's no need to be sorry. You don't know how comfortable it is to sleep out-of-doors; and so nice to wake in the middle of the night, to see the stars shining over your head."

"But is n't it very cold?"

"No, not often. I scoop out a snug little nest in the bark, and curl up in it like a dormouse, wrapped in this rug, which one of the men gave me. Besides, every morning early I take a plunge and a swim in the stream, and that makes me warm all day."

I shivered—I who feared the touch of cold water. Yet there, with all his hardships. he stood before me, the model of healthy boyhood. Alas! I envied him.

But this trying life, which he made so light of, could not go on. "What shall you do when winter comes?"

John looked grave. "I don't know; I suppose I shall manage somehow, like the sparrows," he answered, perceiving not how apposite his illustration was; for truly he seemed as destitute as the birds of the air, whom One feedeth when they cry to him.

My question had evidently made him thoughtful; he remained silent a good while.

At last I said, "John, do you remember the woman who spoke so sharply to you in the alley that day?"

"Yes. I shall never forget anything which happened that day," he answered softly.

"She was my nurse once. She is not such a bad woman, though trouble has sharpened her temper. Her biggest boy, Bill, who is gone off for a soldier, used to drive your cart, you know.

"Yes?" said John interrogatively; for I was slow in putting forth my plans—that is, as much of them as it was needful he should know.

"Sally is poor—not so very poor, though. Your twopence a night would help her; and I dare say, if you'll let me speak to her, you might have Bill's attic all to yourself. She has but one other lad at home; it's worth trying for."

"It is indeed. You are very kind, Phineas." He said no more words than these, but their tone spoke volumes.

I got into my little carriage again, for I was most anxious not to lose a day in this matter. I persuaded John to go at once with me to Sally Watkins. My father was not to be seen; but I ventured to leave word for him that I was gone home, and had taken John Halifax with me; it was astonishing how bold I felt myself growing, now that there was another besides myself to think and act for.

We reached Widow Watkins' door. It was a poor place—poorer than I had imagined; but I remembered what agonies of cleanliness had been inflicted on me in nursery days, and took hope for John.

Sally sat in her kitchen tidy and subdued, mending an old jacket that had once been Bill's, until, being supplanted by the grand red coat, it descended upon Jem, the second lad. But Bill still engrossed the poor mother's heart; she could do nothing but weep over him and curse "Bonyparty." Her mind was so full of this, that she apparently failed to recognize in the decent young workman, John Halifax, the half-starved lad she had belabored with her tongue in the alley. She consented at once to his lodging with her, though she looked up with an odd stare when I said he was a "friend" of mine.

So we settled our business, first all together, then Sally and I alone, while John went up to look at his room. I knew I could trust Sally, whom I was glad enough to help, poor woman! She promised to make him extra comfortable, and keep my secret, too. When John came down, she was quite civil to him—even friendly. She said it would really be a comfort to her that another fine, strapping lad should sleep in Bill's bed, and be coming in and out of the house just like her poor dear boy.

I felt rather doubtful of the resemblance, and, indeed, half angry, but John only smiled.

"And if, may be, he'd do a hand's turn now and then about the kitchen—I s'pose he bean't above it?"

"Not a bit!" said John Halifax pleasantly.

Before we left, I wanted to see his room. He carried me up and we both sat down on the bed that had been poor Bill's. It was nothing to boast of, being a mere sacking stuffed with hay—a blanket below and another at the top; I had to beg from Jael[1] the only pair of sheets John owned for a long time. The attic was very low and small, hardly big enough "to whip a cat round," or even a kitten; yet John gazed about it with an air of proud possession.

"I declare I shall be as happy as a king. Only look out of the window!"

Ay, the window was the grand advantage; out of it one could crawl on to the roof, and from the roof was the finest view in all Norton Bury. On one side, the town, the abbey, and beyond it a wide stretch of meadow and woodland as far as you could see; on the other, the broad Ham, the glittering curve of Severn, and the distant country sloping up into "the blue hills far away," a picture which, in its incessant variety, its quiet beauty, and its inexpressibly soothing charm, was likely to make the simple, every-day act of "looking out o' window" unconsciously influence the mind as much as a world of books.

"Do you like your 'castle,' John?" said I, when I had silently watched his beaming face; "will it suit you?"

"I rather think it will!" he cried, in hearty delight. And my heart, likewise, was very glad.

Dear little attic room! close against the sky—so close, that many a time the rain came pattering in, or the sun, beating down upon the roof, made it like a furnace, or the snow on the leads drifted so high as to obscure the window; yet how merry, how happy have we been there! How often have we both looked back upon it in after days!

NOTES.

The kindness of Phineas Fletcher towards John Halifax was well repaid by John in after years. The two friends became inseparable.

[1] *Jael* was Mr. Fletcher's housekeeper.

## 84. JEAN INGELOW — (1828- ——).

JEAN INGELOW is now the foremost living English female poet. Although her poems are all of a serious nature, many of them being melancholy—even gloomy—there is a genuine poetic fervor running through them.

She was born at Ipswich, Suffolk, in England. Her father was a country banker, a man of superior intellectual culture; her mother is of Scotch descent, and of marked character and talent.

From childhood Miss Ingelow has been exceedingly shy and reserved. Even since her removal to London, in 1863, with her mother and sister, she has failed to overcome her reserve.

Her first volume, entitled *A Rhyming Chronicle of Incidents and Feelings*, was published anonymously in 1850 and became popular at once. In 1867 she published a somewhat elaborate poem—*A Story of Doom;* and in 1870, *Monitions of the Unseen, and Poems of Childhood.*

Miss Ingelow's early poems were largely influenced by Tennyson and Mrs. Browning; and it was not until she had reached mature life that her work exhibited marked originality.

Miss Ingelow's prose works, especially her stories for children, are, if possible, more popular than her poems. *Poor Matt, or the Blinded Intellect*, and *Mopsa, the Fairy*, are very beautiful stories for children. She has also published some novels, among which are *Off the Skelligs*, *Fated to be Free*, *Don John*, and *Sarah de Berenger.* They are not equal in merit to the books already mentioned.

Her most popular poems are: *Divided*, *High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire*, 1571, and the *Songs of Seven.*

The following selection is from the poem entitled *The Two Margarets.*

## MARGARET IN THE [SHIP] XEBEC.

Resting within his tent at turn of day,
A wailing voice his scanty sleep beset;
He started up—it did not flee away—
'Twas no part of his dream, but still did fret
And pine into his heart, "Ah me! ah me!"
Broken with heaving sobs right mournfully.

Then he arose, and, troubled at this thing,
All wearily toward the voice he went
Over the down-trod bracken and the ling,
Until it brought him to a soldier's tent,
Where, with the tears upon her face, he found
A little maiden weeping on the ground;

And backward in the tent an aged crone
Upbraided her full harshly more and more;
But sunk her chiding to an undertone
When she beheld him standing at the door,
And calmed her voice, and dropped her lifted hand,
And answered him with accent soft and bland.

No, the young child was none of hers, she said,
But she had found her where the ash lay white
About a smoldering tent; her infant head
All shelterless, she through the dewy night
Had slumbered on the field,—ungentle fate
For a lone child so soft and delicate.

"And I," quoth she, "have tended her with care,
And thought to be rewarded of her kin,
For by her rich attire and features fair
I know her birth is gentle, yet within

The tent unclaimed she doth but pine and weep,
A burden I would fain no longer keep."

Still while she spoke the little creature wept,
Till painful pity touched him for the flow
Of all those tears, and to his heart there crept
A yearning as of fatherhood, and lo!
Reaching his arms to her, "My sweet," quoth he,
Dear little madam, wilt thou come with me?"

Then she left off her crying, and a look
Of wistful wonder stole into her eyes.
The sullen frown her dimpled face forsook.
She let him take her, and forgot her sighs,
Contented in his alien arms to rest,
And lay her baby head upon his breast.

Ah, sure a stranger trust was never sought
By any soldier on a battle-plain.
He brought her to his tent, and soothed his voice,
Rough with command; and asked, but all in vain,
Her story, while her prattling tongue ran sweet,
She playing, as one at home, about his feet.

Of race, of country, or of parentage,
Her lisping accents nothing could unfold;—
No questioning could win to read the page
Of her short life;—she left her tale untold,
And home and kin thus early to forget,
She only knew,—her name was—Margaret.

Then in the dusk upon his arm it chanced
That night that suddenly she fell asleep;
And he looked down on her like one entranced,
And listened to her breathing, still and deep,
As if a little child, when daylight closed,
With half-shut lids had ne'er before reposed.

Softly he laid her down from off his arm,
With earnest care and new-born tenderness;
Her infancy, a wonder-working charm,
Laid hold upon his love; he staid to bless
The small sweet head, then went he forth that night
And sought a nurse to tend this new delight.

And day by day his heart she wrought upon,
And won her way into its inmost fold—
A heart which, but for lack of that whereon
To fix itself, would never have been cold;
And, opening wide, now let her come to dwell
Within its strong, unguarded citadel.

She, like a dream, unlocked the hidden springs
Of his past thoughts, and set their current free
To talk with him of half forgotten things—
The pureness and the peace of infancy,
"Thou also, thou," to sigh, "wert undefiled
(O God, the change!) once, as this little child."

The baby-mistress of a soldier's heart,
She had but friendlessness to stand her friend,
And her own orphanhood to plead her part,
When he, a wayfarer, did pause, and bend,
And bear with him the starry blossom sweet,
Out of its jeopardy from trampling feet.

A gleam of light upon a rainy day,
A new-tied knot that must be severed soon,
At sunrise once before his tent at play,
And hurried from the battle-field at noon,
While face to face in hostile ranks they stood,
Who should have dwelt in peace and brotherhood.

But ere the fight, when higher rose the sun,
And yet were distant far the rebel bands,
She heard at intervals a booming gun,
And she was pleased, and laughing, clapped her hands;
Till he came in with troubled look and tone,
Who chose her desolate to be his own.

And he said, "Little madam, now farewell,
For there will be a battle fought ere night.
God be thy shield, for He alone can tell
Which way may fall the fortune of the fight.
To fitter hands the care of thee pertain,
My dear, if we two never meet again."

Then he gave money shortly to her nurse,
And charged her straitly to depart in haste,
And leave the plain, whereon the deadly curse
Of war should light with ruin, death, and waste,
And all the ills that must its presence blight,
E'en if proud victory should bless the right.

"But if the rebel cause should prosper, then
It were not good among the hills to wend;
But journey through to Boston in the fen,
And wait for peace, if peace our God shall send;
And if my life is spared, I will essay,"
Quoth he, "to join you there as best I may."

So then he kissed the child and went his way,
But many troubles rolled above his head;
The sun arose on many an evil day,
And cruel deeds were done, and tears were shed;
And hope was lost, and loyal hearts were fain
In dust to hide—ere they two met again.

So passed the little child from thought, from view—
(The snowdrop blossoms, and then is not there,
Forgotten till men welcome it anew).
He found her in his heavy days of care,
And with her dimples was again beguiled,
And on her nurse's knee she sat and smiled.

And he became a voyager by sea,[1]
And took the child to share his wandering state;
Since from his native land compelled to flee,
And hopeless to avert her monarch's fate;
For all was lost that might have made him pause,
And past a soldier's help, the royal cause.

And thus rolled on long days, long months, and years,
And Margaret within the Xebec sailed;
The lulling wind made music in her ears,
And nothing to her life's completeness failed.
Her pastime 't was to see the dolphins spring,
And wonderful live rainbows glimmering.

The gay sea-plants familiar were to her,
As daisies to the children of the land;
Red, wavy dulse, the sunburnt mariner
Raised from its bed to glisten in her hand;
The vessel and the sea were her life's stage—
Her house, her garden, and her hermitage.

Also she had a cabin of her own,
For beauty like an elfin palace bright,
With Venice glass adorned and crystal stone,
That trembled with a many-colored light;
And there with two caged ringdoves she did play,
And feed them carefully from day to day.

Her bed with silken curtains was inclosed,
White as the snowy rose of Guelderland;
On Turkish pillows her young head reposed,
And love had gathered with a careful hand
Fair playthings to the little maiden's side,
From distant ports, and cities parted wide.

She had two myrtle plants that she did tend,
And think all trees were like to them, that grew;
For things on land she did confuse and blend,
And chiefly from the deck the land she knew,
And in her heart she pitied more and more
The steadfast dwellers on the changeless shore.

Green fields and inland meadows faded out
Of mind, or with sea images were linked;
And yet she had her childish thoughts about
The country she had left—though indistinct
And faint as mist the mountain-head that shrouds,
Or dim through distance as Magellan's clouds.[2]

So she grew on, the idol of one heart,
And the delight of many—and her face,
Thus dwelling chiefly from her sex apart,
Was touched with a most deep and tender grace—
A look that never aught but nature gave,—
Artless, yet thoughtful; innocent, yet grave.

NOTES.

[1] It was after the battle of *Naseby* that "he became a voyager by sea."

[2] *Magellan's clouds* are two patches of light in the southern heavens, resembling the "Milky Way" in the northern.

The time of the opening of this poem is the close of the struggle between Charles I. of England and Parliament.

The description of the life of this child, thus isolated from the land and from companions of her own age, is a very graphic and original one.

## 85. SAMUEL L. CLEMENS, (MARK TWAIN).

(1835 – ——).

Mr. H. R. Haweis, the popular English writer, says of Mark Twain: "He is supposed to lie like truth; but in my opinion he as often speaks truth like lies, and utters many verities in jest—aye, and in earnest, too. Whenever I have taken the trouble to verify his statements of fact and descriptions of scenery, I have found them minutely accurate and photographically true." In speaking of his ability as a writer, he says further: "Mark Twain's strong points are his facile but minute observation, his power of description, a certain justness and right proportion, and withal a great firmness of touch and peculiar—I had almost said personal—vein of humor. By right proportion I mean putting things substantially in their right light."

Mark Twain was born in Florida, Monroe County, Missouri. He attended a common school until thirteen years of age, and then became an apprentice in a printing office at Hannibal, Missouri. He afterwards worked at his trade in St. Louis, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, and New York.

In 1855, Mark Twain went to New Orleans. On his way down the river he learned to steer the boat. This gave him a notion of becoming a pilot. For the sum of $500 he acquired the necessary experience; he then obtained his license, and secured a situation at $250 a month. His brother having been appointed Secretary of the Territory of Nevada, he accompanied him, in 1861, as his private secretary. He first began writing for the Virginia City *Enterprise*, and, in the winter of 1862, became its city editor. It was while connected with this paper that Clemens adopted his literary name "Mark Twain," which is a steam-boat-man's phrase for two fathoms, or twelve feet.

From Virginia City he went to San Francisco, where he worked for a while as a reporter; then tried mining for a time; but soon returned to his work in San Francisco.

The commencement of Twain's literary career properly dates from his return from the Sandwich Islands in 1866, when he began lecturing. In 1867 he published *The Jumping Frog and Other Sketches.* This at once brought him into notice as a humorist of exceptional qualifications, for he did not murder the English language in order to be funny.

Twain's principal works are, *The Innocents Abroad*, *Roughing It*, *Tom Sawyer*, and *The Tramp Abroad.* *The Gilded Age* is a book written in partnership with Charles Dudley Warner. The dramatization of it was more popular than the work itself. His last work, *Huckleberry Finn*, is very much inferior to anything else he has writtten.

The following selection is taken from Chapter XX. of the *Innocents Abroad.*

### A COMPARISON OF LAKES COMO AND TAHOE.

We left Milan by rail. The Cathedral six or seven miles behind us,—vast, dreamy, bluish, snow-clad mountains twenty miles in front of us,—these were the accented points in the scenery. The more immediate scenery consisted of fields and farm-houses.

We passed through a range of wild, picturesque hills, steep, wooded, cone-shaped, with rugged crags projecting here and there, and with dwellings and ruined castles perched away up toward the drifting clouds. We lunched at the curious old town of Como, at the foot of the lake, and then took the small steamer and had an afternoon's pleasure excursion to this place,—Bellagio.

Our hotel sits at the water's edge—at least its front garden does—and we walk among the shrubbery and smoke at twilight; we look afar off at Switzerland and the Alps, and feel

an indolent willingness to look no closer; we go down the steps and swim in the lake; we take a shapely little boat and sail abroad among the reflections of the stars; lie on the thwarts and listen to the distant laughter, the singing, the soft melody of flutes and guitars that come floating across the water from pleasuring gondolas; we close the evening with a midnight luncheon in our ample bed-chamber, a final smoke in its contracted veranda facing the water, the gardens, and the mountains; a summing up of the day's events. Then to bed, with drowsy brains harassed with a mad panorama that mixed up pictures of France, of Italy, of the ship, of the ocean, of home, in grotesque and bewildering disorder.

Breakfast in the morning, and then the Lake.

I did not like it [Lake Como] yesterday. I thought Lake Tahoe was much finer. I have to confess now, however, that my judgment erred somewhat, though not extravagantly. I always had an idea that Como was a vast basin of water, like Tahoe, shut in by great mountains. Well, the border of huge mountains is here, but the lake itself is not a basin. It is as crooked as any brook, and only from one quarter to two thirds as wide as the Mississippi. There is not a yard of low ground on either side of it—nothing but endless chains of mountains that spring abruptly from the water's edge, and tower to altitudes varying from a thousand to two thousand feet. Their craggy sides are clothed with vegetation, and white specks of houses peep out from the luxuriant foliage everywhere; they are even perched upon jutting and picturesque pinnacles a thousand feet above your head.

Again, for miles along the shores, handsome country seats, surrounded by gardens and groves, sit fairly in the water, sometimes in nooks carved by Nature out of the vine-hung precipices, and with no ingress or egress, save by boats. Some have great broad stone stair-cases leading down to the water with heavy stone balustrades ornamented with statuary and fancifully adorned with creeping vines and bright-

colored flowers, for all the world like a drop-curtain in a theater, and lacking nothing but long-waisted, high-heeled women, and plumed gallants in silken tights coming down to go serenading in the splendid gondola in waiting.

A great feature of Como's attractiveness is the multitude of pretty houses and gardens that cluster upon its shores and on its mountain sides. They look so snug and so home-like, and at eventide when everything seems to slumber, and the music of the vesper bells comes stealing over the water, one almost believes that nowhere else than on the Lake of Como can there be found such a paradise of tranquil repose.

From my window here in Bellagio, I have a view of the other side of the lake now, which is as beautiful as a picture. A scarred and wrinkled precipice rises to a height of eighteen hundred feet; on a tiny bench half way up its vast wall, sits a little snow-flake of a church, no bigger than a martin-box, apparently; skirting the base of the cliff are a hundred orange groves and gardens, flecked with glimpses of the white dwellings that are buried in them; in front, three or four gondolas lie idle upon the water, and in the burnished mirror of the lake, mountain, chapel, houses, groves, and boats are counterfeited so brightly and so clearly that one scarce knows where the reality leaves off and the reflection begins.

The surroundings of this picture are fine. A mile away, a grove-plumed promontory juts far into the lake and glasses its palace in the blue depths; in mid-stream a boat is cutting the shining surface and leaving a long track behind like a ray of light; the mountains beyond are veiled in a dreamy purple haze; far in the opposite direction a tumbled mass of domes and verdant slopes and valleys bars the lake, and here indeed does distance lend enchantment to the view, for on this broad canvas, sun and clouds and the richest of atmospheres have blended a thousand tints together, and over its surface the filmy lights and shadows drift, hour after hour, and glo-

rify it with a beauty that seems reflected out of Heaven itself. Beyond all question, this is the most voluptuous scene we have yet looked upon.

Last night the scenery was striking and picturesque. On the other side crags and trees and snowy houses were reflected in the lake with a wonderful distinctness, and streams of light from many a distant window shot far abroad over the still waters. On this side, near at hand, great mansions, white with moonlight, glared out from the midst of masses of foliage that lay black and shapeless in the shadows that fell from the cliff above; and down in the margin of the lake every feature of the weird vision was faithfully repeated.

To-day we have idled through a wonder of a garden attached to a ducal estate—but enough of description is enough.

I suspect that this was the same place the gardener's son deceived the Lady of Lyons with, but I do not know. You may have heard of the passage somewhere:

> "A deep vale,
> Shut out by Alpine hills from the rude world,
> Near a clear lake margined by fruits of gold
> And whispering myrtles; glassing softest skies
> As cloudless, save with rare and roseate shadows,————
> A palace, lifting to eternal summer
> Its marble walls, from out a glossy bower
> Of coolest foliage, musical with birds."

That is all very well except the "clear" part of the lake. It certainly is clearer than a great many lakes, but how dull its waters are, compared with the wonderful transparence of Lake Tahoe! I speak of the north shore of Tahoe, where one can count the scales on a trout at a depth of one hundred and eighty feet. I have tried to get this statement off at par here, but with no success; so I have been obliged to negotiate it at fifty per cent discount. At this rate I find some takers; perhaps the reader will receive it on the same terms—ninety feet instead of one hundred and eighty. But

let it be remembered that those are forced terms—Sheriff's sale prices. As far as I am privately concerned, I abate not a jot of the original assertion that in those strangely magnifying waters one may count the scales on a trout (a trout of the large kind) at a depth of a hundred and eighty feet—may see every pebble on the bottom—might even count a paper of dray-pins. People talk of the transparent waters of the Mexican Bay of Acapulco, but in my own experience I know they can not compare with those I am speaking of. I have fished for trout in Tahoe, and at a measured depth of eighty-four feet I have seen them put their noses to the bait, and I could see their gills open and shut. I could hardly have seen the trout themselves at that distance in the open air.

As I go back in spirit and recall that noble sea, reposing among the snow-peaks six thousand feet above the ocean, the conviction comes strong upon me again that Como would only seem a bedizened little courtier in that august presence.

Sorrow and misfortune overtake the Legislature that still from year to year permits Tahoe to retain its unmusical cognomen! Tahoe! It suggests no crystal waters, no picturesque shores, no sublimity. Tahoe for a sea in the clouds: a sea that has character, and asserts it in solemn calms at times, at times in savage storms; a sea whose royal seclusion is guarded by a cordon of sentinel peaks that lift their frosty fronts nine thousand feet above the level world; a sea whose every aspect is impressive, whose belongings are all beautiful, whose lonely majesty types the Deity!

Tahoe means grasshoppers. It means grasshopper soup. It is Indian, and suggestive of Indians. They say it is Pi-ute—possibly it is Digger. I am satisfied it was named by the Diggers—those degraded savages who roast their dead relatives, then mix the human grease and ashes of bones with tar, and "gaum" it thick all over their heads and foreheads and ears, and go caterwauling about the hills and call it *mourning*. *These* are the gentry that named the Lake.

People say that Tahoe means "Silver Lake"—"Limpid Water"—"Falling Leaf." Bosh! It means grasshopper soup, the favorite dish of the Digger tribe—and of the Piutes as well. It isn't worth while in these practical times for people to talk about Indian poetry—there never was any in them—except in the Fenimore Cooper Indians. But *they* are an extinct tribe that never existed. I know the Noble Red Man. I have camped with the Indians; I have been on the war-path with them, taken part in the chase with them—for grasshoppers; helped them steal cattle; I have roamed with them, scalped them, had them for breakfast. I would gladly eat the whole race if I had a chance.

But I am growing unreliable. I will return to my comparison of the Lakes. Como is a little deeper than Tahoe, if people here tell the truth. They say it is eighteen hundred feet deep at this point, but it does not look a dead enough blue for that. Tahoe is one thousand five hundred and twenty-five feet deep in the center, by the State Geologist's measurement. They say the great peak opposite this town is five thousand feet high; but I feel sure that three thousand feet of that statement is a good, honest lie. The lake is a mile wide here, and maintains about that width from this point to its northern extremity, which is distant sixteen miles: from here to its southern extremity—say fifteen miles—it is not over half a mile wide in any place, I should think. Its snow-clad mountains one hears so much about, are only seen occasionally, and then in the distance, the Alps. Tahoe is from ten to eighteen miles wide, and its mountains shut it in like a wall. Their summits are never free from snow the year round. One thing about it is very strange: it never has even a skim of ice upon its surface, although lakes in the same range of mountains, lying in a lower and warmer temperature, freeze over in winter.

NOTE.

The above comparison, if carefully examined, will be found to be not only a beautiful description, but a very accurate one.

## 86. RICHARD A. PROCTOR. (1837–1888).

Richard A. Proctor was born at Chelsea, a south-western suburb of London. Until ten years of age he was educated at home. He very early manifested a passion for reading and the construction of maps and charts, but did not exhibit any special taste for mathematics until he entered St. John's College in 1856. His father died in 1850, and this made it necessary for him to do something to aid his mother and secure sufficient means to finish his education. Within four years the family circumstances so improved that he resumed his work as a student at King's College, London, in 1855.

His mother, to whom he was most devotedly attached, died in 1857, and for a time he lost all interest in college pursuits; but he at length took his degree of B. A. in 1860.

In 1866, the bank in which he had his money, failed, and left him worse than bankrupt,—involved in debt which it took him years to remove. The result of this calamity, though disastrous to him personally, was of great benefit to all English-reading people; for it made Proctor the most popular writer and lecturer upon astronomy that ever lived. In spite of the very many books and essays he published, he found time for a great deal of original research. Among his most popular books may be mentioned *Saturn and its Systems; Half Hours with the Telescope; Other Worlds than Ours*, and *Light Science for Leisure Hours.*

His style of writing is plain, straightforward, and wonderfully clear. He seemed to know exactly how to present a complex scientific truth in such a way that anyone can understand it.

The following selection is taken from an essay entitled *Newton and Darwin*, published in 1882.

## THE INFINITY OF THE UNIVERSE.

It was a new thought in the time of Copernicus,[1] that men hitherto underrated the extent of the universe, and had overrated the importance of our earth. The globe which had seemed the one fixed orb, for whose benefit the heavenly bodies had all been made, was found to be but one member of a family of orbs circling round a globe much larger than any of them. Thus the earth lost at once her central position, her quality as *the* world (the sole abode of life), her fixity, her importance in respect of the supposed superiority of her dimensions. When Newton[2] had finally established the Copernican theory, the relative insignificance of the earth was demonstrated. The teachings of the telescope showed in turn the insignificance of the solar system. With every increase of light-gathering power the universe of stars grew larger and larger, even when as yet no scale had been obtained whereby to determine the distance separating star from star. With every improvement in the defining qualities and the measuring power of telescopes, the universe of stars grew larger and larger, independently of mere increase in number of stars; for, though for a long time no measurement of star distances could be effected, each failure with improved means to measure the distances of even the nearest stars, showed that the scale of the stellar universe was larger than had before been imagined.

Larger and larger grew the universe, then, as men turned more and more powerful, more and more exact instruments to the survey of the heavens. When at length the distance of the nearest star was measured, and found to be more than twenty millions of millions of miles (more than three years' light journey, though in each second light travels a distance exceeding nearly eight times the entire circuit of the earth), the number of stars was already known to exceed twenty mil-

lions. But more powerful telescopes have been made since. With every increase of telescopic power more stars come into view. With such a telescope as the great reflector of Parsonstown,[3] at least a hundred millions of stars could be seen if every part of the stellar sphere could be scrutinized with that mighty telescopic eye.

But what, after all, is this? Now that we know how minute a creature man is, how insignificant his largest works compared with the globe on which he lives, how this globe is but a point in the solar system, the solar system lost among countless millions of other suns with their attendant planets, how preposterous appears the thought that any instrument man can fashion can penetrate the real profundities of the universe! Seeing, as we do now, how utterly men's ideas of what the stars are fell short of the truth, and how more inadequate still were their conceptions of the real number of the stars when they trusted only to the natural eye, we should very ill have learned the lesson their errors teach us, if we in turn fell into the mistake of supposing that the telescopic eye can reveal more to us than the merest corner of the universe. Even of the universe of stars—that is, of the system of suns whereof our sun is a member—this may be said. But how unlikely, how incredible, indeed, is it, that there is but one system of suns, but one galaxy? The star clouds may not be outlying galaxies, as the Herschels[4] supposed. But who can doubt that beyond the limits of our own galaxy, beyond spaces bearing probably something like the same proportion to the size of the galaxy that the interplanetary spaces bear to the size of our earth, come other galaxies, some like, some unlike our own, some as large, some smaller, but many doubtless far larger than the glorious system of suns which appears infinite to our conceptions?

"As thus we tilt"—in imagination—"over an abysmal world, a mighty cry arises that systems more mysterious, worlds more billowy—other heights, other depths are com-

ing, are nearing, are at hand." Who can wonder if from these awful depths men have turned in weariness of soul, nay, almost in affright, as when the Alpine traveler, peering over some fog-enshrouded precipice, sees down, as the mist rolls past, to deeper and deeper abysses, until he is compelled to turn from the contemplation of the ever-growing depth! It is not simply the vast in which men have learned to believe, not mere immensity, but the mystery of absolute infinity. On all sides our island home is surrounded by a shoreless sea of space. So great has been the oppression of this mystery of infinity, that men like Helmholtz,[5] Clifford,[6] and others, have attempted, by rejecting the elementary conceptions of space, to show that there may be limits to space,— not merely limits to occupied space, but limits to space itself—as though by closing his eyes, the traveler, oppressed by the vastness of the plain surface over which he voyaged, should endeavor to convince his mind that the end of his journey was close by him.

"Practically infinite" as Huxley[7] has expressed it, or absolutely infinite space is (to all intents and purposes) infinite for us. But space and time are too intimately associated for us to imagine that space can be infinite and time finite; or that, if occupied space grows even under our survey until we recognize that it is as infinite as space itself, time occupied by the occurrence of events (of whatever sort) can be otherwise than infinite too.

Space, then, and time present themselves to our conceptions, and with the progress of research may be said to present themselves to our observation, as practically infinite. The earth, which has been displaced from her imagined central position in space, has been displaced equally from her imagined central position in time. The ocean of time, which had been supposed bounded on one side by the beginning of this earth's history, and on the other by the close of the earth's career, is seen to bear somewhat the same relation

to the earth's duration that the Pacific Ocean bears to the tiniest islet of the least important Polynesian group.

NOTES.

1 *Copernicus* was a Prussian astronomer who died in 1543. He proved that the sun and stars are stationary, that the planets revolve around the sun, and that the earth turns on its axis.

2 *Sir Isaac Newton*, of England, who died in 1727. He discovered the law of gravitation, and was the first to demonstrate the figures and motions of the planets.

3 *The great reflector of Parsonstown.* Lord Rosse's famous reflecting telescope. He lives near Parsonstown, 67 miles west-southwest of Dublin, Ireland.

4 *The Herschels.* Three very noted English astronomers. *Sir William*, who died in 1822, discovered the planet Uranus and made other discoveries; *Caroline*, a sister, who helped her brother in his work, and made a special study of comets, and who died in 1848; *John Frederick William*, who died in 1871, the son of Sir William, and who completed the telescopic survey of the heavens begun by his father.

5 *Helmholtz.* A celebrated German physicist and physiologist who has done very much to make science popular.

6 *William Kingdon Clifford* (1845–1879), was a noted English mathematician and physicist.

7 *Thomas Huxley* is one of the most famous of living naturalists. He has done a great deal towards developing the science of zoology. No English scientific writer is more popular than he.